The Saturday Evening
POST
March 15, 1958 — 15¢

MAR 11 '58
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

I SHOOT THE BIG SHOTS
By a White House Photographer

We Couldn't Pay Our Bills
By an Installment-Plan Slave

LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
2-5-58
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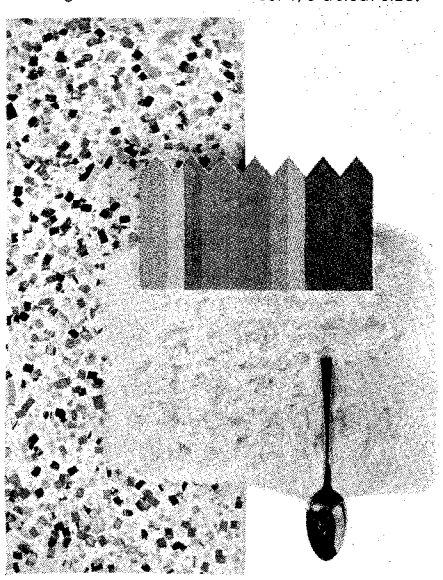
Inlaid vinyl floor is Armstrong Mosaic Corlon, Style No. 6507.

SMART MOSAIC effect in black-and-white Armstrong vinyl Corlon goes with any colors, makes a lovely background for rugs. There are several practical black-and-white designs in Corlon, many other colorings. Picture below is about 1/6 actual size.



floor fashion news: black and white and practical all over

Black-and-white is very fashionable in floors today. Here's one that's more distinctive—and far more practical—than usual. It's Armstrong plastic Corlon, in a handsome "mosaic" style, with tiny squares of black and gray set in a clear white field. Decorators love it! But what many women like best about Armstrong Corlon is the way it hides dirt until they've time to sweep. (Previous black-and-white floors showed every little mark, every speck of dust.) And when it does come time to clean, Corlon has yet another advantage—it's virtually seamless. There's nowhere for dust to hide, so when you've swept or sponge-mopped your Corlon floor, you know its smooth surface is completely, satisfyingly clean. For any room in your home, Armstrong plastic Corlon is a modern, fashionable floor.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 pages of ideas in color for every room. Sketch plan and list of furnishings in this smart bedroom-sitting room available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5803 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

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FLOORS

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It's Fun to Phone!

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And nothing helps you do that so easily as
your telephone. "It's fun to phone."

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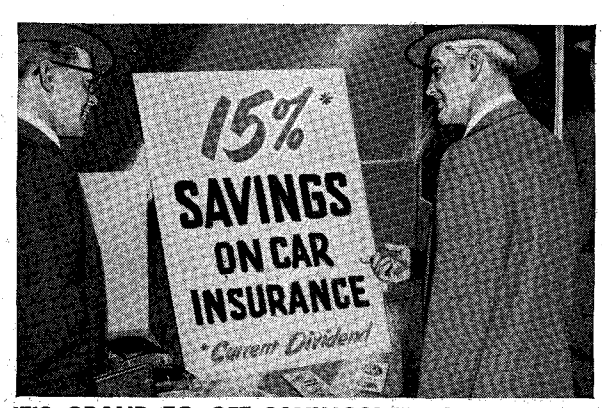

IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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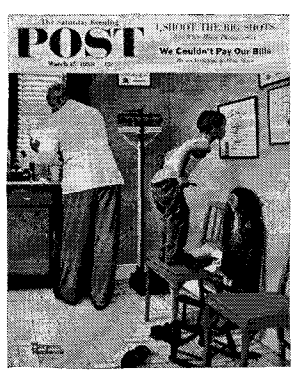

THE COVER

A kindly yet ominous physician is going to shoot the works. And the patient, too imaginative to believe that "this will just be like a little pinprick," foresees a sensation like being gored by a wasp. One might argue that when a doctor loads up his hypodermic syringe with his back turned to the patient, he increases apprehension by this sinister secrecy, but no doubt that's more humane than preparing the weapon right in front of the victim's face. Norman Rockwell (see more about him in Keeping Posted, page 140) says that the lad will get an intramuscular shot of gamma globulin, which is useful in fending off various ailments. The science of doctoring certainly has changed since the days symbolized by such potions as Grandma's sulphur-and-molasses, injected intramouth.

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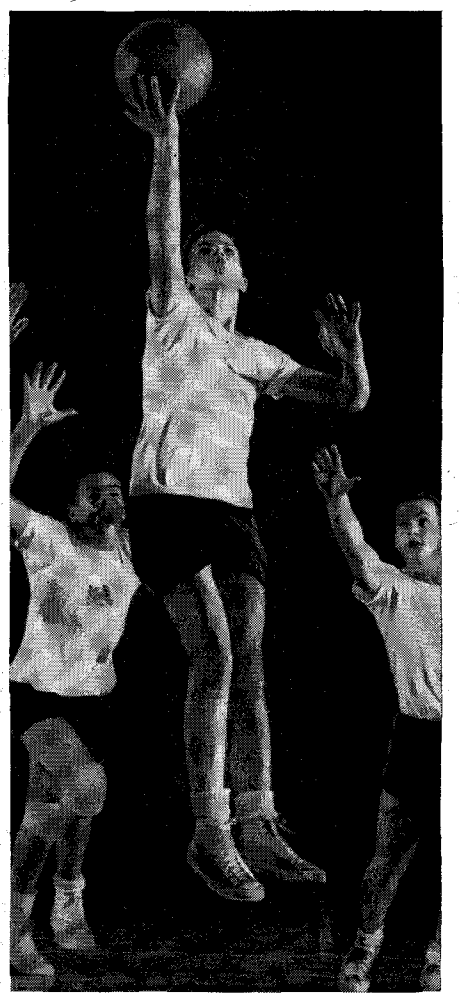

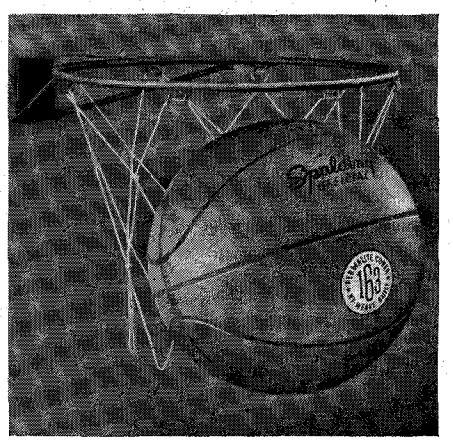

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Here's court equipment to thrill every young sharpshooter on the block—a really tough Spalding rubber-covered basketball with special hoop and goal net.

The ball's a beauty . . . built to withstand the most rugged play. Tested for endurance on every kind of surface, it promises fast action—in backyard, playgrounds or gymnasium play.

The basketball—only $8.45; hoop and net combination—$4.35. Unconditionally guaranteed, and available right now wherever fine sports equipment is sold. See them today.

SPALDING
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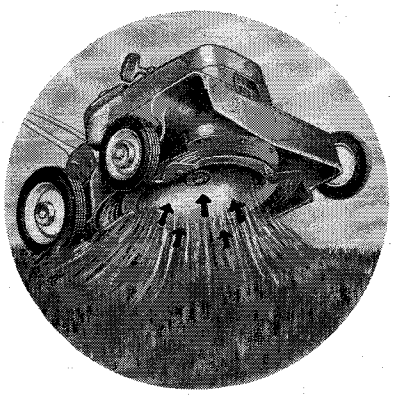
Rotary Mowers by Jacobsen

... mow the way to easy outdoor living

Left: 18-inch Deluxe Rotary Model 34B—$109.50
Right: 21-inch Power Propelled Rotary Model 35C—$179.50
Center: 24-inch Power Propelled Rotary Model 40A—$375.00



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See it demonstrated by your Jacobsen dealer—a reliable authority carefully selected for his experience and standing in your community. He will guide you to the right size or type of mower for your lawn. Look under "Lawn Mowers" in the yellow pages of your telephone directory for Jacobsen nationwide sales and service. Available in Canada.

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Subsidiaries: Johnston Lawn Mower Corporation, Brookhaven, Mississippi
Worthington Mower Company, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania Dept. SP-315

Letters

Rough Road Home

Dear Sirs:

I always knew that my life was dull, but after reading Melissa Mather Ambros' ROUGH ROAD HOME [Jan. 18-Feb. 15] I am convinced it is worse than I thought.

She writes with such charm, humor and humility, that I feel I know her personally. . . .

Perhaps one of the reasons Melissa's neighbors were so friendly to her, was because she is a warm and friendly person herself. Her story radiates that warmth and her words burst with her vitality.

MRS. J. H. WHITE
Noblesville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I am an Air Force wife and, along with thousands of my sister Air Force wives, I have read each article with tears in my eyes. Mrs. Ambros' story of her readjustment and courage is moving and will do much to acquaint the American people with the problems of a military widow.

MRS. ANN S. AMMON
Westover A.F.B., Mass.

Dear Sirs:

"Rough Road Home" . . . is not only a wonderful story of a family (I can't wait till the next issue), but also a fascinating account of Vermont architecture, which has no counterpart. In 1910 my father, a New York attorney, bought a one hundred year old farmhouse near Wardsboro, Vermont. He always claimed

that the carpenter had run out of nails, lumber, stone, mortar, bricks and paint, for no part of the house had been quite completed. Naturally it was unpainted at the back! It also had the prime example (see picture, that's my mother in the buggy) of a window, "scattered casually wherever needed, no line exactly horizontal or vertical but 'more or less.'" Has any Post reader ever seen a window to match it?

MRS. CONSTANCE HEACOX
Eureka Springs, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Melissa Ambros . . . is a person who makes the best of everything no matter how tough the odds are. Certainly we all could make this world a happier place if we followed her example and faced our problems or "Mikes."

MRS. WM. T. SHAW
Fort Edward, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

What a wonderful person. If only there were more of us with that kind of courage and strength, what a grand place this world would be.

MRS. FRANCIS R. JOE
Belvidere, Nebraska

Dear Sirs:

As a native-born Vermonter, and fiercely proud of it, I have been sickened by most stories revolving around the state, whether fact or fiction.

The taciturnity of the "natives," their "yeps" and "nopes," the dullards, the hicks; all this makes my temper flare, being 99% untrue. Bah! Humbug!

My thanks to Melissa Ambros for not throwing in any of the forementioned inanities in her story. She may not have been born there but I say, and very loudly; she's a Vermonter!

MRS. JOHN A. OLIVO
West Swanzey, N.H.

● *Mrs. Ambros' story, Rough Road Home, will be published in expanded form by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in mid-May.* —ED.

Sidelight on Guinness

Dear Sirs:

The article on Alec Guinness [HE ALWAYS STEALS THE SHOW, by John Reese, Jan. 25] was immensely interesting to me because I admired him above and beyond all other actors when he was not well known in the U.S.

There is a phase of his life not mentioned in the article, and I wonder why, especially as it is indirectly connected with his film work. While Mr. Guinness was making The Prisoner, which appeared in 1956, he became a Roman Catholic, and was received into the church in that year.

MRS. EUGENE WOLFENBERGER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *Guinness became a Roman Catholic on March 24, 1956, at St. Lawrence's Church, Petersfield, England.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your article on Alec Guinness was greeted in my household with a great deal of pleasure. Many years ago I was at school with him in a South Coast seaside town; and my earliest memory of him is as a somewhat scruffy junior picked to play Second Murderer in Macbeth—that year's school play. He made an impression by insisting on running round the playing field before his entrance in order to appear—on cue—properly breathless.

PETER DONNE
London, England

How Much for the Fair?

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for [WE'LL GO ON TRIAL AT THE FAIR, by Ernest Hauser, Jan. 25]. Surely every thoughtful American is concerned about the impression our country will make on the millions of visitors who will attend the Brussels Fair, many from the new nations of Africa and Asia, and many perhaps from behind the Iron Curtain. . . . I hope that many of us indicate to our congressmen that we would like the committee to

(Continued on Page 6)

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B.F.Goodrich

Smileage!

DRIVING WAS MEANT TO BE FUN!

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STOP WORRYING ABOUT YOUR TIRES!

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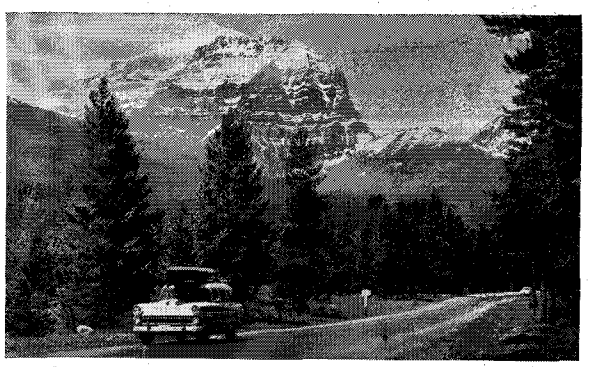

THEY'RE BUILT TO GIVE YOU SMILEAGE—across the country or around the corner! B.F.Goodrich knows how to make tires you can depend on. We made the first pneumatic tires for an auto manufactured for sale in America. We invented the tubeless tire. Now we've put our whole 87 years' experience into new B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns.

IT'S EASY TO BUY SMILEAGE! Your nearby B.F.Goodrich dealer can solve your tire worries now. He's in the Yellow Pages under *Tires*. Get a set of B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns at prices to make your wallet smile—4 tires for only $4 down! *B.F.Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F.Goodrich Company.*

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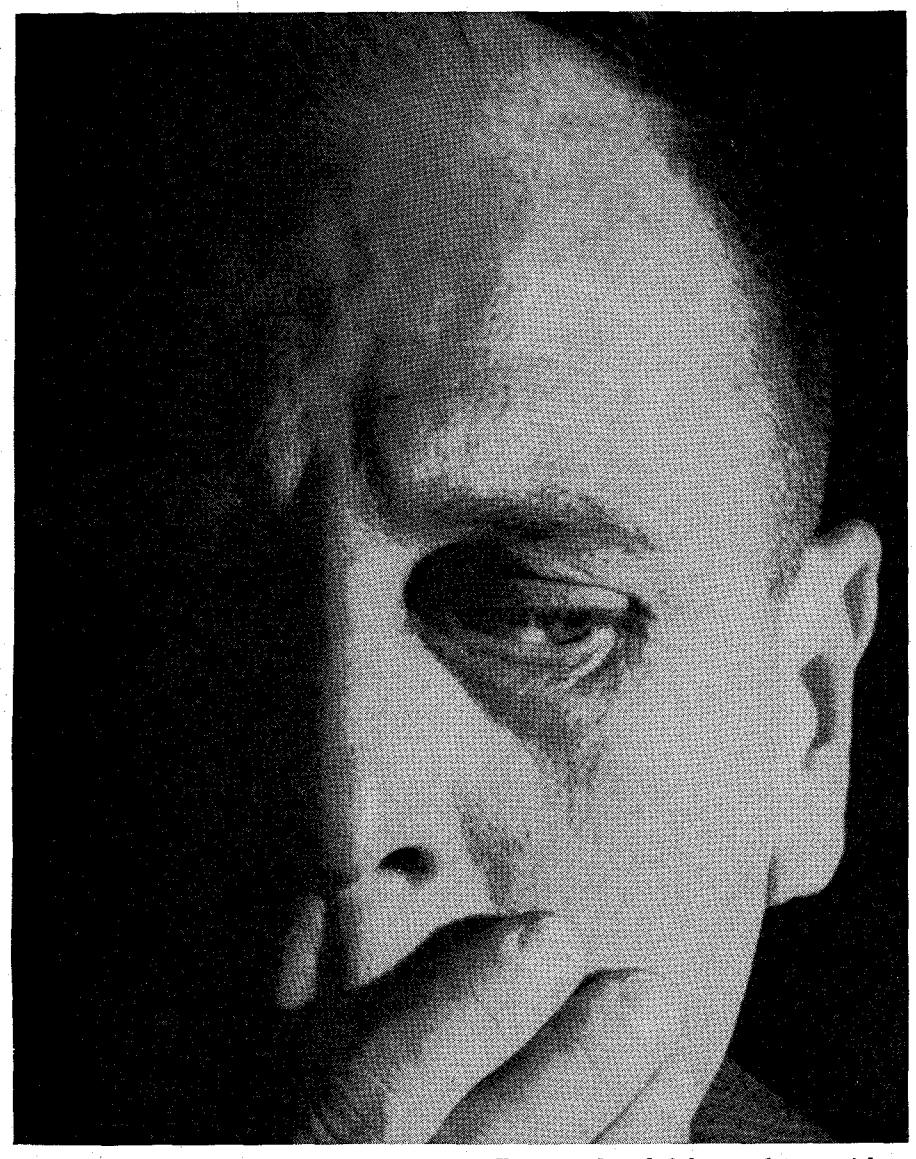


YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

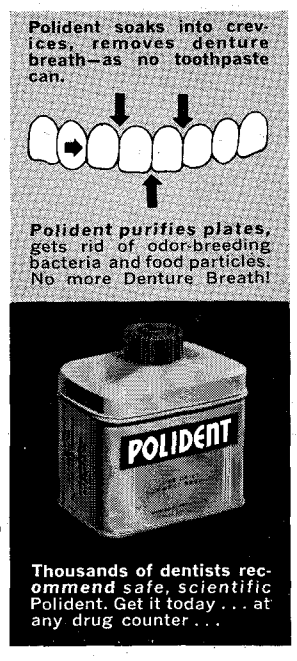
You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use . . . Instant Action . . . Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath." Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food and odor-breeding bacteria are washed out of cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Your false teeth start looking naturally white again . . . and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.


Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor-breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
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Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

POLIDENT®

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

have enough funds for a proper exhibit, especially enough to send over American musicians, actors, drama groups and others who will demonstrate some of the best of American culture.

MRS. THEODORE O. WEDEL
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The forthcoming World's Fair . . . will cost the overburdened American taxpayers another $12 million bucks. . . .

International good will cannot be bought; nor can it be built on the sands of ostentatious display.

J. A. JONES
Phoenix, Ariz.

● *Up to late February about 1500 civic groups, corporations and individuals had offered to supplement the official U.S. contribution to the Brussels Fair.* —*ED.*

CAREFREE WITH CAL

Dear Sirs:

Would like to correct you on the caption of the picture on top of page 17. [To Cuba With Cal, by Beverly Smith, Jr., Feb. 1]. The gentleman second from left is not Curtis D. Wilbur, but his brother, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior during the administration of Herbert Hoover, also president of Stanford University for many years. Dr. Wilbur was my grandfather—Judge Wilbur my great-uncle.

Also if either Judge Wilbur or Dr. Wilbur went to Cuba, you may be sure that they joined Mr. Coolidge and Will Rogers in their soft drinks.

MRS. JESSICA E. HART
Ross, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

You describe the gentleman at the extreme right of the picture as Delegate James B. Scott, when as a matter of fact it is the late Morgan J. O'Brien, former Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court for the First District.

I. BREGOFF
New York, N.Y.

● *We were misled by a photographic agency's identifying caption. Thanks to readers Hart and Bregoff for setting us straight.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for that wonderful, though outrageous article by Beverly Smith. What a ball that must have been.

Wunnerful, simply wunnerful.

JAMES R. DETH
Los Gatos, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

"To Cuba With Cal" sure brought back memories to me. I was a member of the crew of the Memphis . . .

Not all the Bacardi Rum came aboard in suitcases. Some came in on a line through a port hole.

LOWELL CALLOWAY
Silverton, Texas

Dear Sirs:

If, as Beverly Smith said in his article, "millions of Americans felt it their patriotic duty" to drink all the whisky they could get in defiance of Mr. Volstead's dry laws, I am proud of the fact that my family and most of my relatives were very unpatriotic in that respect in 1928.

JACK IMMELL
Buffalo, Okla.

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Reading across pages, then down:

6–New York Daily News. • 24–United Press. • 25–International, three by Stanley Tretick (United Press). • 26, 27–Walter Skor. • 28, 29–Joern Gerdts. • 30–Mitchell Hooks. • 32–Sid Avery, Larry Keighley. • 33–Sid Avery, Larry Keighley, Bill Shrout, Sid Avery, Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Joe Bowler. • 36–Don Ornitz. • 37–Bernard D'Andrea. • 38, 39–John Bickel. • 40, 41–Ivan Dmitri. • 42, 43–Earl Mayan. • 44–Presse Diffusion-PIX, Culver. • 45–Paris-Match, Black Star, R. J. Birnback Co. • 49–James R. Bingham. • 140–Army Photo, anonymous, Clemens Kalischer, Wide World.

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This fabulous resort features outdoor ice-skating in summer. You can also swim, ride, golf, fish or enjoy other healthful forms of recreation.

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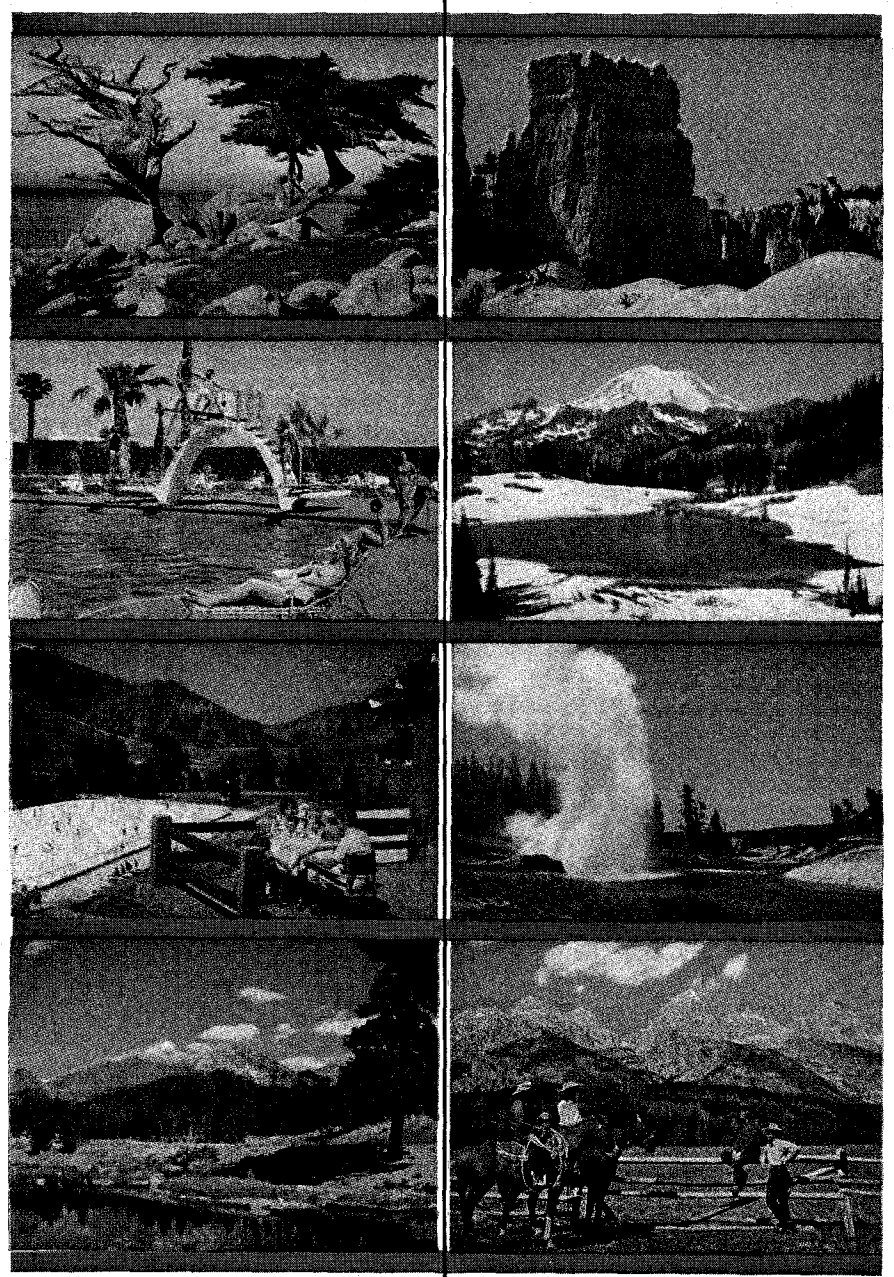
A cool region of rugged mountains and blue waters. Just overnight from Chicago on the "City of Denver" Domeliner. Excellent service, too, from St. Louis-Kansas City and points west of Denver.



So. Utah··Arizona
NATIONAL PARKS

Bryce Canyon, Zion and Grand Canyon are closely grouped to form one spectacular scenic area. Union Pacific takes you direct to Cedar City, Utah, the gateway for tours of the parks.

Pacific Northwest
AND ALASKA

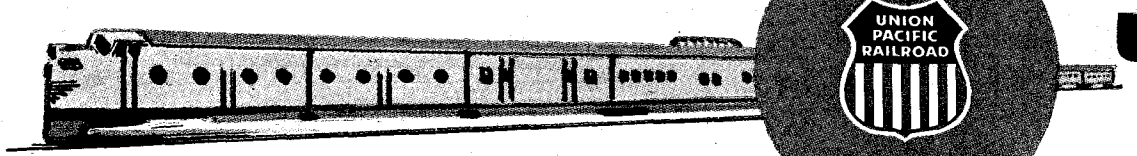
The luxurious Domeliner "City of Portland" offers smooth-riding comfort between Chicago and Portland-Tacoma-Seattle. Alaska, too, is a fascinating wonderland.

Yellowstone Grand Teton

From America's most famous National Park it is only a few miles to the legendary Jackson Hole area and the Grand Teton National Park. Go via Union Pacific—in comfort.

Western Dude Ranches

Our "Dude Ranch" booklet describes scores of western ranches where you can enjoy friendly hospitality, wonderful meals, sun-warmed days and restful, cool nights. View at left is in the Jackson Hole area.



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

UNION PACIFIC
Railroad

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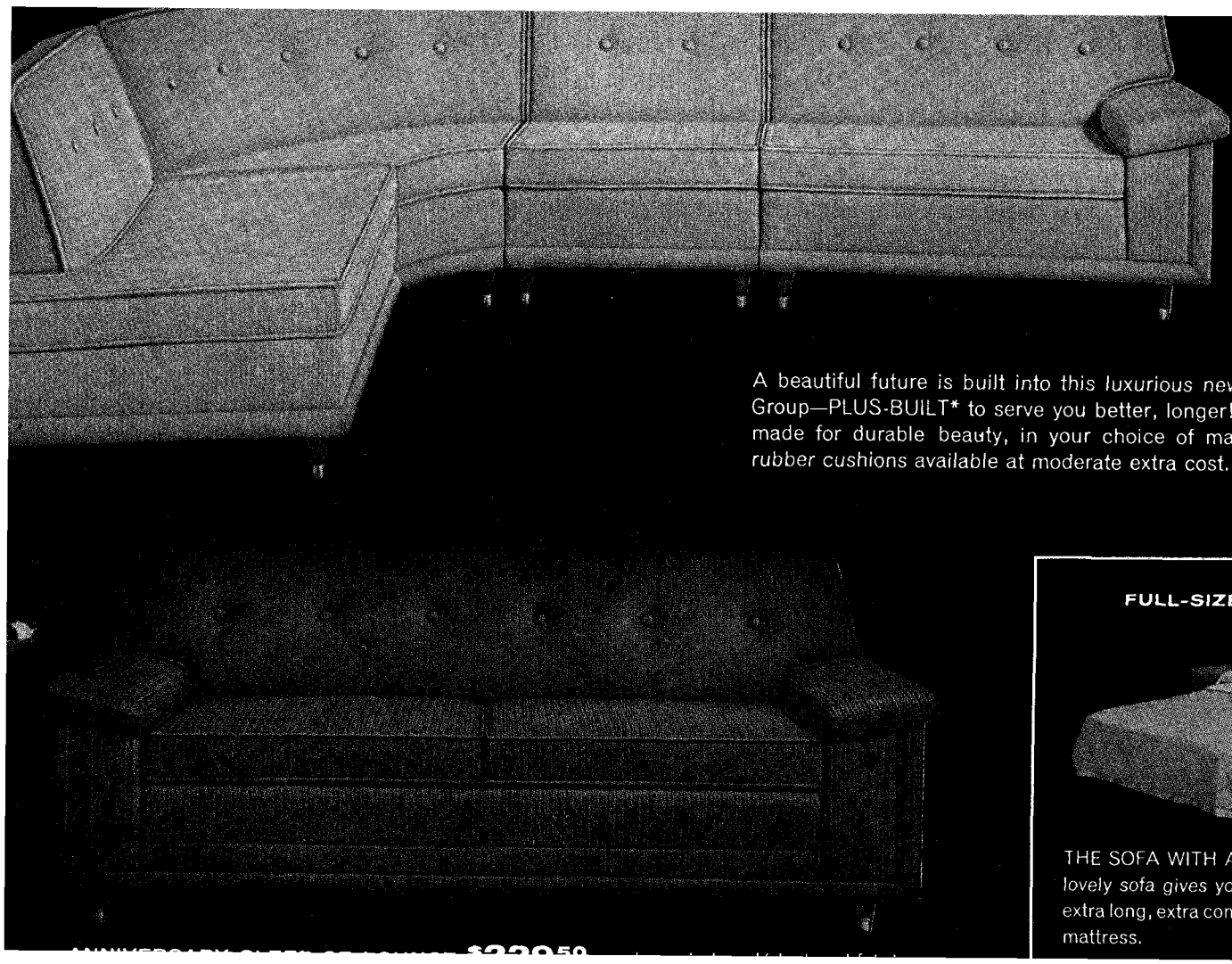
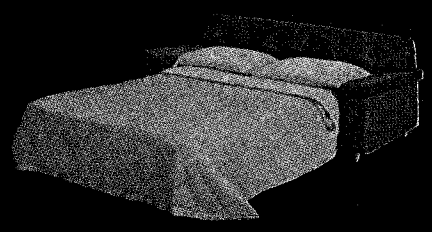


ANNIVERSA
CURVED SECTIONAL
BOUCLÉ TEXTUR
FABI
Three pieces **$259**
Armless center section **$59**

A beautiful future is built into this luxurious new Anniversary Living Room Group—PLUS-BUILT* to serve you better, longer! Exclusive fabric, specially made for durable beauty, in your choice of many stunning colors! Foam rubber cushions available at moderate extra cost.

FULL-SIZE DOUBLE BED!



THE SOFA WITH A SECRET*. Instantly, this lovely sofa gives you a full-size double bed—extra long, extra comfortable, deep innerspring mattress.

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ur Kroehler Dealer proudly invites you to inspect Our
Achievement in Furniture Values now! Beautiful living
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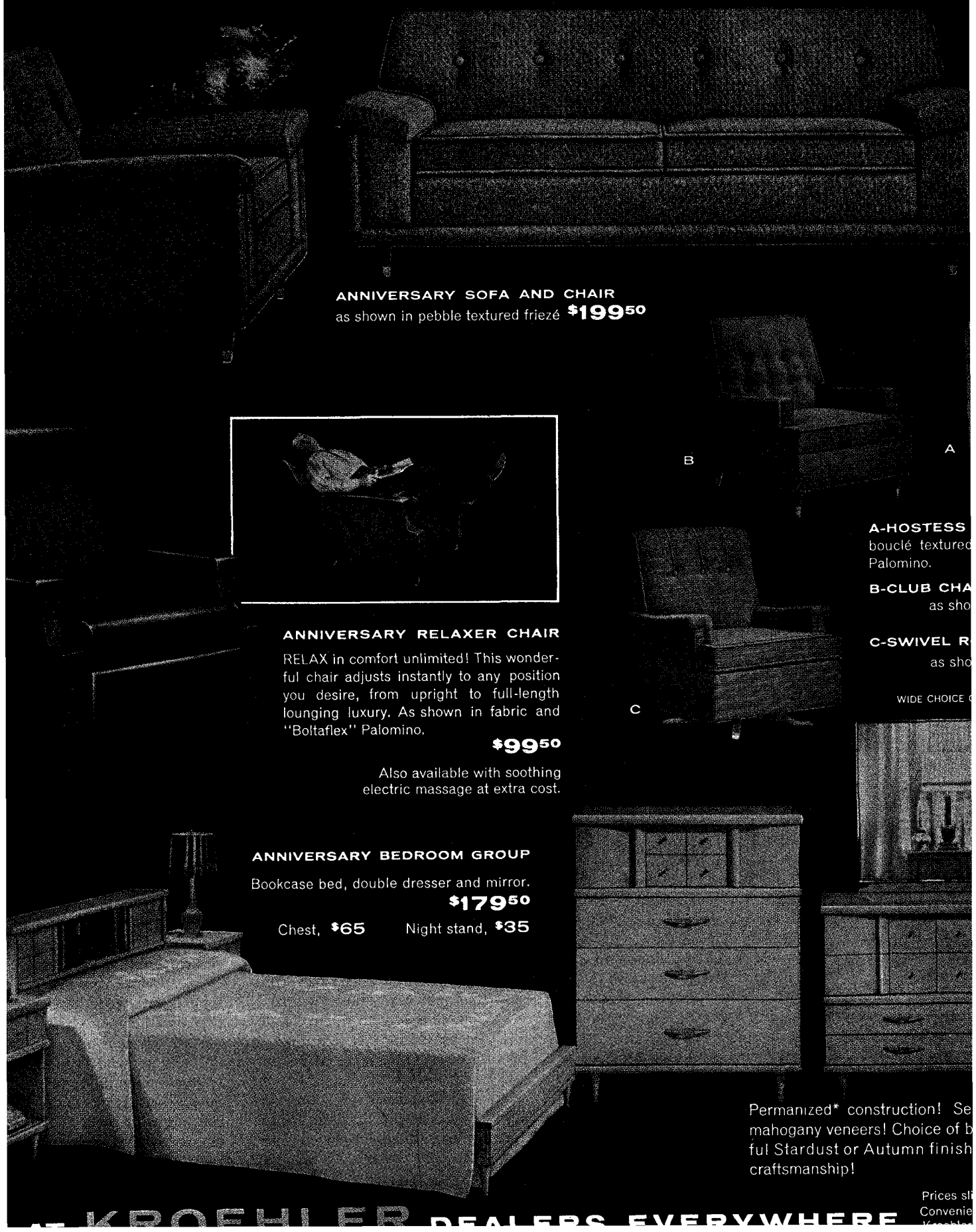

ANNIVERSARY SOFA AND CHAIR
as shown in pebble textured friezé **$199.50**

ANNIVERSARY RELAXER CHAIR

RELAX in comfort unlimited! This wonderful chair adjusts instantly to any position you desire, from upright to full-length lounging luxury. As shown in fabric and "Boltaflex" Palomino.

$99.50

Also available with soothing electric massage at extra cost.

ANNIVERSARY BEDROOM GROUP

Bookcase bed, double dresser and mirror.
$179.50

Chest, $65 Night stand, $35

B

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A-HOSTESS
bouclé textured
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B-CLUB CHA
as sho

C-SWIVEL R
as sho

C

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mahogany veneers! Choice of b
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Editorials

This is One Way Not to Get More Skilled Workers!

Put the following two facts together, and you have a situation which calls for correction.

1. A porter in the New York subway earns nearly four fifths as much as the motorman who takes a thirteen-car train through many miles of tunnel, alert every instant to protect his own life and those of 2000 passengers.

2. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell warns that the United States is "failing to train anything like an adequate number of skilled workers." From 1951 to 1956 nonfarm employment rose 4,000,000. Yet the number of skilled workers did not rise at all.

It is plain that a lot of young fellows think there isn't much incentive to acquire a skill, when a man with a mop can earn only a little less than a man who is driving a train. That porter-to-motorman ratio caused a subway strike just before last Christmas which worked hardship on millions.

There are, of course, many skilled workers who are well off, in relation to the people as a whole. Those who belong to the powerful building-trades unions in this country are a prominent example. But millions of other skilled workers are discriminated against.

Suppose you are a craftsman in an industrial union—that's the kind of union that tries to organize all the workers in a given industry. You and the rest of the trained workers have relatively few votes. It is natural that the union's officers should consider your interests as less important than those of the unskilled majority.

For example, when officers of some CIO unions have bargained for a new contract, they have refused to ask for a percentage formula, which would protect the craftsman's margin of superiority. Instead they have insisted on the same 10 or 20 cents or more an hour for every worker regardless of skill. As a result, since 1937 the percentage spread between the pay of the craftsman and that of the unskilled worker has been whittled down.

There is a remarkable parallel between the recent New York subway strike and what happened in Britain on Whitsunday, May 29, 1955. The British holiday-making public was caught in a sudden railroad strike, which had been called by a small union of engineers and firemen.

The British strikers complained that a porter received 77 per cent as much pay as an engineer. And in the New York subways last December, the proportion was exactly the same! A porter received 77 per cent as much as a motorman. Now a new two-year subway contract has been signed, and under it the porter's pay this year is 78 per cent, and next year will be 79 per cent.

In New York the subway is publicly owned, and the president of the industrial union, Michael J. Quill, has political power. He is a leader in the state CIO, which has spent a lot of money to elect state and city candidates.

The subway officials, acting in behalf of Mayor Robert F. Wagner, are cordial to Quill and have rejected and insulted the small craftsmen's unions. Quill's members are mostly unskilled and half-skilled workers, and he has favored them in demands for raises. The subway officials have combined with Quill to hold the craftsmen as captives of Quill's Transport Workers Union.

The country needs more skilled workers. There isn't much incentive to learn a skilled trade when, by means of political pressure, a man can earn almost as much by sweeping up the shavings.

Does a Right to Bear Arms Include Toting a Surplus Jupiter?

The Second Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was adopted by a young nation which appreciated the role of its citizen soldiers in the Revolutionary War. It says in full: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

When that was written, the basic weapon was a flintlock seldom capable of carrying accurately beyond 100 or 200 yards. Now we have machine guns, bazookas, flame throwers, tanks, atomic bombs and guided missiles. Is it the constitutional right of citizens to own all these things and presumably to practice marksmanship with them?

Apparently there are sincere Americans who feel that the Constitution entitles them to possess and shoot any kind of weapon invented. They contend that every American should own a shooting machine gun, in the interest of national defense. Neither the Department of Defense nor the National Rifle Association, the outstanding civilian organization in the firearms field, has endorsed such a step.

One World War II veteran asserts that it is his constitutional right to "drive an M-48 tank with loaded cannon" if he wishes. Fortunately, he is too sensible to do so.

An amazing arsenal of weapons in working order already is available to anyone who has the price. May one own, for example, a 20-mm. antitank gun which throws a one-third-pound shell four miles? The answer is "Yes." He can purchase one without restriction for $189.50. Ammunition is available, though there are not many public target ranges where one can fire 20-mm. stuff up to four miles. Can an individual own a flame thrower, one of the more effective and horrible portable weapons of World War II? Again, yes. Many have been sold as surplus. They are handy for burning underbrush and stumps.

Federal laws restrict individual development and ownership of atomic devices, and states and local communities regulate the carrying of firearms, within the framework of the Second Amendment. Apparently there is little or no regulation, however, of guided missiles with nonatomic heads.

Certainly the Second Amendment, as written, is a mainstay of American liberty. Unquestionably, citizens have a right to own and bear conventional firearms. A "well-regulated militia" is as necessary in 1958 as ever before. The sane and careful use of firearms is a part of our American inheritance. But the framers of the Constitution hardly intended that everyone should keep a guided missile over his mantel.

In Russia There is No Unemployment—Just Men Out of Work

Long ago, in the Soviet Union, it was commanded that there be no unemployment. Unemployment is regarded as inconsistent with a socialist economy. Therefore there is no unemployment in Russia or unemployment insurance. Nevertheless there are many out of work.

What happens to them is described by Gunnar D. Kumlien in Commonweal magazine. Mr. Kumlien, on a visit to the Soviet Union, had a conversation with a depressed Soviet citizen who told him "there are innumerable unemployed in the U.S.S.R., but we are not officially recognized. We can only hope to eke out a living on all sorts of odd and miserably paid jobs."

Recently, Izvestia, one of the two major mouthpieces of the party, mentioned gently that too many young persons are idle and have no place to work. The editorial denied that there were no employment opportunities and added that unemployment does not exist.

The New York Times reported recently that Poland had reached an agreement with Norway whereby unemployed Polish seamen may be employed on Norse ships. Bulgaria has sent thousands of its jobless to Russia, where they will be put to work regardless of aptitude or training. Tito, in a recent address, said that Yugoslavia, that mountainous country of scanty numbers, has what he called, "a surplus population." Red China has begun a campaign urging the urban unemployed to return to native villages.

Meanwhile, because unemployment is outlawed, there are no offices to which the unemployed may apply for aid. There is no unemployment, and anyone who says otherwise is a traitor! Unemployment, in the Soviet book, is strictly from Capitalism; and, of course, Capitalism's unemployed simply starve to death! Well, the helots have to believe something, don't they?

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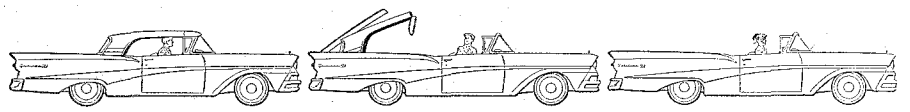
Nothing newer in the world of wonders



FORD SKYLINER—from smart hardtop to open convertible in seconds. Just touch a button. The Skyliner's steel roof rises silently and then disappears into the roomy trunk. It's like magic. Ford ingenuity does all of the work for you!

Grand Canyon: The Skyliner's high style stands out a mile.

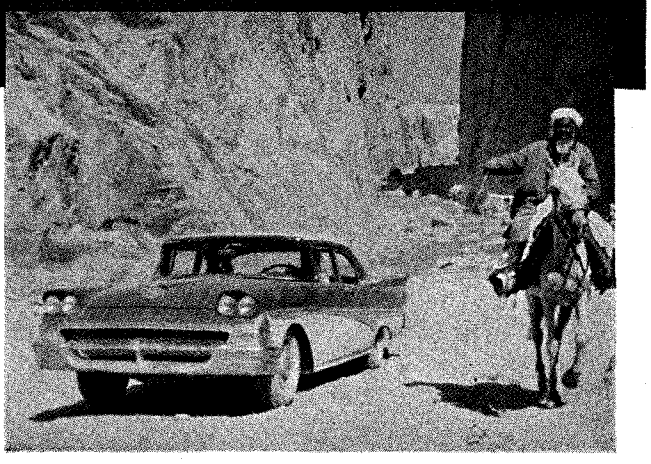
Nothing sounder in the world of values

The science that made possible the Ford Skyliner makes every Ford the world's best buy!

The fact that the Skyliner is the only car that stows away its own steel top is a hint of why you can't buy better than Ford. For the same kind of magic that made the Skyliner possible, goes into every new feature of every new Ford. Take Ford's new Interceptor V-8 with Precision Fuel Induction. You get *more* power on *less* gas—up to 15% better mileage when teamed with Ford's new super-smooth Cruise-O-Matic Drive. Take Ford's new Magic-Circle steering that makes parking a pleasure, turns traffic into child's play.

But the biggest "wonder" of all, is that Ford brings you so many advances *first*—in the *lowest* priced* car of the low price three!

*Custom 300 Tudor Sedan



Afghanistan: Over the most rugged roads around the world the 58 Ford proved its superior construction, its "worth more" features—proved that it's built to stay built.

58 FORD

nothing newer in the world

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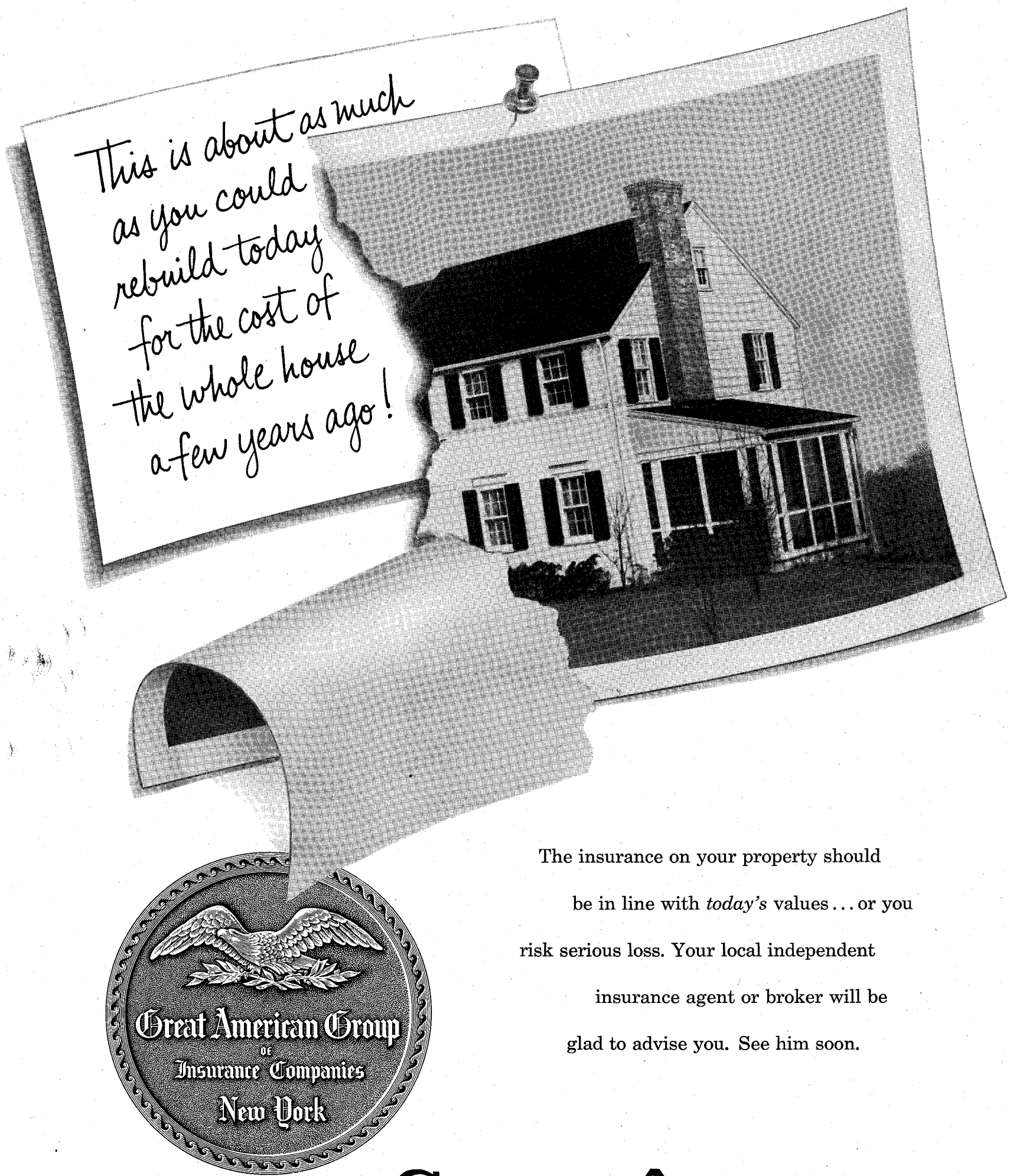

The insurance on your property should be in line with *today's* values . . . or you risk serious loss. Your local independent insurance agent or broker will be glad to advise you. See him soon.

Great American Group of Insurance Companies New York

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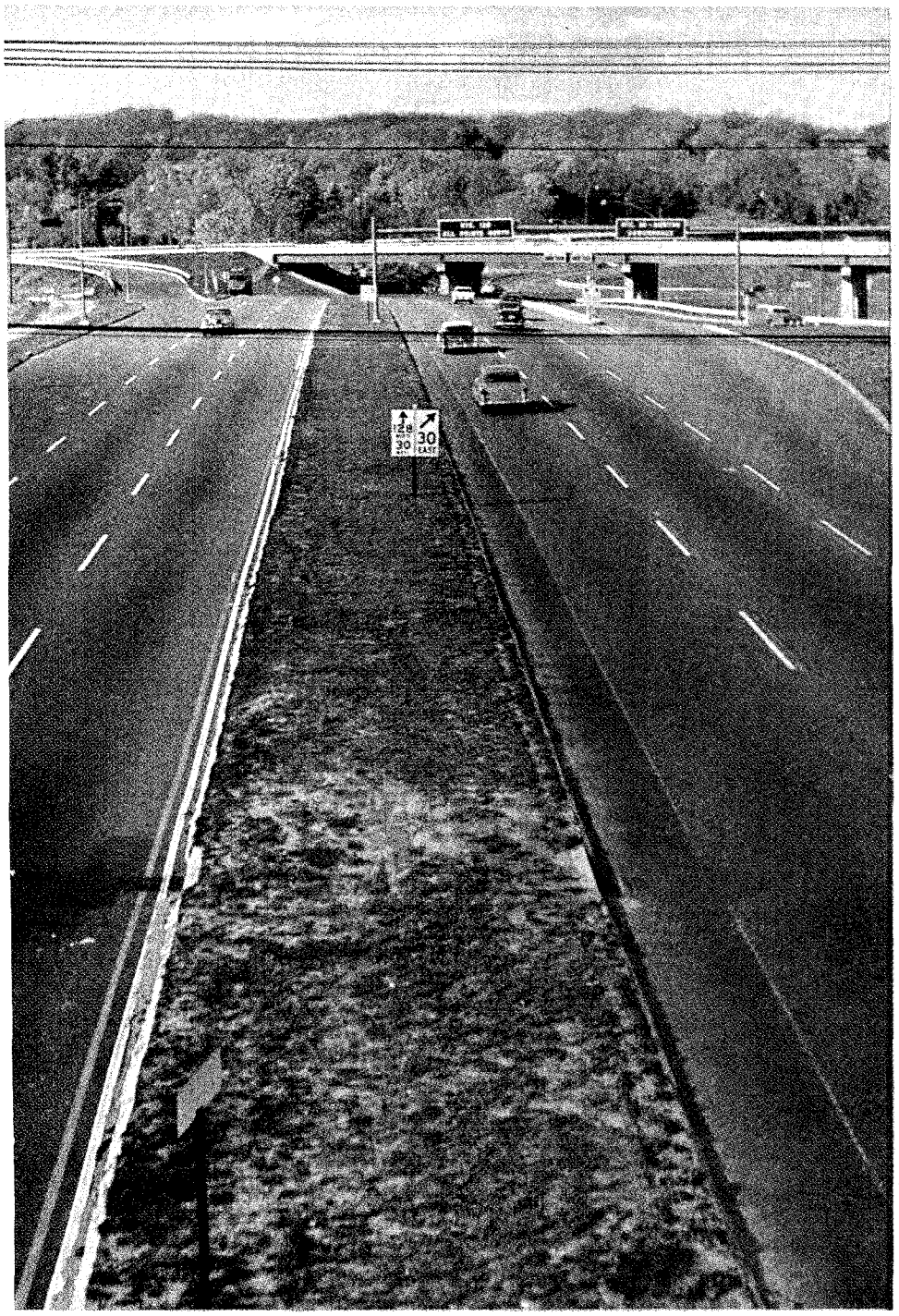
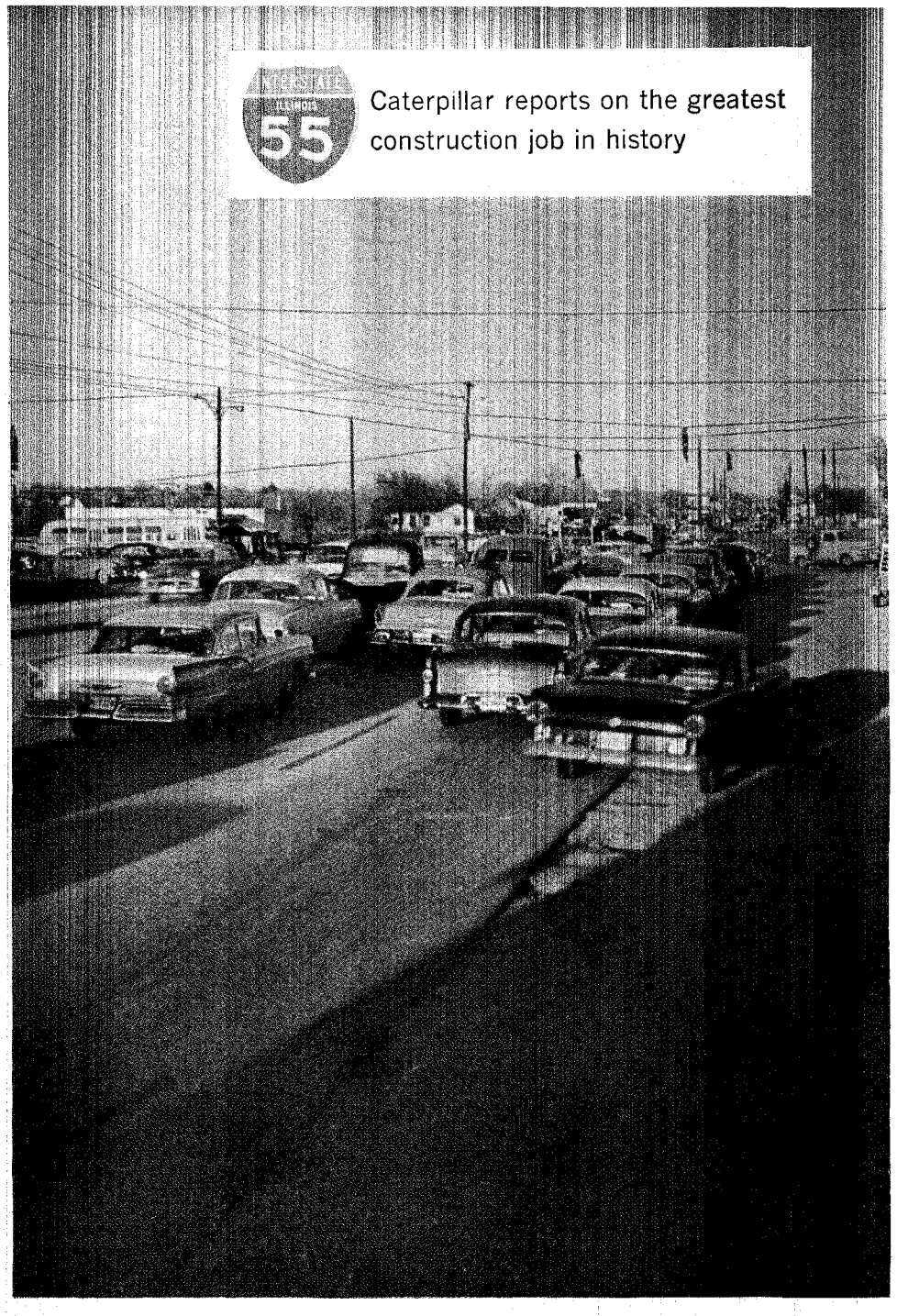


THIS NEW HIGHWAY WILL *STAY* NEW. No intersections. No driveways or railroad crossings. Just a safe, swift avenue of traffic—planned for today *and* for tomorrow. Years from now it will still be 100% efficient—thanks to "planned access."



Caterpillar reports on the **greatest** construction job in history

NEW BUT ALREADY OUT OF DATE, this highway was built to speed up traffic, is instead a slow, dangerous, expensive waste of money. Cars and trucks pull on and off it constantly. Traffic cuts across it. And so the congestion grows gradually worse.

BUY A HIGHWAY—NOT A BOTTLENECK

New roads are built for one purpose: to carry a planned number of vehicles from one place to another. The day a new highway begins to fall short of its planned capacity, that day the tax money invested in the new road begins to be wasted. This will not happen with the freeways planned for our nation's essential National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. Here's why.

On conventional highways, traffic can cross or enter or leave wherever there's a driveway. Unplanned access roads soon lead to the highway. Traffic lights go up. The strain of stop-and-go driving gets nastier. In five short years the "new" highway loses 50% of its efficiency. *Half the tax dollars that built it go down the drain.* Losses in lives and property mount.

But Interstate-Defense System Highways will be "*planned access*" roads. That means traffic will enter and leave at specified points only—quickly, safely. No intersections. No clutter of roadside drive-ins. For the through driver, no stops at all.

"Planned access" highways will prevent a million accidents a year. And, they are *insured highways*. Your investment in them is guaranteed, because they will go on carrying their planned capacity indefinitely.

How Every Citizen Can Help

Find out all you can about the Federal-Aid Highway Program. Support careful, farsighted road building. Send today for your free copy of an informative booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write Dept. 15-P, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders
Earthmoving Equipment

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT

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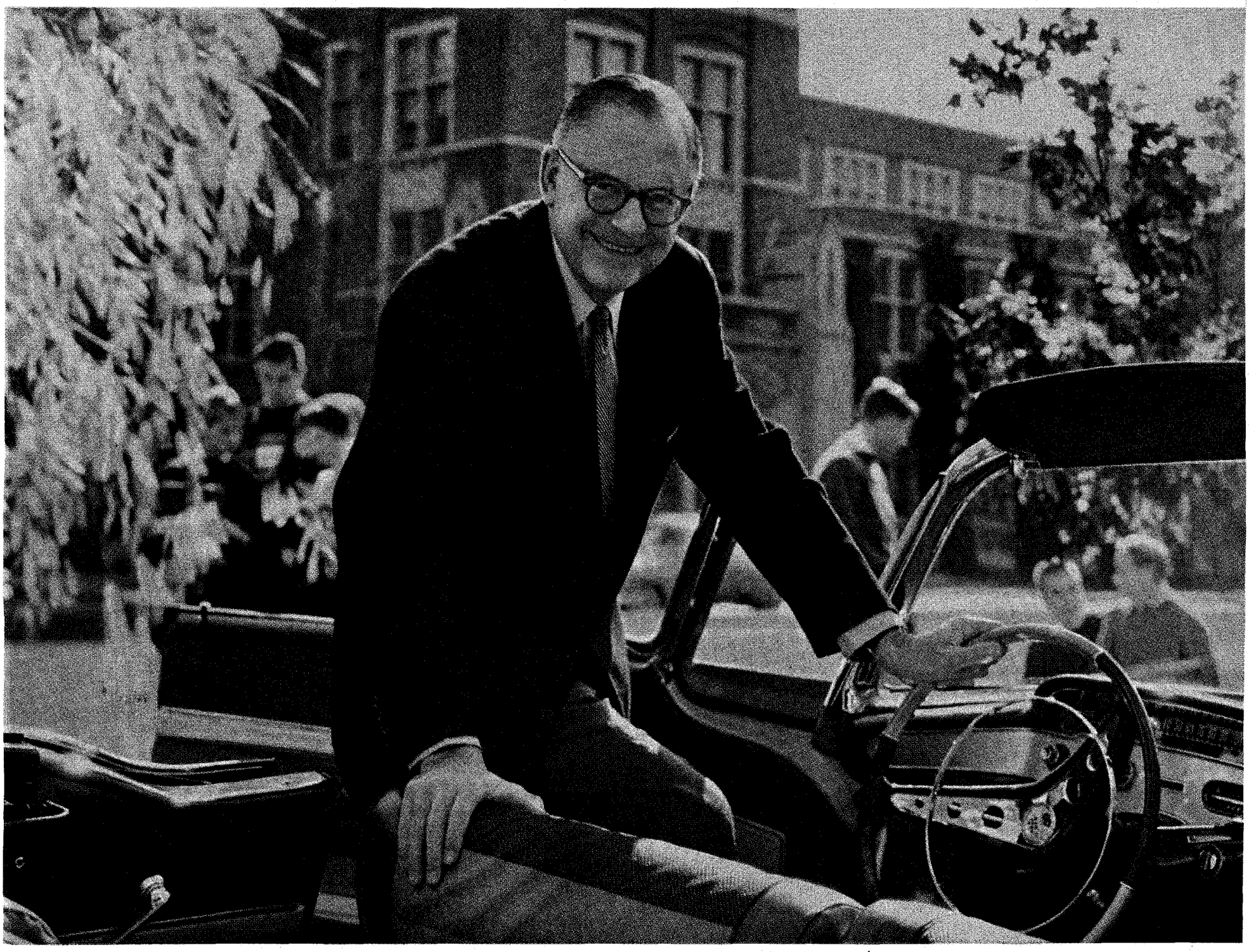
MR. BENNETT CERF'S GOT THE HERTZ IDEA...



Mr. Cerf, driving a Hertz car, keeps a campus speaking engagement on time.

BECAUSE HERTZ RENTS MORE NEW CARS!

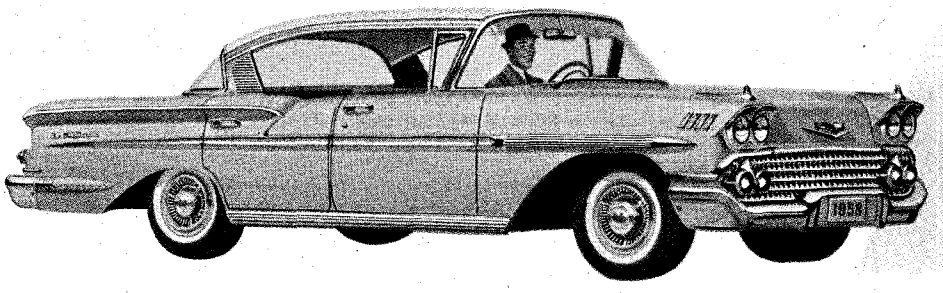
Every Sunday night, you can see Bennett Cerf on CBS-TV's "What's My Line?" At Hertz, however, we see him many more times. On one of his visits, we asked this well-known publisher, author and columnist to pose for us. Afterwards, he told us: "It's no secret what your line is. I caught on first time I rented one of your new cars. It's service!"

How does Mr. Cerf use The Hertz Idea? As a time-saver. On cross-country whirls crowded with speaking engagements and personal appearances, he gets to his destination faster by train or plane. On arrival, he rents a new Turboglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car.

It's easy to do, because Hertz has more offices by far where you can rent, leave and make reservations for a car. You get the kind of car you like to drive—cleaner, more dependable, with power steering. What's more, Hertz rates are low. On a national average, just $7.85 a day plus 9 cents a mile. And that includes all gasoline, oil and proper insurance.

So, get The Hertz Idea on your next business trip—for when time means money, there's no more economical way to travel.

Just call your local Hertz office to reserve a car wherever you're going. We're listed under "Hertz" in alphabetical phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

"RENT IT HERE...LEAVE IT THERE" NOW, NATION-WIDE AT NO EXTRA CHARGE! (EXCEPT INTO CANADA) (Between Hertz cities on rentals of $25 or more. For Chevrolet sedans and comparable models only.)

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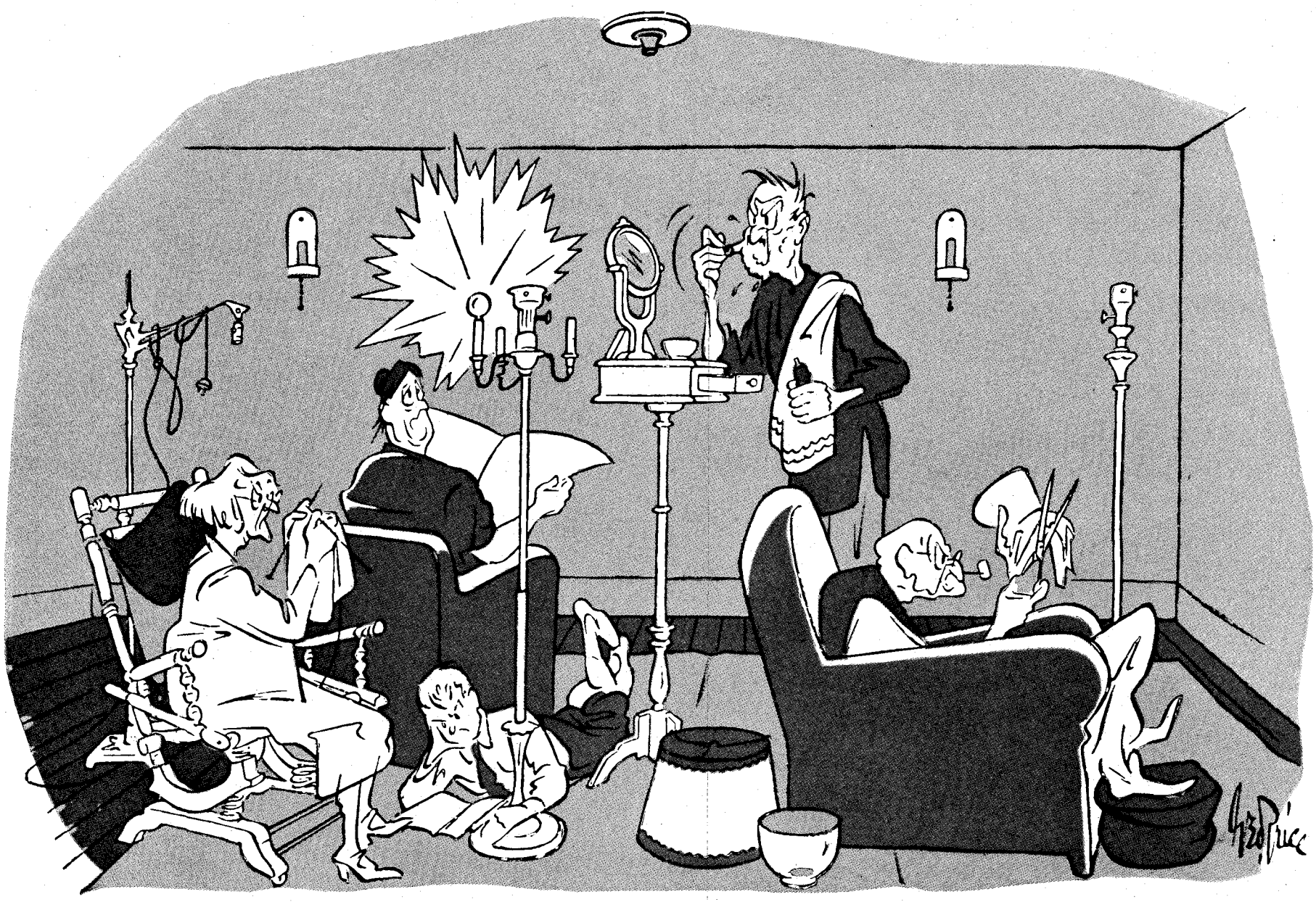
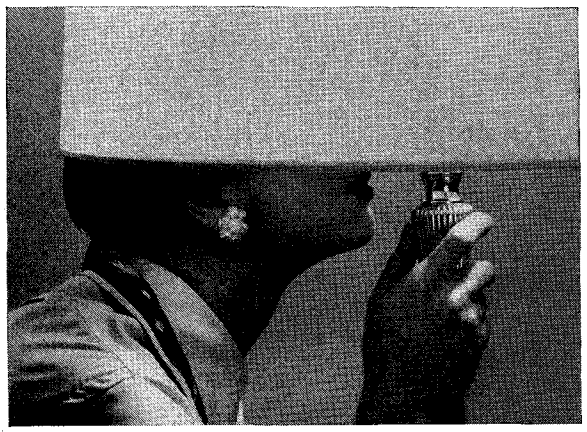


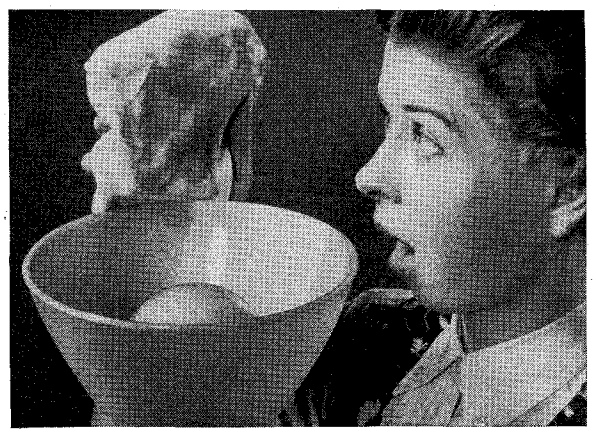
Henry Bulbsnatcher's last stand!

Observe the desperate Spring plight of the chronic bulbsnatcher. Henry has gone along all winter robbing one socket to fill another until he's down to the last bulb in the house! There's only one thing left to do. Go out and get enough new General Electric bulbs so his family will never be without good light again!

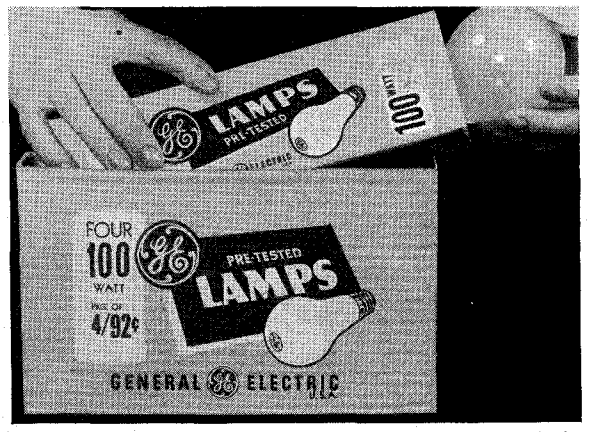
Before you find yourself in Henry's predicament, why not do this: Put G-E Bulbs on your shopping list right now. The right bulbs can make all the difference between eyestrain and deep-down comfort. Be sure you get the right *sizes* for easy seeing. And look for the General Electric monogram! It means good light at low cost.



IT'S SPRING! CHECK BULB SIZES... fill empty sockets, too! If weak 25-watt "attic" bulbs have snuck into your reading lamps, replace 'em with larger sizes and see how much eye comfort you've been missing!



BRIGHTEN UP LAMPS AND FIXTURES at no extra cost for current by wiping bulbs and reflector bowls clean. Get more light from 3-way sockets by making sure they have the 3-way bulbs they were designed for.



KEEP EXTRA G-E BULBS HANDY in easy-to-store 4-bulb packs. 100 watt, 4 for 92¢. Get spare nite-lites to keep halls and bathrooms safely lighted. And try G-E Coloramic bulbs for a special Spring touch!

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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"THE TOUGHEST CRITICS IN THE WORLD!"

—THAT'S WHAT SOME HAVE CALLED THIS UNIQUE GROUP OF ATLAS AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALISTS THAT HAS ABSOLUTE POWER TO DECIDE WHETHER A PRODUCT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR CAR

They've *got* to be tough . . . your life is in their hands. That's why they design and develop every Atlas tire, battery and accessory with *extra* value and *extra* stamina built in.

Atlas Automotive Specialists actually set tire performance standards higher than for the tires that came on your new car. These experts insist Atlas tires must have extra traction, extra skid-resistance, extra mileage. They test and retest—in the laboratory and on the road—to make certain all Atlas products meet their rigid specifications. Yet with it all, you pay no more than for ordinary products.

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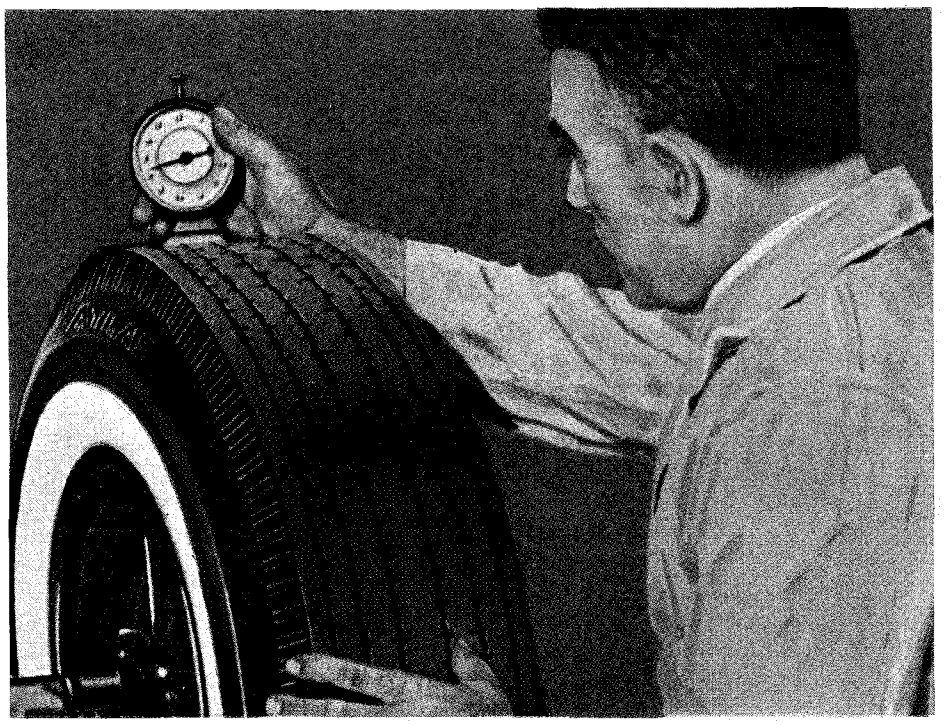
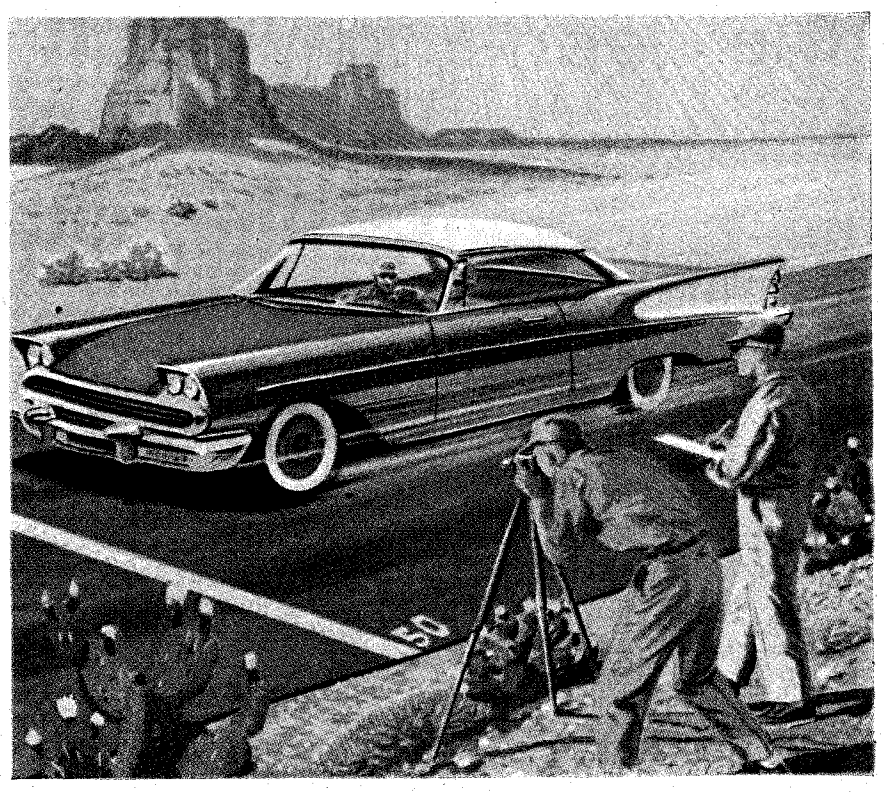


T HAS TO BE "BEST" TO WEAR THIS NAME...

When you see the Atlas name on an automotive product, you *know* it has proved its superiority beyond doubt to the Atlas Automotive Specialists. In competitive cross-country mileage tests, Atlas tires consistently demonstrate outstanding performance.

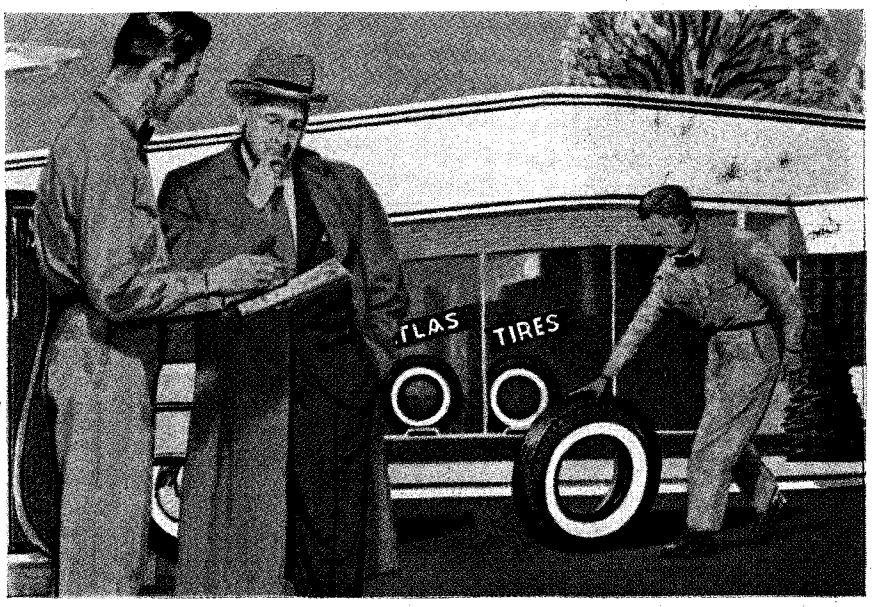
ESTED AGAINST ALL COMERS...

ı the modern Atlas Laboratories, competitive products from all parts of the world ontinuously undergo thorough testing — to make *sure* none exceeds Atlas values.



FIELD TESTS GO ON CONSTANTLY...

To prove the outstanding performance and dependability of Atlas products under *all* extremes of driving conditions, they are being continuously road-tested 'round the world.



MORE SERVICE STATIONS SELL ATLAS PRODUCTS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND...

Ask your local Atlas service station dealer to show you the famous written guarantee on Atlas tires and batteries . . . honored on the spot at more than 38,000 service stations in all 48 states, Alaska and Canada.

ATLAS*
TIRES · BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

YOUR GUARANTEE OF PROVED TOP VALUE

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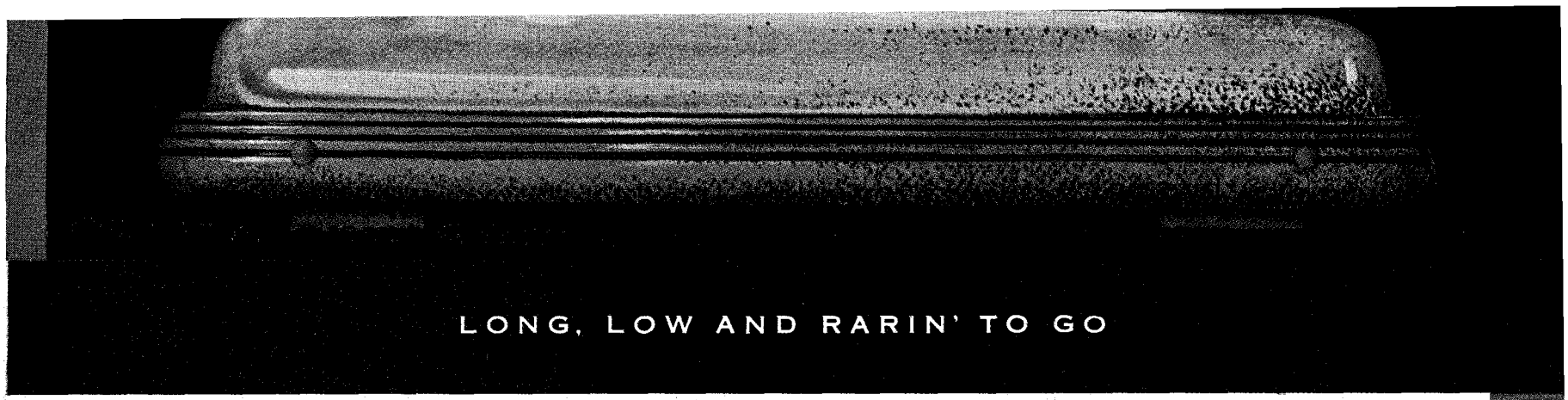

POWER GEAR for carpets

It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans . . . gets the deep-down dirt no other cleaner can.

SHIFT...

Click in the converter and the motor automatically shifts into high.

HIGH GEAR for everything else

The extra burst of power gives you 50% more suction.

Now you can have the world's best rug cleaner . . . plus super suction for every other cleaning job

The free-wheeling new Hoover Convertible launches a new era of high-speed cleaning. The first truly convertible cleaner, it races smoothly and efficiently from one type of cleaning to another. As a rug cleaner, it gets out all the dirt in true Hoover style. Then, one click of the converter and it automatically shifts into high, giving you super suction for all other cleaning. And it *follows* you as you clean. So get behind the handle of the new Hoover Convertible—the cleaner with the Automatic Shift! As little as $1.50 a week buys this lifetime cleaner.

NEW HOOVER CONVERTIBLE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

HOOVER®
FINE APPLIANCES
around the house, around the world

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IT SEEMS SO SIMPLE!

At least to youngsters. But grown-ups *know* the protection of their home, car, savings, everything they own—is a vital matter requiring the professional advice and skillful planning of an insurance specialist.

Your local independent agent or broker is the man to see. He is an expert, well versed in all modern forms of insurance. He can analyze your needs, give you competent advice, and place your insurance protection in strong Capital Stock Insurance Companies, like those of the America Fore Loyalty Group.

And should you have a loss, you can reach him quickly to expedite your claim and give you whatever guidance and help you may need.

For the name of a nearby America Fore Loyalty Group insurance agent, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

America Fore Loyalty Group

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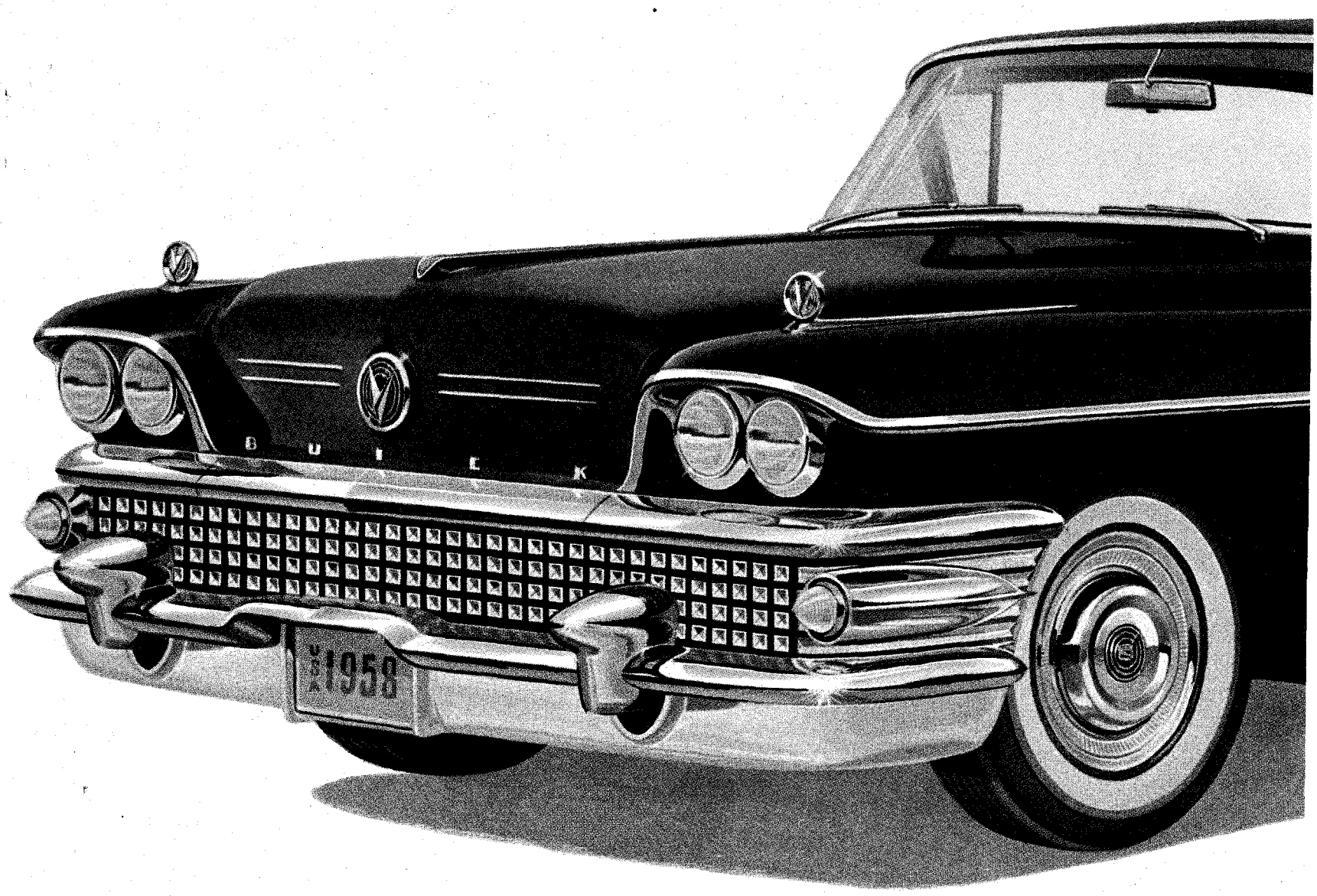
SOLID CIT

There's substance and solidity to this B-58 Buick. A sweet look of success in its very lines. It's a car that reflects the tastes and personalities of the solid citizens who drive it: doctors, lawyers, leaders in every line of endeavor—and those who will be leaders tomorrow. It reflects their personalities in its controlled performance—the mastery of its handling—the precision of its handicraft. It's a car for you to see—and be seen in. Visit your Buick dealer today.



Try one—it costs less than you think

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ZEN

NOW—MORE THAN EVER—WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE AIR BORN B-58 BUICK

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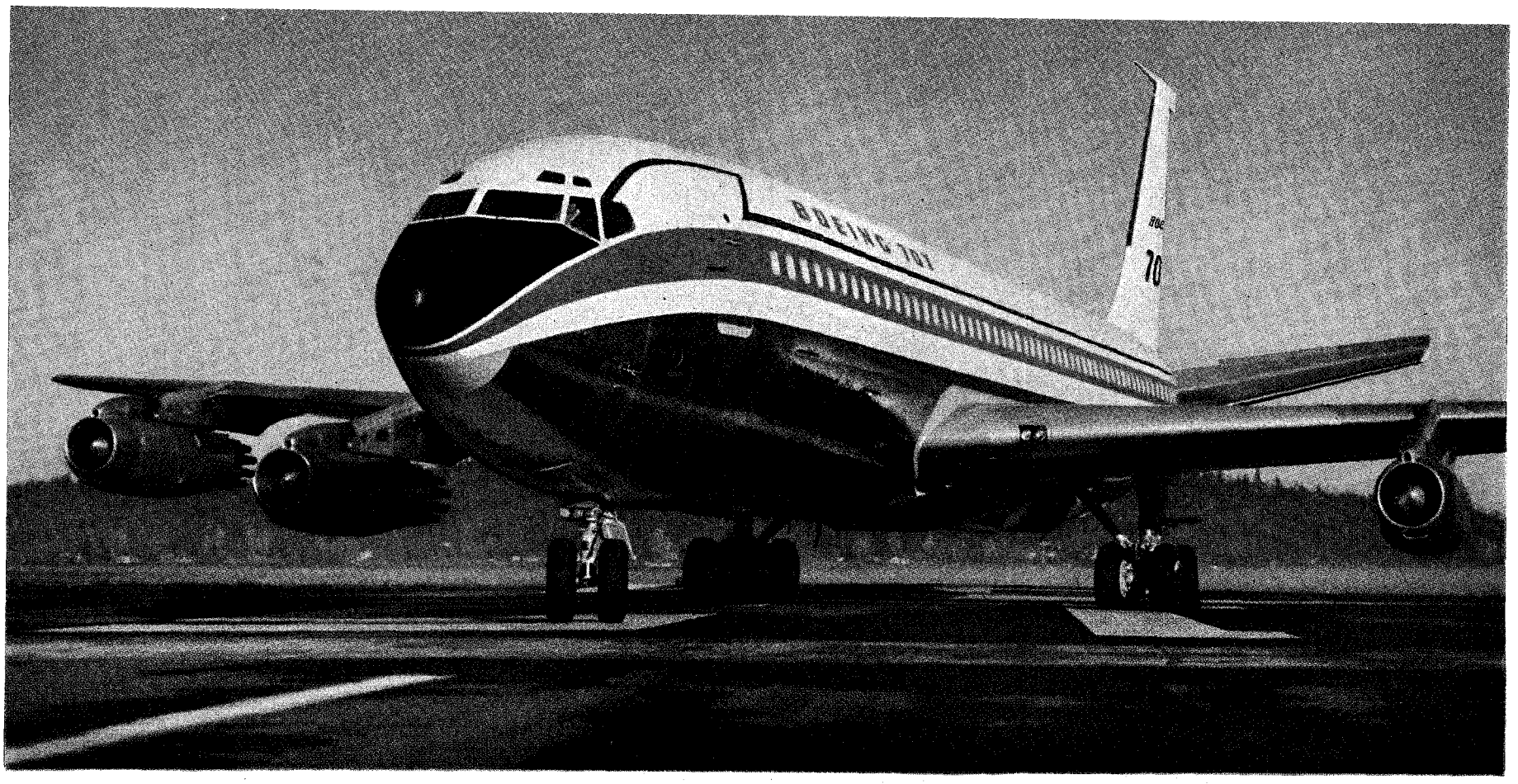

Here's the skyliner that'll bring the jet age to you

Pictured above is the first jetliner off an American production line . . . the Boeing 707. Its initial flight, made last December 20, followed more than three and a half years of test-flying by the famous 707 prototype. After airline crew training and route familiarization, sleek, swept-wing Boeings will, early next year, begin carrying you across continents and seas, at twice the speed of conventional airliners. When you board the 707—or its shorter-range sister ship, the 720—you'll enjoy an exhilarating *new* experience. For jet-age flight is incomparably smoother than any you've known before, and so swift you'll cruise coast to coast in just over four hours, or span the ocean from New York to Europe in slightly over six! You'll relax in a spacious cabin, luxuriously free of engine and propeller vibration. You will, moreover, be flying in the most thoroughly flight-tested aircraft ever to enter commercial service.

These airlines already have ordered models of the Boeing family of jetliners:

AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA INTERNATIONAL • AMERICAN AIRLINES
BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS • BRITISH OVERSEAS
AIRWAYS CORPORATION • CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
CUBANA DE AVIACION • LUFTHANSA GERMAN AIRLINES
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS • QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS
SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES • TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
UNITED AIR LINES • VARIG AIRLINES OF BRAZIL

BOEING 707 and 720

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SO YOU'RE ALL TENSED UP

POST

A specialist in the ailments of overworked executives tells what he has discovered about the stresses of American business life and how to cope with them.

By HARRY J. JOHNSON, M.D.
as told to
Steven M. Spencer

A cynical observer of the American business scene has remarked that there are only two kinds of executive, those who get ulcers and those who give ulcers to others. As a physician who each year interviews about 1000 men, I cannot agree with such a sweeping indictment. Most executives, in my opinion, are pleasant fellows who work at a reasonable tempo, treat their associates with understanding and consideration, and enjoy fairly good health.

But there are unquestionably enough of them in the cynic's two categories to generate plenty of problems in the world of interoffice memos and commuting brief cases—problems coming under the general heading of tension.

In a survey of tensions, just completed by the Life Extension Foundation and here reported for the first time, a number of causes were pinpointed. They included frustration, lack of recognition, worry about decisions, and so on. But the commonest cause of all was conflict of personalities, the factor implied in the quip quoted above. Of the men who replied (Continued on Page 127)

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Ike awarded the author a prize for his 1955 photograph, "The Picture of Health." A month after Tretick took it, the President had his heart attack.

I Shoot the Big Shots

A White House photographer tells how he avoids Ike's anger, de-emphasizes Sam Rayburn's bald head, and what it feels like to be slugged by a gangster and a politician.

By STANLEY TRETICK as told to Douglas Larsen

Clark Springer (arm upraised), a delegate to the 1952 G.O.P. convention, punched Tretick (head down) when Tretick tried to photograph a delegate who fainted.

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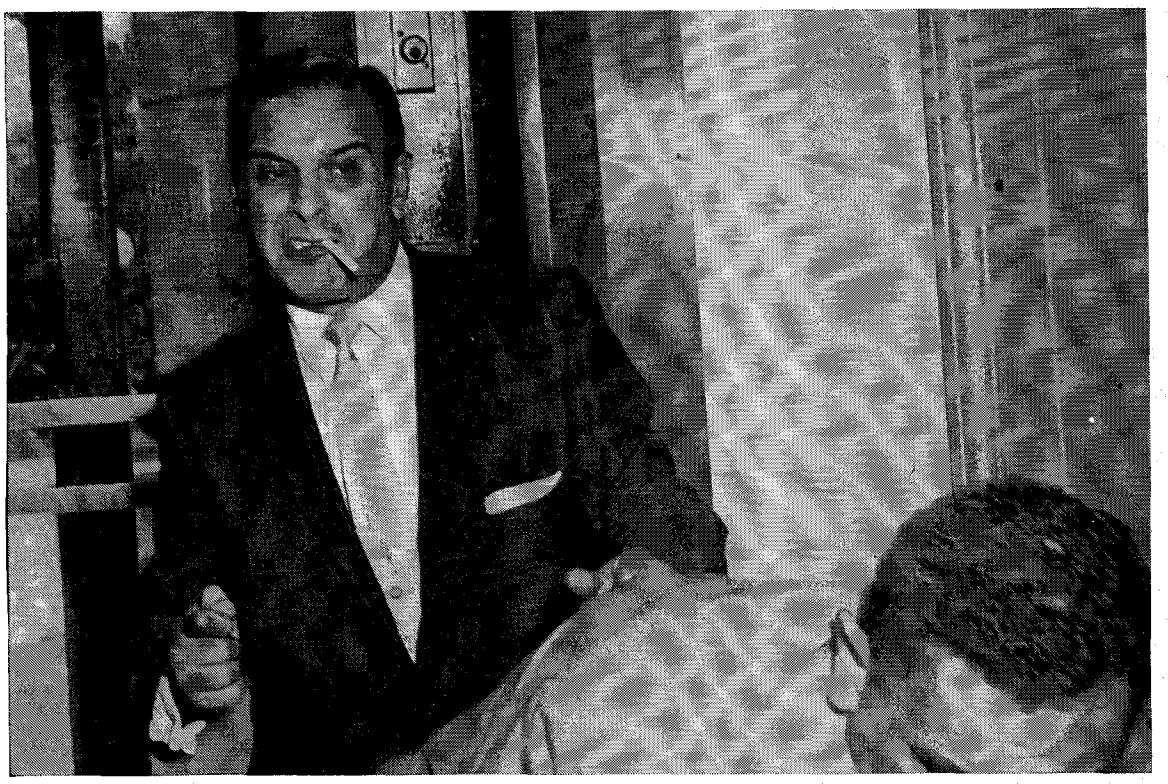

August 8, 1957: Gangster Johnny Dio slugged Tretick (ducking away) on the ear outside the Senate Rackets Committee hearing room. Dio, trying to elude photographers, snarled and swung when Tretick's flashgun fired.

Above, Tretick caught House Speaker Sam Rayburn in profile. Sam usually permits only front-face pictures.

"I never go into my kitchen," Washington hostess Gwen Cafritz said when Tretick asked for a domestic pose.

If there's one thing about being a White House photographer that frustrates me more than another, it's being asked, over and over, "How does a man get such easy, interesting work?"

That my job is interesting I certainly won't deny. Covering the President and Capitol Hill for United Press News Pictures, going along on presidential trips and charging off to photograph wars are guaranteed to stave off boredom. But anyone who thinks the work is easy just doesn't know the score.

The still-news-picture business, in my opinion, is the most competitive field of modern journalism—especially the way it's practiced around the White House. The fact that President Eisenhower has had one major heart attack, an attack of ileitis and a "minor stroke" automatically makes his health the most competitive aspect of picture coverage in the world today. Even if we take every statement of his doctors at face value—which we do—we are still forced to reckon with the possibility that something serious might happen to the President any time he is in public or faces cameramen. And missing a picture of the President of the United States in any kind of an accident or collapse would be a devastating blow to a photographer and his picture service.

Most of the hazards of my trade are more routine. High on the headache list are temperamental politicians, snobbish Washington hostesses and punch-throwing thugs like Johnny Dio—I'm the guy Dio hit when he appeared before the Senate subcommittee investigating unions. But the impulse was not original with him. I was once punched at a Republican National Convention before thirty million television viewers, and others have harbored similar desires, as I'll mention further along.

The worst part of being hit while on an assignment is that some other photographer invariably scoops you with a sensational shot of you getting belted. The front office doesn't like to be scooped for any reason.

Speaking of scoops, any photographer covering Ike is in constant danger of being beaten by the opposition. That's because the President (in my opinion, at least) has the world's most expressive face, one that faithfully—and instantaneously—mirrors his changing moods and feelings. This makes coverage of him a matter of split-second timing. The moment the President gets bored, irritated or impatient, his neck begins to get red, warning you that his face is about to go blank. If you haven't got your shot, you've been scooped by waiting too long, because he isn't likely to be a good picture subject for the remainder of that session.

Early in Ike's political career we got a foretaste of the

(Continued on Page 83)

"When Ike and David are together, they register a kind of joyful animation," says Tretick. He took this picture of the President putting "body English" on his grandson's golf shot during a vacation in Fraser, Colo., August, 1955.

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"You fool!" she said. "Can't you do anything but smash things?"

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Worthless Young Man

Rich, arrogant, bullying Donnie Trickham was in bad trouble, and he deserved to be. This is the story of his comeuppance.

By James Atlee Phillips

Jess Olden awakened when the shooting began. It was not a lengthy process; one second he was a lean man relaxed in sleep, with his wife a motionless mound beside him, and then his eyes were open. Unblinking, in calculation. Jess was general foreman of the Trickham ranches, as his father had been before him.

He swung up to sit on the side of the bed and began to dress. Underwear shorts, pants and jacket, and scuffed boots. The sound of firing was now coming in ragged bursts, so he did not comb his hair, only ran one hand through it and started out of the bedroom.

"Jess?" His wife had stirred.

"Yeah." He snugged his pants tighter. "Somebody shooting, up at the main house. Those kids again, I guess."

"Oh, Lord." She yawned and turned over. Olden went clumping through the dark living room of his bungalow, and across the porch that was half laved with moonlight. As he came up the lane toward the big house, he saw that the porch was crowded with people. They were shouting, firing steadily, and somewhere glass shattered. There were seven cars in the courtyard.

Pausing in the shadow of the gabled barn, the foreman considered the scene. The big house blazed with lights; it stood like a giant stage set amid the darkened outbuildings. Boys and girls lined the porch railings, firing rifles and shotguns, laughing shrilly and shouting for more ammunition.

Jess Olden knew most of the revelers. They were all young, under twenty-five, and they represented the third and fourth generations of Texas cattle and oil baronies. The impromptu shooting bee was not unusual for them. Often, as the remnant of a cocktail party that had got out of hand, the group descended on the Trickham ranch for a late poker game or breakfast.

As he went up the front steps, Jess saw that they were shooting at empty bottles lining the top of the nearest corral rail. A fat boy with his shirttail hanging out shouted, "Fair catch!" and ran forward to set more bottles on the rail. Someone on the porch fired behind him, and the fat boy turned with his face sagged to indignation.

Jess looked around for Donnie Trickham and saw him leaning beside the front door. The handsome boy with the dark, curly hair seemed bored even as he stood at the center of all the noise. He was holding a black cigarette holder in one hand, a tumbler of whisky in the other, and he was staring past the busy, disorganized firing squad at some point fixed out on the plains.

Olden nodded to him. "Tell 'em to stop it," he said.

Donnie laughed. "You tell 'em," he suggested pleasantly.

"All right."

"Oh?" Donnie teetered in his modish black pumps with pleats across the top. "And how would you like not to work here any more?"

"That could be, too," agreed Jess Olden.

He was only thirty-four and his voice was calm, but the wind wrinkles tightened around his eyes.

Sweeping one hand over his lanky hair, he walked past Donnie Trickham and out the front door. The party, being deprived of its arsenal, began to berate Donnie for being unable to do what he wanted to on his own

"You held out a while longer than I figured," Olden said. "Now let's see how you can scuffle."

Olden's spare figure moved along the porch. Ungently, he took rifles and shotguns away from the boys and girls. "Stock out there in that corral," he kept repeating while rounding up the weapons.

When the foreman went inside and began to unload the guns and replace them in their racks, Donnie was standing before the fire, his hands spread behind him. He made no comment until Olden locked the glass doors and spoke directly to him.

"I don't want any more shooting," said the foreman, "until these friends of yours can see what's behind their empty bottles."

property. The boy balancing before the log fire nodded and smiled.

Jess Olden crossed the courtyard between the gleaming cars and opened the gate to the corral. He checked around with his flashlight, and several bull calves snorted and rampaged away. There was a bulky shadow in the far corner and Olden walked toward it.

The beam of the flashlight passed across the rich red coat of a downed yearling bull, glinted on the big eyes and slimed muzzle. A richer stain marred the white underbelly: it was a bullet hole oozing blood. Olden cursed through tight lips. (Continued on Page 67)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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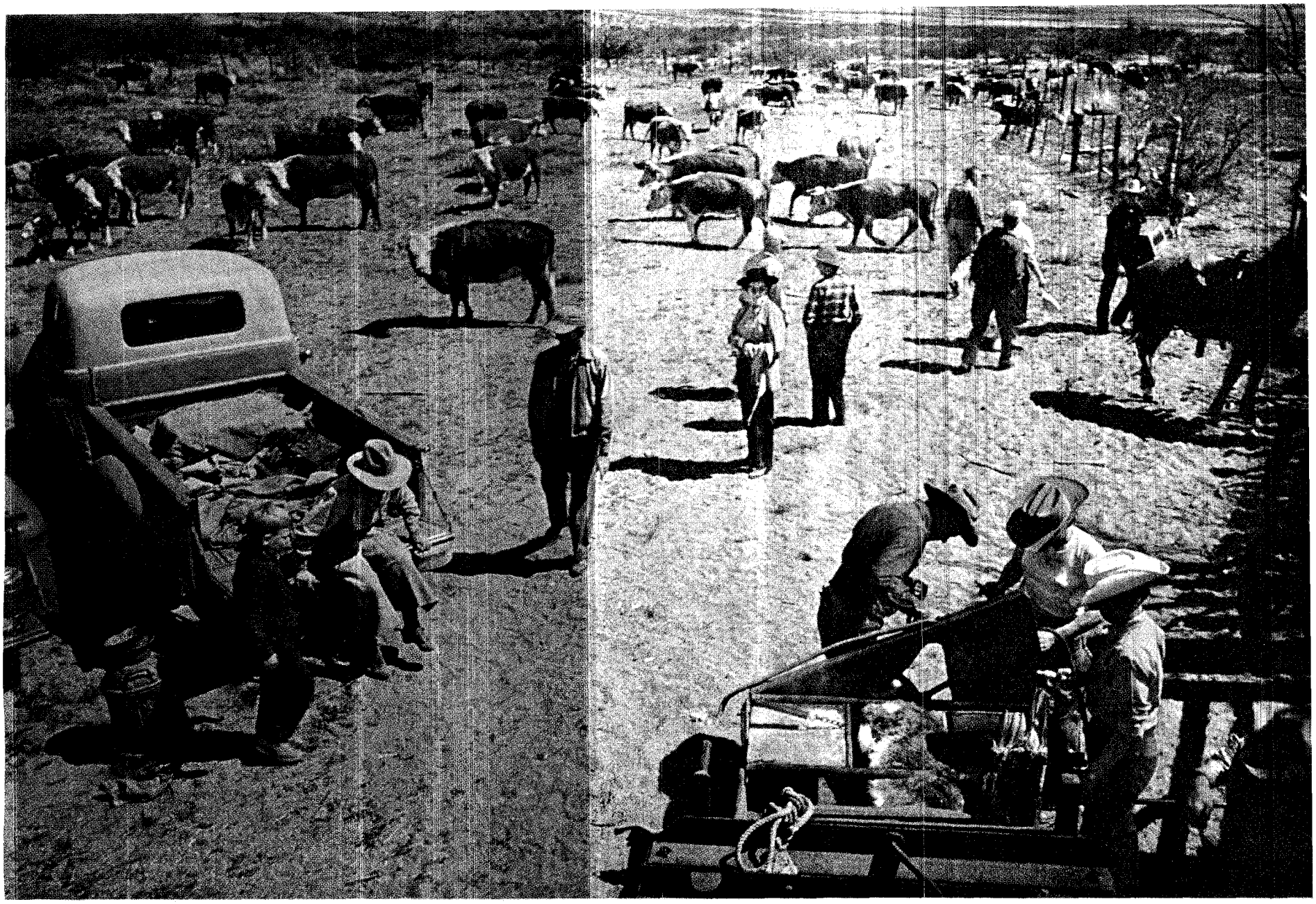

Lillian Riggs supervises the branding from the tail gate of a truck. "I hate the hurting and mutilation of the calves," she says, "but it's good to get it all over at one time."

The Lady Boss of Faraway Ranch

A remarkable woman, undaunted by her blindness, runs this giant cattle ranch in Arizona's old Apache country.

By A. T. STEELE

Lillian (left), confidently astride her "seeing eye" horse Britches, gallops without even the aid of a guide rein.

In her younger years Lillian E. Riggs knew no greater delight than feasting her eyes on the sun-splashed mountains surrounding her Arizona ranch home. Then, about sixteen years ago, Mrs. Riggs became totally blind. "It was just as if the bottom had dropped out of my world," she says. For a while Lillian had the comforting companionship of her husband and her mother. But suddenly this, too, was taken from her. Her husband, Ed, suffered a fatal stroke in 1950, and her mother died later the same year. Lillian Riggs was left alone with the ranch and her memories.

At this dismal juncture Mrs. Riggs could have turned over the management of her lands and her cattle to others and settled down to a life of unseeing idleness in one of the comfortable rocking chairs that adorn her home. But that was not in her. A strong-willed woman who despises inactivity, she chose to go on living her accustomed full and active existence. Today, at seventy, she is still at it.

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This is Faraway's adobe ranch house, which was built by Lillian's pioneer father. When he and his bride first settled here in Bonita Canyon in 1888, there was still the danger of raids by bands of unpacified Apache Indians.

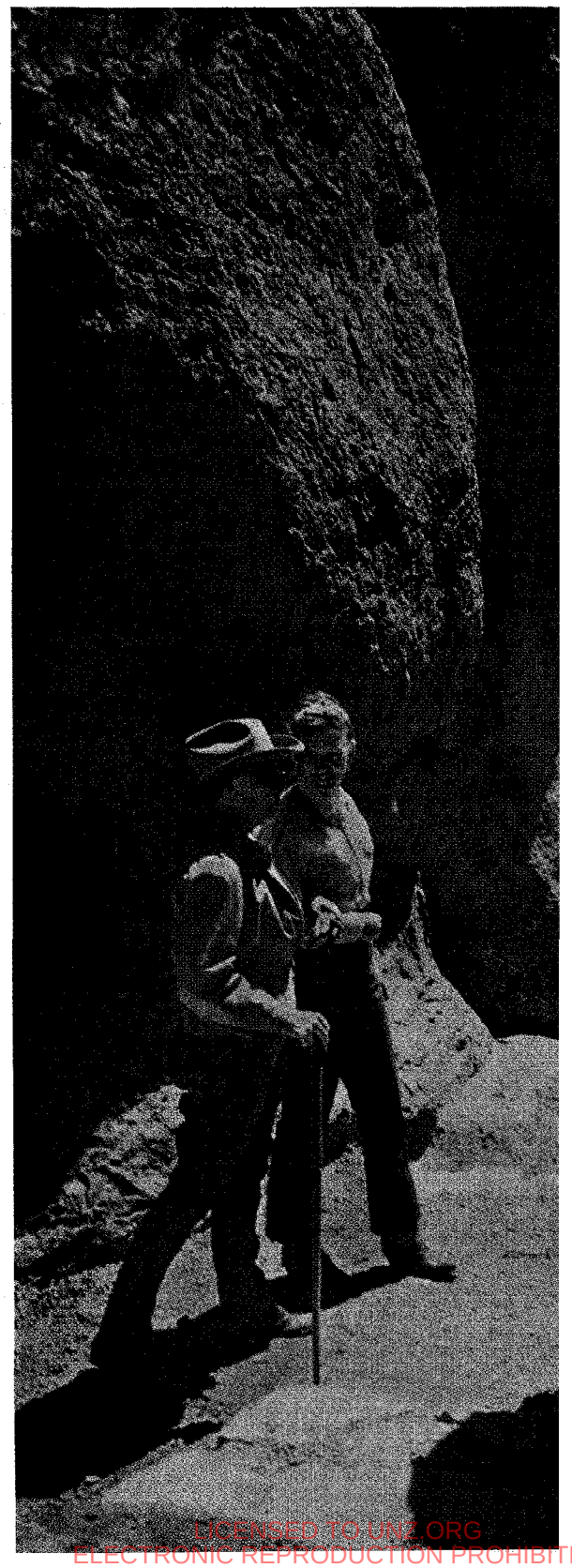
Though she has pretty well adjusted herself to her blindness, she has had other troubles to struggle with—not the least of them, drought. For the past several years she has been plagued, like many other cattle folk in the Southwest, with the problem of too little rain. The feed on her ranges shrank, and her water sources dried up one by one.

Early last summer, when the tanks in the upper pasture went dry, Lillian had to buy water at twenty-four dollars a load to keep her cattle alive. She went to bed each night with a prayer for rain, and her first question each morning was: "How does the sky look today?" The dry weather broke early in July to the accompaniment of spectacular electrical storms. Showers came thick and fast. Tanks filled. Dry wells began giving water. Pasturelands changed color from gold to green. "Like old times," exulted Lillian during a thunderstorm, stretching out her hand to get the feel of the life-giving downpour. It was a good wet summer. But the months since have not lived up to that early promise. Up to this writing, the winter rains have been short of normal and Lillian is beginning to wonder whether the long cycle of drought is really finished, after all.

Faraway Ranch is well named; the handiest grocery store, for instance, is thirty-seven miles distant. The ranch stands at the threshold of a wild and fantastically eroded area known as the Wonderland of Rocks. Less than a century ago, this rugged region was the homeland of the Chiricahua Apaches and their great leader, Cochise. The strange rocky world up-canyon is now preserved for posterity as the Chiricahua National Monument. It attracts thousands of visitors annually, but remains appealingly unspoiled.

Like the rocks and the cypress trees around her, Lillian Riggs has been at Faraway Ranch as long as most (Continued on Page 132)

Photographs by Joern Gerdts



Lillian still loves to stroll through the spectacular Wonderland of Rocks which she and her husband first helped to explore.

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Nolan heard the sound behind him and twisted away from the descending gun.

INSIDE THE RACKETS

Once he decided to fight the underworld on its own terms there was no turning back.

By WILLIAM HOLDER

Nolan drove into Barclay slowly, eying it in the afternoon light, remembering it, noting the changes in this town that had rejected him not too many years ago. The place had grown. He had noted the expansion of the town as he'd approached it on the state highway, and there were several six- and seven-story buildings on Main that had not been here in his time.

He parked the car in the municipal lot behind the courthouse and sat for a moment, losing himself a little in the past. The memories were strong and only a few of them were any good. He'd never been angry at the town, even during the long young years when every day was to be regarded with distrust and a certain amount of fear. They had been lean and hungry years, and he looked back at them with no pleasure, but with no pointed resentment. It had been no one's fault, really, but simply a matter of circumstance. Viewing that time from this distance, he could see now that he'd never had a chance. Getting out of high school and into the marines had been the best thing that had ever happened to him. If he had stayed here, he might have wound up in jail. Or he might have wound up like Harry. But there was still a chance of that, he supposed.

He got out of the car and walked to Main and turned left toward the river, wondering again what had led him to drive a hundred miles out of his way to visit this scene of so much unhappiness. If he had any sense he'd be back in the apartment in Chicago right now.

The car pulled up to the curb beside him. It was black and unmarked, but to Nolan it had POLICE written all over it in white letters.

The window was down on the curb side and a man said, "Hello, Nolan." (Continued on Page 112)

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TIME IS RUNNING OUT ON US

A famous reporter predicts how the Soviet will exploit its new strength, and the only way we can recapture the ground we have lost in the cold war.

By JOSEPH ALSOP

After many months abroad in many countries, observing many great and often ominous events, I am chiefly haunted by the memory of a grin. It was a self-congratulating, false-jolly grin—such a grin as a shrewd, hard peasant might wear when he knew he was bringing his pigs to slaughter in the best possible market. I watched this grin come and go on the broad, expressive, peasant face of Nikita S. Khrushchev, when he received me for a long interview in Moscow in February of 1957.

Khrushchev grinned when he predicted a catastrophic western defeat in the Middle East. He grinned again when he foretold the future dissolution of the Atlantic alliance. Most triumphantly of all, he grinned when he intimated that the U.S.S.R. was decisively passing the United States in the terrible technical-military contest of modern-weapons development.

Since then, Khrushchev's third forecast has been only too plainly confirmed by the famous Sputniks. I would not laugh off his other forecasts either. After much on-the-spot reporting in both areas, I can easily see why Khrushchev expects the destruction of all the vital western interests in the Middle East. I can also see why he even hopes for the eventual breakup of the Atlantic alliance in Western Europe. Our peril nowadays is many-sided.

Yet this multiple peril primarily arises from a single, central failure. In the last five years, by sheer, silly self-indulgence, the United States has allowed its former great superiority in nuclear striking power to be lost to the Soviet Union. This tragic loss of the American lead, belatedly brought home by the Sputniks, has aroused, angered and alarmed the American people. When Allen W. Dulles was at last permitted to tell the congressional leaders the truth about the Soviets' new strength, it is said that Sen. Harry F. Byrd asked only one question, "When will they hit us?"

Paradoxically, however, this is almost certainly the wrong question. There is no doubt that the prime cause of our peril is the growth of Soviet nuclear striking power. But unless we are as great fools in the years to come as we have been in the last five years, the U.S.S.R. is highly unlikely to use this striking power against the United States.

The main danger today, in fact, is not the hot-war annihilation of the United States. The main danger today is the cold-war defeat of the cause of freedom everywhere.

One kind of danger is unreal, the other kind is grimly real, for the same little-understood reason—because of the strange rules that set nuclear warfare altogether apart from conventional warfare. By their strangeness, they always remind me of the rules of a lunatic chess game, in which the stake is the survival of human life on earth. Furthermore, these rules of nuclear war have never been tested in practice, in actual combat between two great powers with nuclear weapons. One prays they will remain forever untested. Yet they have their own macabre, remorseless logic. Neither the Kremlin nor the Pentagon can conceivably escape from the logic of these rules. Briefly, they are as follows:

RULE I: The first blow must be the last.

It is this basic rule which makes nuclear war a radically new form of warfare. Even the greatest conquerors of the past have always won their victories in an exchange of blows. But if there is an exchange of blows in nuclear war, the aggressor will pay for his enemy's destruction with his own destruction—which is too high a price.

RULE II: The aggressor's problem is astronomically difficult; and the (Continued on Page 105)

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Fresh off the ship, hundreds of French Renaults are ranged on a dock in California. The market for foreign cars, once confined to coastal states, is spreading inland.

Those Little Foreign Cars

This year American motorists will buy a record number of tiny imports. Is it "just to be different," or does it portend a change in the nation's driving habits?

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Italy's pint-sized Fiat station wagon draws attention in a Pennsylvania showroom. It costs about $2100 and goes thirty miles to the gallon, but lacks the roominess of American automobiles.

On an average day in 1957 approximately 57,000 persons somewhere in the land put down cash, an old automobile, a creditable signature or something else of value in order to acquire a passenger-carrying automotive vehicle or an equity therein. Fewer than one third of the more than 20,000,000 vehicles involved in these transactions were new. Of these, less than 4 per cent were manufactured outside the United States. Among used cars a negligible number involved foreign makes.

Thus the alien admixture in the nation's turnover of all breeds and ages of motor vehicles in 1957 was only one to ninety-nine. This is hardly enough to mar the American industry's reputation as the greatest. It is not

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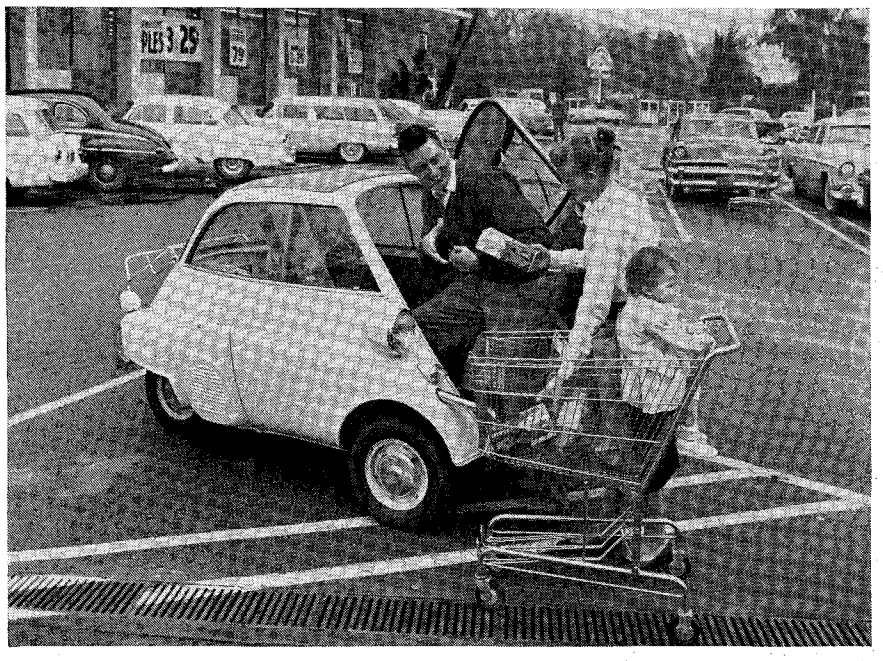


The one-cylinder Isetta, a German import, can use the leftover corners of parking lots. Owner Dick Holden of Encino, California, says he saves $50 per month on car expenses.

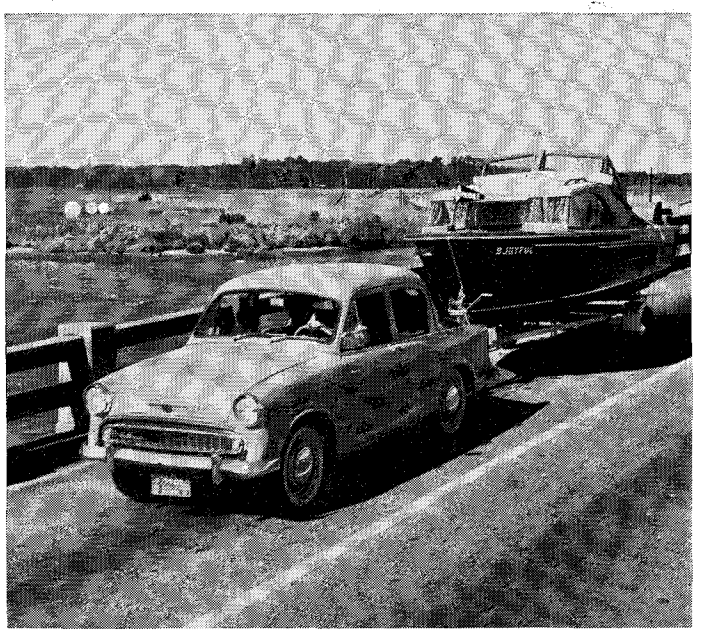
Bill Campbell, of Philadelphia, keeps a Volkswagen (right) as a second-car companion for his Cadillac. But for family trips, the VW is short on luggage space.

enough to suggest severe loss of home markets for home products. It is, in fact, peanuts. But seldom have so few imports been of more interest to so many in so big an American industry.

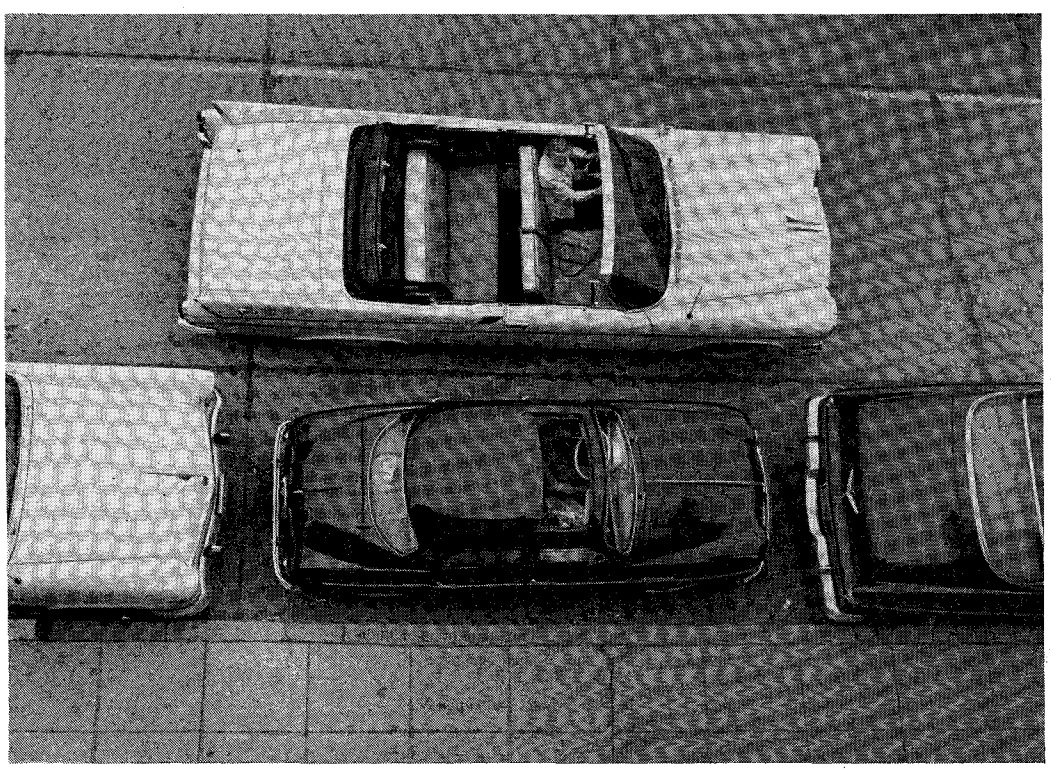
The numbers are insignificant. The significance is that there are suddenly numbers plentiful enough for serious counting. In the sweeping terms of multimillions common to the American industry, the few thousands of automobile imports prior to 1955 were relatively nothing; and of this nothing, a large percentage was of the expensive and somewhat eccentric breed of sports cars. In 1955 the number of imports jumped, but merely to 57,000. Then in 1956 the total doubled. In 1957 it doubled again. Meanwhile the proportion represented by sports cars dropped from a large majority to a mere fraction.

Last year the figures carried a plain message—many American citizens were showing an interest in a type of automotive transportation that had not really been popular since the middle '20's and the Model T Ford. Inexpensive, gas-thrifty, functional automobiles were salable here. The number of imports roughly equaled the combined output of the two smallest of our five domestic manufacturers. Moreover, the demand for European economy cars was clearly greater than the supply.

The number of questions posed by this rapidly developing squall is almost as large as the number of buyers of foreign economy cars. Has the American industry priced or sized itself out of a bottom portion of the automobile market, and how big is this hole at the bottom? Is this offshore wave a result of the Marshall Plan's reactivation of European manufacturers? Is it a fad, soon to go the way of berets or Doctor Coué, or will it become as durable as the (Continued on Page 108)



Hollinger's Island, Alabama: Boat and trailer are under way behind a 51 h.p. Hillman Minx, made in Britain.



A short, 89-inch wheelbase, reduced overhang and a tight turning circle pay off for a Renault Dauphine (bottom, center), nestled into a spot much too small for the roomy Dodge convertible.

Detroit is entering the market for small cars with foreign-subsidiary imports. Left: An Anglia (English Ford); right: G.M.'s British Vauxhall.

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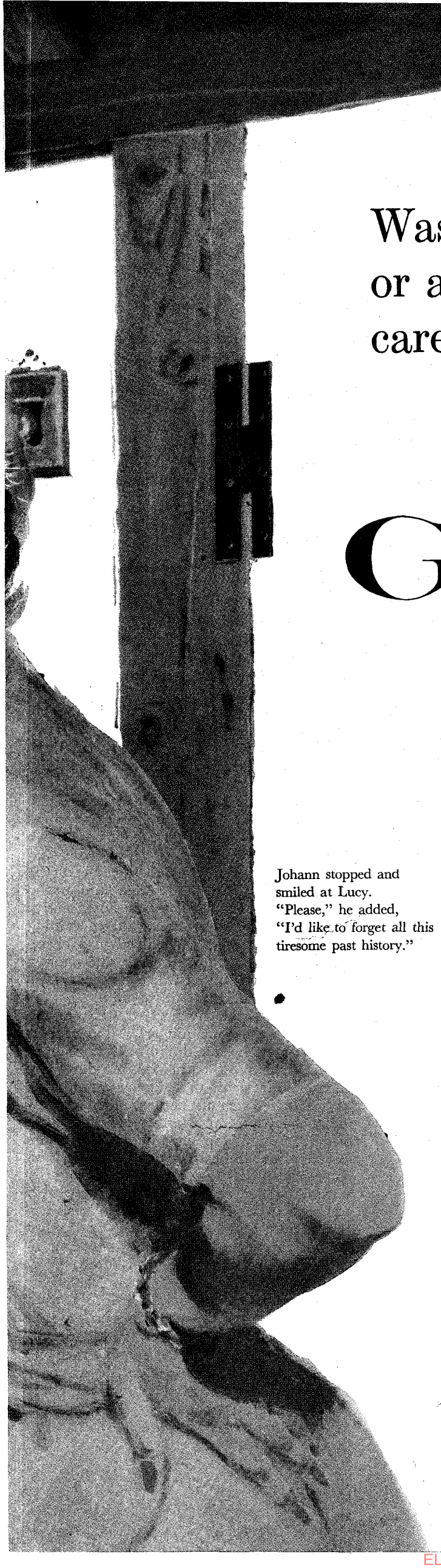
Was he a titled nobleman or an impostor? Lucy didn't care. She loved

The Glamorous Stranger

By DANA BURNET



Johann stopped and smiled at Lucy. "Please," he added, "I'd like to forget all this tiresome past history."

As vice president of the Lymington, Connecticut, Historical Society, Inc., I feel obliged to correct the false rumors now circulating in our village regarding the so-called duel fought recently on the old Hobbs place. Irresponsible grapevine gossip has it that the principals were the widow Hobbs' immigrant gardener and a visiting New York yachtsman; that the weapons were real dueling swords, in the possession of the gardener, but actually belonging to an Austrian baron who was present as a witness against the gardener, who had been pretending to be the baron. Rumor insists further that the *casus belli* was the lovely Lucy Hobbs and that the yachtsman might have been killed if he hadn't ducked his head, for he is said to have emerged from the battle with a sword hole through his gold-braided yachting cap.

This unseemly mixture of truth and fantasy is now, at summer's end, being savored by every adult inhabitant of Lymington. But because the rumors of a duel are true in part, and because a sword fight in Connecticut is today a historical rarity, I feel that I must set down the facts of this affair, especially since my wife, Jane, is a close friend of Priscilla Hobbs and of her pretty daughter, Lucy. I, too, am fond of Priscilla—the widow—and take a fatherly interest in the girl, whose fair face and shapely slim figure make such interest a pleasure. Lucy Hobbs was twenty-seven last June, and why the young males of Lymington ever let her grow singly to that age I don't understand, though Jane says it's simply that Lucy never found one who could make her love him. Well, all I can say is that if I were younger and not already married —— But I must not let my thoughts wander.

Lymington is a salt-water town. The Hobbs place lies a couple of miles inland of it, on the old Pequot Trail (Continued on Page 123)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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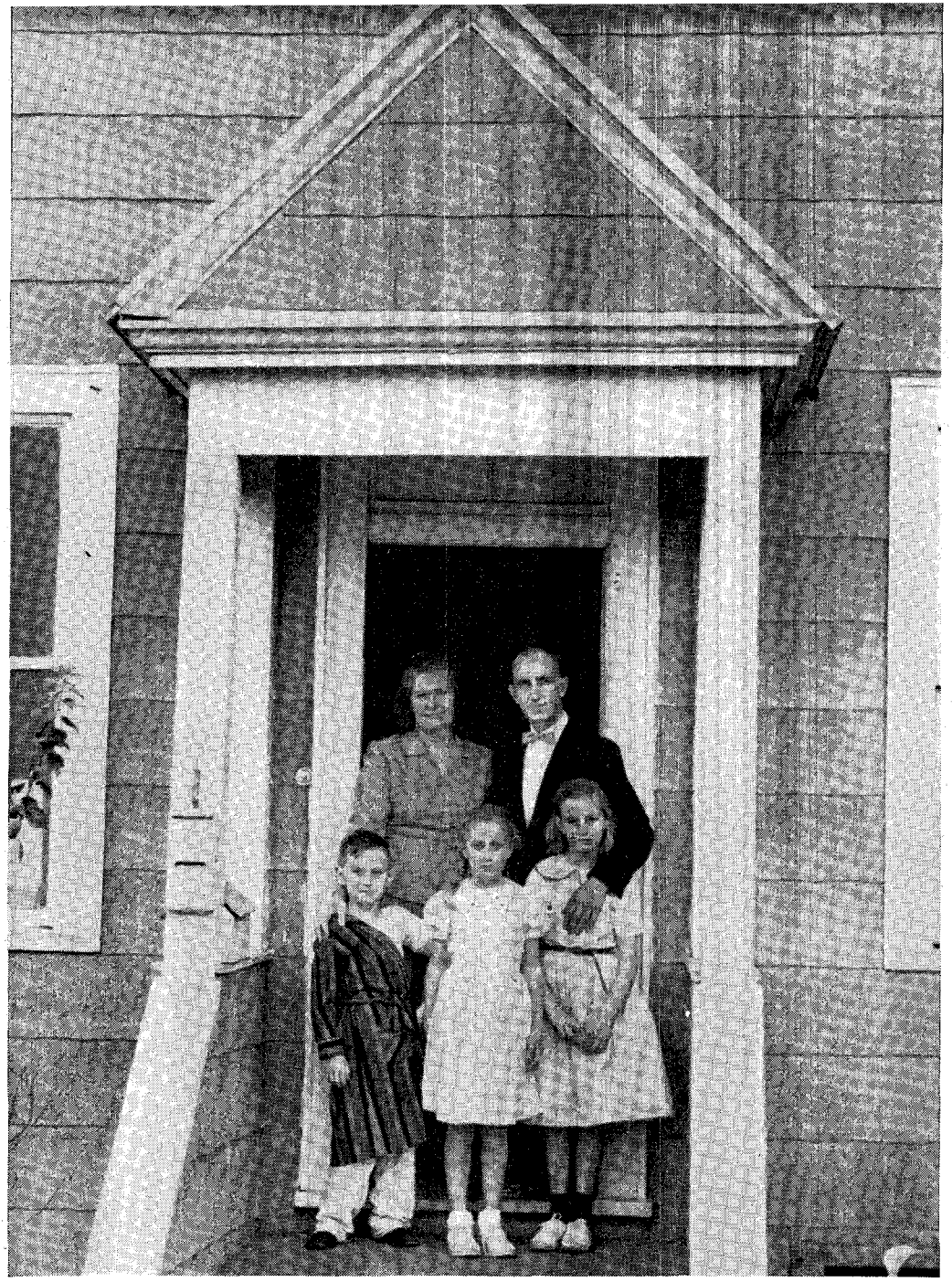

The author, his wife, Bernice, and their children. "The worst time of the whole two years," he says, "was the night we all sat down to the kitchen table with nothing left to eat but one pan of oatmeal."

We Couldn't Pay Our Bills

By MARION F. RAIRIGH,
as told to
Elmont Waite

This young couple went off the deep end on installment buying. Don't say it couldn't happen to you until after you consider their case.

I'll never forget the day we stopped kidding ourselves and realized what a terrible fix we had got into by trying to keep up with all of our neighbors.

It had started when we looked around and told ourselves that if other people could keep up all those payments, we could do it too. When we couldn't make it, we got desperate and tried to borrow money. Then we sold our new home, figuring that ought to pull us out. Next we tried to turn some things back for the amounts we still owed on them, but even that didn't work. Then came that day when I reached the airline shops to go to work as usual, and my supervisor called me aside.

"Marion, what's this all about?" he asked. "A Palo Alto firm has attached your pay."

His tone was kindly enough, but I can remember only one other time in my life that I ever came so close to real panic—the day during the war when our bomber was so badly shot up we thought she'd crash.

I knew the company fired employees who didn't pay their bills. Our nice new suburban home was already gone, our new car, our fancy food freezer and our TV set were gone, we still owed more than we could possibly pay, and now it seemed that my job was gone.

Our story is not intended to frighten anyone. What happened to us was terrifying, and it could easily happen to a great many other families we know. But it need not happen to them if they are willing to learn from our experience.

That is why we decided to forget about pride and tell the whole story. We're not writing this to get even with the salesmen who overloaded us with debts; we're not mad at them or at anybody else. It's certainly not a salesman's job to go around persuading people not to buy things. There's nothing wrong with buying on credit if you don't slide in over your heads the way we did.

I'm not even sure how it all started. It's hard to put your finger on any one date or any one item and say, "That's what did it." We were just like everyone else we knew in our suburb of Sunnyvale, down the peninsula from San Francisco. We had to have everything right away, and credit was easy to get. We didn't plunge overboard. We simply slipped overboard little by little. We didn't fully realize what had happened until the day that attachment was filed and my job was threatened. That was nearly four years ago. We're solvent now. We even have a steadily growing savings account.

I did hold my job and I did pay all those bills, by supporting our family of five on as little as fifteen dollars per week for nearly two years. That fifteen dollars covered everything but rent and utilities. Don't say it can't be done. We did it. We, the Rairigh family, who thought we had to have a new home and a new car and new furniture and everything anyone else ever had! We lived in a cheap housing project for quite a while, and many a night we worried about where the next day's food was coming from, but we did it.

We got into our financial trouble, in the first place, by ignoring quite a few danger signs that every family should notice. One big danger, I'm convinced, is the size of today's pay checks. We saw all those dollars coming in and we figured we must be rich. I kept remembering my youth on a farm and in the little town of Burns, Wyoming, where a few dollars seemed to me to be real wealth. An enlisted man's pay during the war didn't change my viewpoint much either. I was a gunner in a B-24 crew in combat in Europe. I never got a scratch, even when our plane was badly shot up, but there certainly wasn't anything in military service to accustom me to a big pay check.

I was married one month before I went overseas, so two of us were living on my slim service pay. I married a pretty blonde I'd never met until she beat me in a foot race one day. Her name was Bernice Lee. She was only seventeen, and was traveling from her home town of Saginaw, Michigan, to join her mother and stepfather in (Continued on Page 136)

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GOOD-BY, NEW YORK

By WILLARD TEMPLE

Joe couldn't be happy in the big town any more—not with the Giants in San Francisco.

The winter wasn't so bad. The Giants, you might say in the winter, are dormant. Of course if you're a Dodger fan, you might say sometimes the Giants are dormant in the summer, but never mind the sarcasm, I have enough trouble.

In the winter it was like always. You come up out of the subway and the wind is blowing down the canyons and the buildings soar up into the blue sky overhead. Maybe you're from Wichita and you say so what. All right, no comment. Nobody in New York stands around asking you how you like the place. In New York nobody cares; they have their own fish to fry and they leave you alone.

So the winter was O.K. New York was my town, I had my job, and when I cleaned up in the shop after work, I had a girl to see. We were going to be married in May. Helen's mother wasn't too happy about it. There was a dentist in the next apartment who had taken Helen out a few times and made Helen's mother a new upper plate. But the old gal took the news with her chin up, and when I was at work, she and Helen went shopping for an apartment for us.

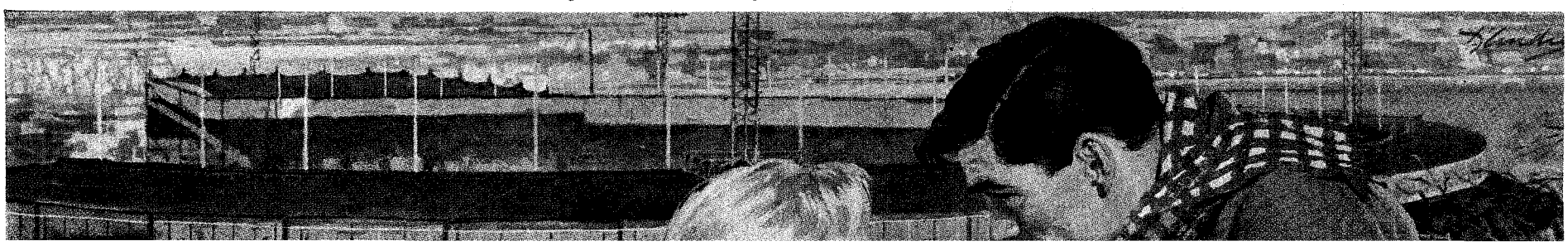
"At least, Joe," she said, "you've been with the garage for five years, and I know you're steady and hard working, and you'll be good to Helen."

It was March when the trouble started. On a Sunday afternoon Helen and I took a walk and ended up on Coogan's Bluff above the Polo Grounds. In case you're from the sticks, I'll explain it to you. There's an outcropping of rock above the Polo Grounds. Mica schist, I think it is, but that doesn't matter. Now, if you get the right spot on the rocks, you can look down through the girders and see inside the ball park. You can't see it all, just a little patch of green.

I told Helen about it. "I used to sit here when I was a kid and didn't have the price of a bleacher seat," I said. "My father used to sit here when he was a boy playing hooky. It was better then. When my father was a boy, you could sit here and see at least three ballplayers. You could watch the shortstop, the left fielder and the center fielder. If the second baseman made a play near the bag, you could see him. If the third baseman cut to his left for a ball, he was visible. And in those days there was a big scoreboard over the top of the bleachers."

(Continued on Page 117)

"How could I be a Yankee fan?" Joe said. "I have allegiance. I have loyalties. I was born a Giant fan."



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I Love My Ugly Dog

The author's pet has bloodshot eyes, a doleful countenance and crooked legs. But that's what it takes to make a first-rate basset.

By Charlotte Paul

The author and her husband are wakened each morning at 6:15 when Josie the basset pounces on their bed. Josie loves all human beings—even burglars.

I've owned Airedales, cocker spaniels, Chesapeake Bay retrievers, wire-haired dachshunds and smooth-haired dachshunds, Irish setters, and mutts with genealogies as informal as those of the Jukes and the Kallikaks. In short, I've been acquainted with dogs that are beautiful in the eyes of the world and of American Kennel Club judges, and until last year they looked beautiful to me.

About a year ago I bought a basset hound. Let me describe her. She is four feet long from nose to tail tip, weighs forty-two pounds—about the same weight as one full-grown Dalmatian, one Siberian husky or two Boston terriers—and this firmly packed length of hound is supported by crooked legs which measure, in front, two inches from ankle to knee—or ankle to elbow, if you prefer. She won't tip over; her feet are three inches across, each the size of a six-year-old child's outspread hand, and she plants them firmly, toeing out in a ballet position.

She has what the dog book calls a head of great nobility. It is similar to and not a great

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deal smaller than that of the bloodhound, and occasionally something seems to be going on inside of it. Her lower eyelids droop engagingly, revealing two red crescent moons; when she was sick, we knew it right away because these bloodshot areas turned pale. Her ears are great velvety flaps, attached not on the top, but at the side of her head. Hold them straight out, and she is Dumbo in flight; wing tip to wing tip, the distance is twenty-four inches—yes, two feet. Pull the ears down and they'll lap each other over the tip of her black rubber nose. Dog-show judges would admire her "very pronounced occipital protuberance," but we call her Knob Head, for short. Another important show point is a "strong and prominent sternum," and she's got that too. Dowager or opera singer, I don't know which she favors, but she always gives the impression that she has just inhaled deeply and doesn't plan to let it out for a long time.

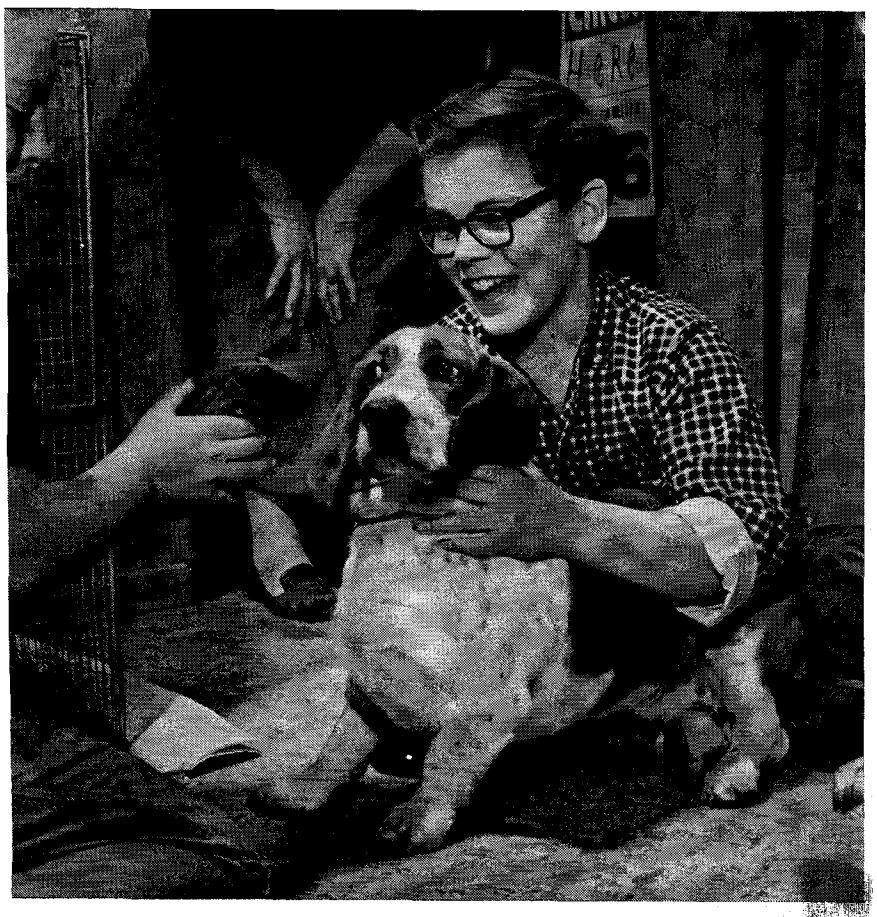
Is it any wonder that all other dogs now look funny to me?

Some friends of ours own a basset hound named Humphrey. Humphrey is allowed to roam sociably through the small town in which they live, and in the process regularly invades the territory of a dog named Mike. Mike is a dog-hating tiger of a canine; he has fought and torn to shreds every pooch that ever came smelling around his neighborhood. But he's never bared a fang at Humphrey. In fact, he is obviously fond of Humphrey. It might be because basset hounds just aren't fighters. Not that they're pacifists, with high ideals; they just don't recognize warlike situations. Humphrey's owners have another theory for Mike's unusual acceptance of their hound: They think Mike doesn't realize that Humphrey is a dog.

Incidentally, the genesis of our friendship with Humphrey's (Continued on Page 62)

Casper (right), Josie's sire, with a new litter he has fathered. The lady with the camera, who is trying to coax Casper into a more cheerful pose, is a basset breeder named Evelyn Bassett.

Photographs by John Bickel



Josie dislikes the smell of smoke, fingernail polish and—evidently—guinea pigs. The author's son, Hi, is at right.

Josie doesn't have to beg for supper, but she knows it amuses the family. Basset hounds are natural hams—they like to make people laugh.

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The Face of AMERICA

The Young Flyers

Several thousand years ago
Chinese youngsters flew elaborate kites
after stiffening the strings with
glue and crushed glass—the idea being
to cross lines with other kites and
cut them loose in the air. They still
play this game. Archytas, the Greek,
flew a kite, and so did Benjamin Franklin,
in a notable experiment. He was lucky—
he could have been electrocuted.
It's risky, flying a kite in a thunderstorm.
But on a windy hilltop of a spring day,
it's a joy to send aloft kites, graceful
as the birds for which they are named.
Some of the boys at left are Cub Scouts,
of Natchez, Mississippi, practicing for
their annual kite-flying contest.
There's a distant precedent for this activity
among Scouts. Sir Robert Baden-Powell,
the first Scout, had a younger brother who
was a famous kite flyer. He once built
one big enough to lift a man.
The jet plane and the airliner sprang
from the kite. Some of our
grandchildren may fly rockets to other
planets, but others surely will fly kites
on this one, for thousands of years
to come. ● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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Terror in the Streets

They left the safety of the embassy, knowing that an encounter with the hate-crazed mob meant savage death.

By RICHARD STERN

Minute by minute, the fearful danger of mob violence mounted on the tense Caribbean island. Inside the American embassy, the last sanctuary for white foreigners, Jonas Peters and Mary Bascomb waited anxiously for the revolt to come to a head. The Bascomb girl, distraught because her husband insisted on remaining alone at a remote plantation, pleaded with Jonas to lead her back to him.

She knew that Jonas was wise in the ways of island troubles and also that he was attempting to drive a mysterious bargain with the revolutionary leader, Jean Jacques Danielle. Jonas refused—the danger was too great. He realized, too, that even the efforts of the embassy air attaché, Colonel Walters, to secure a safe-conduct pass would prove futile. Now they could do nothing but hope they would be spared the gathering crowd's anger.

CONCLUSION

Somewhere out in the city, not too far off, a shot sounded. It was followed by three or four more shots, their sounds dying into the tumult of the mob. Jonas glanced at the officer at the end of the drive, who no longer seemed unconcerned; he was moving his men back a few paces, deploying them, and he had his pistol out of its holster now, and held in loose readiness against his thigh. The sun was low, and the buildings across the square stood out in silhouette; the water of the bay beyond had taken on the appearance of fire.

Jonas watched, listened, but his thoughts were on the girl and on what she had said and the way in which she had said it. He felt a small measure of annoyance with himself. He had told the ambassador that he was no part of the girl's dilemma; and it was true, wasn't it? Well?

Mary Bascomb kept in the shadows of the building. She knew if she were detected, the mob would probably kill her.

He did not know how long he stood there, in a sense, waiting; and there were more shots, but they seemed to be farther away, and nothing happened within his vision.

Walters came into the office. "They're having fun out there."

Jonas nodded. "It will increase with the darkness."

Walters said, "The ambassador is keeping everyone here for the night—all those who didn't go home at the beginning."

Jonas turned from the window. "The ambassador is wise, colonel. A time like this, when order has been suspended, is an opportunity for all kinds of mischief. And for the paying off of debts."

Walters said, "You've been through this kind of thing before." He was smiling. "The voice of experience."

"Mockery, colonel?" And then, quickly, knowing that it was not so, "I apologize. I seem to be somewhat—edgy." He was silent for a moment. "I have seen it before, colonel. Once or twice I have even played some small part in the causing of this kind of confusion. For reasons." And he was silent again, remembering some of the reasons, which had had nothing to do with enhancement of investments. No matter. He had been young then, and foolish, occasionally carried away by ridiculous desire to right the world's wrongs. But with age one achieved perspective, put away one's lance and left windmills alone, gave wide berth to all dragons and their captive princesses.

Having established this, he said, "Have you seen Mrs. Bascomb?"

"No," Walters said.

"She came here." Jonas' voice was strangely quiet. "She asked me to accompany her to her husband's plantation."

"That was kind of silly, wasn't it?" Walters said. "What ——"

"Not silly, colonel," Jonas said. "In fact, I found it rather gallant." He paused. "You see, she meant it."

"But what could you have ——"

"A moment, colonel," Jonas said, and his voice was no longer quiet, subdued. "You have not seen Mrs. Bascomb? And yet, perhaps, you have been through the building, carrying the ambassador's orders that no one is to leave?"

There was silence. Then, "I covered it all. I didn't see her." He stopped there. "Where do you think she's gone?"

"I don't know," Jonas said. He was standing straight now, taller than before. He glanced toward the window, the gathering darkness, lights beginning to flicker, and still the mutter and the rumble of the streets plain and clear. There were, at the moment, no sounds of gunfire; and then they came, one, two, three shots, and an answering burst of fire—from an automatic weapon this time. Jonas turned away. "But we'd better find out. If we can."

It was—it is, a large building, but there are only so many places where a man or woman can be within it. They covered them all, and in the end they climbed the broad stairs again and went down the hall to the ambassador's office. He was there still, at his desk.

"George," Jonas said.

"I'm busy, Jonas."

"Not too busy." His tone was a command. "Mrs. Bascomb is gone, George." His eyes were clear and cold, angry. "It is, perhaps, at least partly my fault." He went through it all, sparing nothing—his conversation with the girl, her request, his refusal, the search Walters and he had conducted. And the ambassador listened.

"She feels guilt, George; remorse."

"And you, Jonas?"

"That, at the moment, is unimportant. She is gone."

"She has friends in the city," the ambassador said. "She may have thought to go to them."

(Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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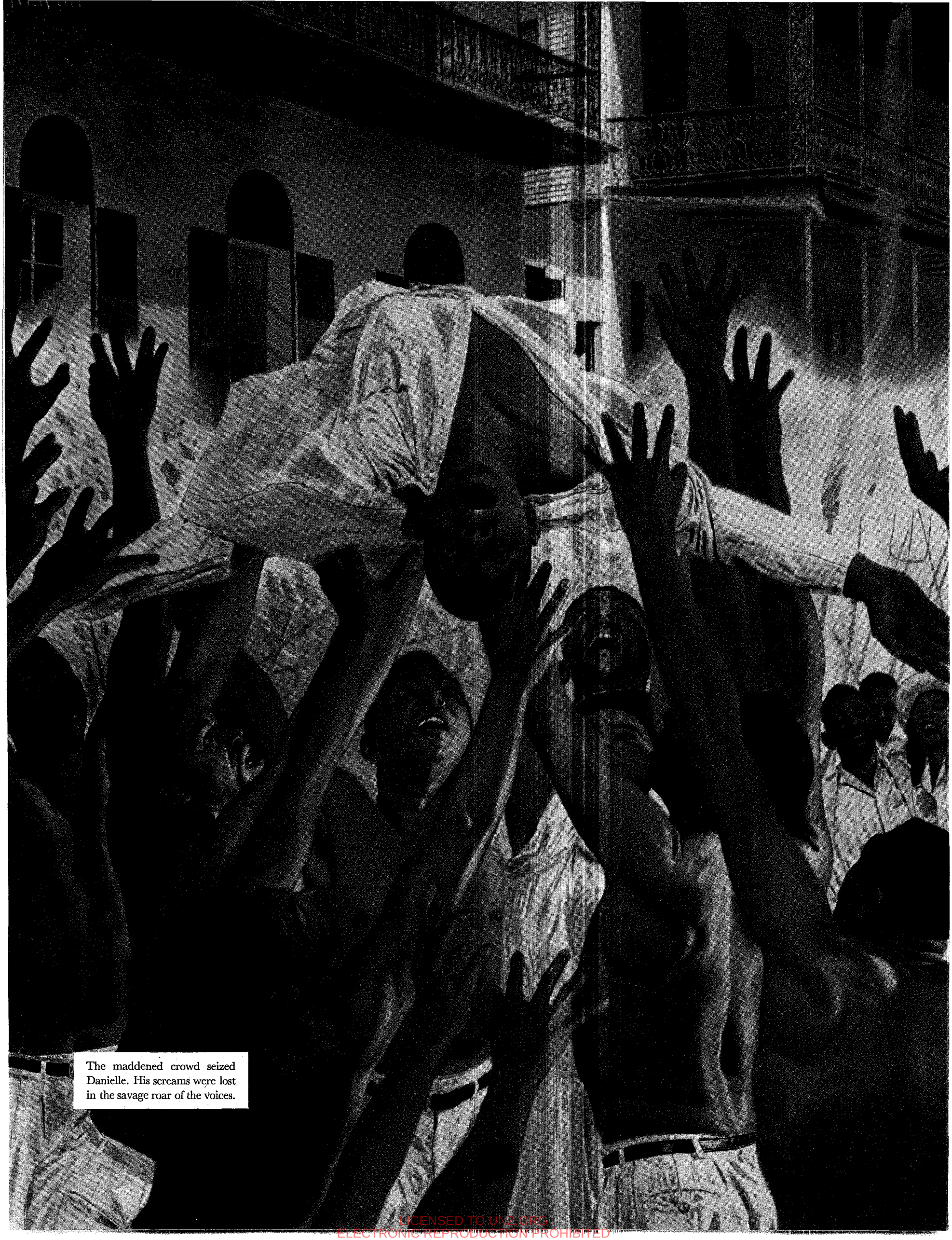

The maddened crowd seized Danielle. His screams were lost in the savage roar of the voices.

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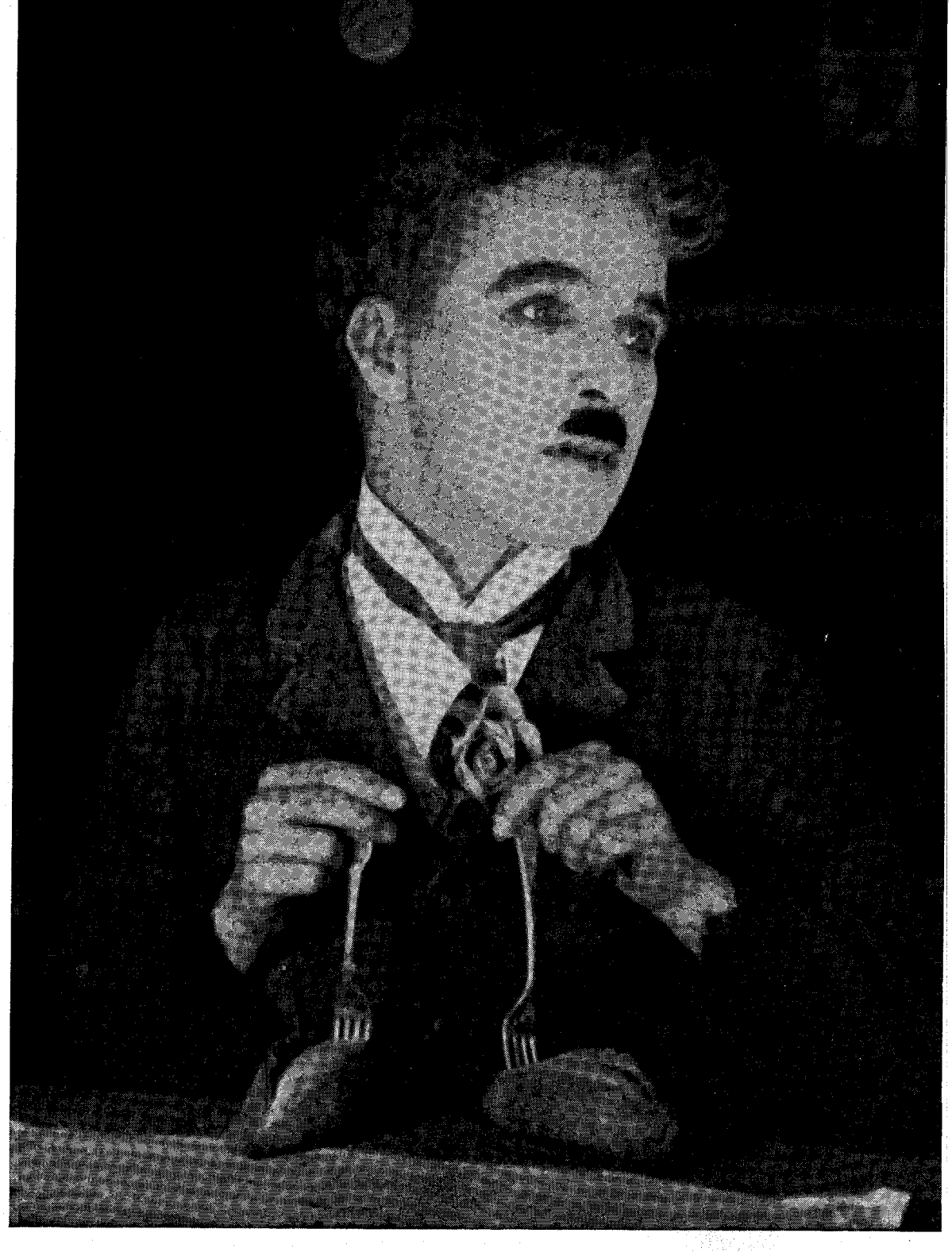
Isobel Deluz was Chaplin's secretary for a year. "All it cost me," she says, "was a nervous collapse and a miserable suit for my back pay."



The "roll dance" pantomime from "The Gold Rush": In this famous wistful sequence, Charlie used forks and rolls to entertain imaginary guests at a party to which no one came. Today Chaplin performs it to attract attention in restaurants.

By James P. O'Donnell

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORMY EXILE

"Misunderstood" Charlie's private secretary found her job was first comic, then melodramatic—and finally turned into a nightmare.

PART TWO

VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

Charlie Chaplin, barefoot, shirtless and in white shorts, was strolling on the sun terrace of the Manoir de Ban, his palatial villa here, high above Lake Geneva. The time was the summer of 1953. He had now settled down to exile and work in Switzerland. Chaplin's new private secretary, Mrs. Isobel Deluz, had just retyped a whole script scene for him because two words had to be changed. She returned to the terrace to find Charlie plighting his love to one of the pillars. He had on what he calls his "passionate young girl" look and he was rehearsing a love scene from a play he was thinking of filming. Charlie was wringing his small hands with pity, and gazing amorously at an ant crawling up the pillar. Today Mrs. Deluz describes the scene as she saw it then:

Chaplin: I love you. (The ant looks startled.) I—I love you. No, no. I love you so—I love you—so much! No, no, no!

The best mime alive—one of the greatest of all time—was now in action. His secretary had orders to jot down every word that tumbled

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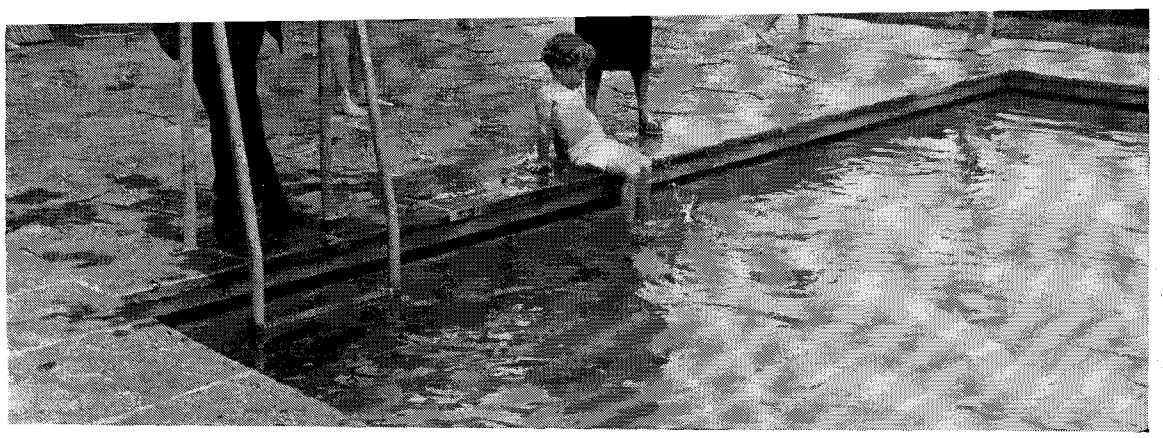

Chaplin threw a tantrum during the construction of his swimming pool because the granite slabs looked like tombstones. "I won't have my children swimming in a graveyard," he said.

Charlie the Conductor tells musicians how to play his score for his movie A King in New York. He wrote both the lyrics and the music.

from his lips when the fine frenzy of creation was on. She was to follow him wherever he went, barefoot, as he usually was. Sometimes he would talk down imaginary telephones, converse with the backs of Louis XVI chairs, coo soft nothings to Oona's roses in the garden, thunder at the wisteria on the walls, apostrophize the lawn mower or wander through the cedar grove orating, like Demosthenes, in the high wind.

As Mrs. Deluz put it: "My fantastic, whirlwind boss was never offstage. He never just dictated a letter to me. With his snowy-white hair shaking all over his handsome head, he acted every word. Even a four-line letter to his Swiss banker about a thirty-pound check made him tender and angry, relaxed and then raging."

A private secretary to Charlie Chaplin has to be ready for almost anything—except a raise in pay. At this point in his motley career, Charlie had reached way down into his Hollywood trunk and pulled out the dog-eared script of Shadow and Substance, the stage play he had bought, back in 1942, from the Irish playwright, Paul Vincent Carroll. Chaplin had hoped to transform this Broadway hit into a film vehicle starring his then-protégée Joan Berry, until the plot got out of hand. Joan (in the film) was to have played the role of Brigitte the innocent Irish maid who saw visions, Chaplin the haughty canon. Now, a decade later, for reasons known only to Chaplin himself, he intended to pick up this old play and make a film of it in Europe. The love scene Mrs. Deluz described at the opening of this article was from this play.

What was working for Charlie Chaplin like, over-all? For Isobel Deluz, an Englishwoman married to a Swiss professor, at first it was screwball comedy, then a sulky melodrama, and finally sheer nightmare. (Continued on Page 100)

Chaplin with his eighth child, Jane, his sixth by his present wife, Oona (right). "Charlie needs Oona," says the author. "She's the only human being who saves him from utter loneliness."

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Post Scripts

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch-Type—

Got me a little place staked out west of town a piece. We call it Sunnyside Acres on account of the only shade we get is from the mortgage trees which grow wild hereabouts.

My nearest neighbor is Ben Sickles. His ground flanks mine to the south, along what I call a tumbleweed hedge. Sometimes our stock gets mixed up, but at roundup time we tally up and trade off. My stock's mostly springer with some spaniel, and his is vice versa.

Well, sir, yesterday I was out checking my grasslands when I noticed this little draw toward the corner of my spread. There stood Ben with a spade, digging a little ditch so that the water on his land drained into my draw.

"Now, Ben," I said, easy like, "I've got water rights on this here land."

"Yep," said Ben. "Now you're agettin' the water."

I could have gunned him down, but I didn't have a gun. I drifted back to the ranch-type, and then I drifted on inside.

"Stop drifting," said my wife. "You going to let that squatter scuttle you, man?"

"No, I ain't, woman," I said, as she shoved something cold and hard into my hand.

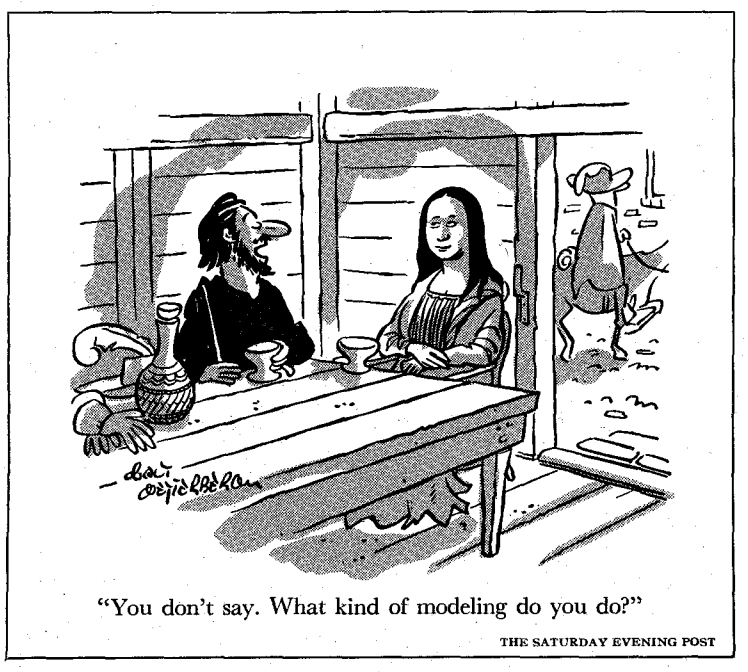
I stood there atremble as I stared at the trowel, a Smythe and Weston 26 gauge.

"I'll fix you, Ben!" I shouted.

I got me some mortar and some rocks, and I built me the nicest lily pond you ever saw, right across that draw.

There ain't any lilies in it yet, but you can bet your grape stakes I'll rustle some from Ben, to go with his water. And while that may sound a little harsh to you, mister, it's just what we call range law out here among the ranch-types.

A. R. SWINNERTON



"In this mechanical age everybody is getting soft."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Screen Test

They've talked of their vacation,
Told front and back and sides of it;
I thought at last the topic closed,
But no, here come the slides of it!

DICK EMMONS

What's Up?

In a few years amateur rocketry may become one of our leading hobbies, providing fun for the entire family.—News item

"Oh, hello, Grace; glad you called. You'll have to forgive my yawning. I was up until midnight doing over our launching pad. Used glazed chintz this time with perfectly enormous tiebacks. Tom doesn't care for it, but you know how men are. The thing was getting so shabby I couldn't stand it another minute.

"The most amusing thing happened last night. You know those snippy new neighbors of ours—the inertial-guidance crowd I was telling you about? Well, they had a countdown party and simply goofed all over the place. Somehow or other, they got hold of one of those creaky old Atlas ICBM's—Government surplus, I suppose—and were all set to make it a big evening.

"I'll have to admit they did it up brown. A huge buffet, champagne, dancing in the blockhouse—all that sort of thing. But when they went to touch it off, the thing never moved. Just sat there hissing—you know the way they do. Found out later the waiters they hired had been nipping at the alcohol in the fuel tanks. You can't get one of those things off the ground with just peroxide. It's still standing out there on the pad. I think I'll slip over after a while and hang a wreath on it.

"Well, Grace, I have to run. I have some nose cones baking in the oven and they should be about finished. Why don't you folks drop over Saturday evening? Tom's going to put the cat in orbit. Anything to keep her from having more kittens. Certainly, bring the kids and their rockets. And don't worry about fuel; we have plenty. See you then. 'By."

DICK ASHBAUGH

And Then He Says——

(My favorite movie speeches)

"I'm sorry we had to set you up as a decoy, Laura, but it was the only way we could get Simon to show his hand."

"Those are very good tactics, Lieutenant Jamison, but unfortunately Black Eagle never went to West Point."

"He had every right to act that way, Jimmy. You see, he's your father!"

"Take this to Ballistics and get me a report on it as fast as you can."

"Look, my name is Jerry. Will you stop this 'Mr. Reynolds' business—Susan?"

"White Feather speaks with forked tongue."

"Find the man who set this clock back one hour and you've got your murderer, inspector."

"It's no use. The State Department gave him a clean bill of health."

"I wouldn't go for my gun if I was you. Look up at that window—and over there in the doorway ——"

PAUL C. LAW

Yes, We Have Some Bonanzas

You folks who find pearls in oysters,
Or out of a clear blue sky
Inherit a flock of oil wells:
Move over! Make room for I!

Now one of your fabulous number,
I'm destiny's tot for luck.
For I opened a long-discarded
Purse, and behold: one buck!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

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Campbell's brings you 3 NEW SOUPS

TRY ALL THREE!

This is the best table news you've had in years! 3 new and different, wonderful and ready Campbell's Soups. Turkey Noodle! Minestrone! Chicken Vegetable! Each made to special Campbell recipes, with all the care and skill that have made Campbell's Soups the most famous of all. Ask your grocer for all 3—treat your family to one of our new Campbell's Soups, today.

Have you had your soup today?

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

NEW! Turkey Noodle Soup

Here's a turkey noodle soup that's really great! Whole-turkey soup, with full-flavored, long-simmered broth . . . choicest pieces of tender turkey and enriched golden noodles that melt in your mouth. A *new* Campbell's Soup that's sure to please every member of the family.

NEW! Minestrone Soup

Easy to tell why this Italian-style vegetable soup is good! Look at all the things that make it good! Fine beef stock. Carrots, potatoes and tomatoes. Celery, peas and beans. Turnip greens and mustard greens. Spaghettini, zucchini, a zip of cheese. That's Campbell's Minestrone!

NEW! Chicken Vegetable Soup

Here's a brand-new combination of flavors . . . Campbell's own blend of chicken and broth, ribbon noodles, peas, potatoes, tomatoes and celery—something very extra special to the taste! A soup so nourishing and good—you'll be mighty glad Campbell's makes it!

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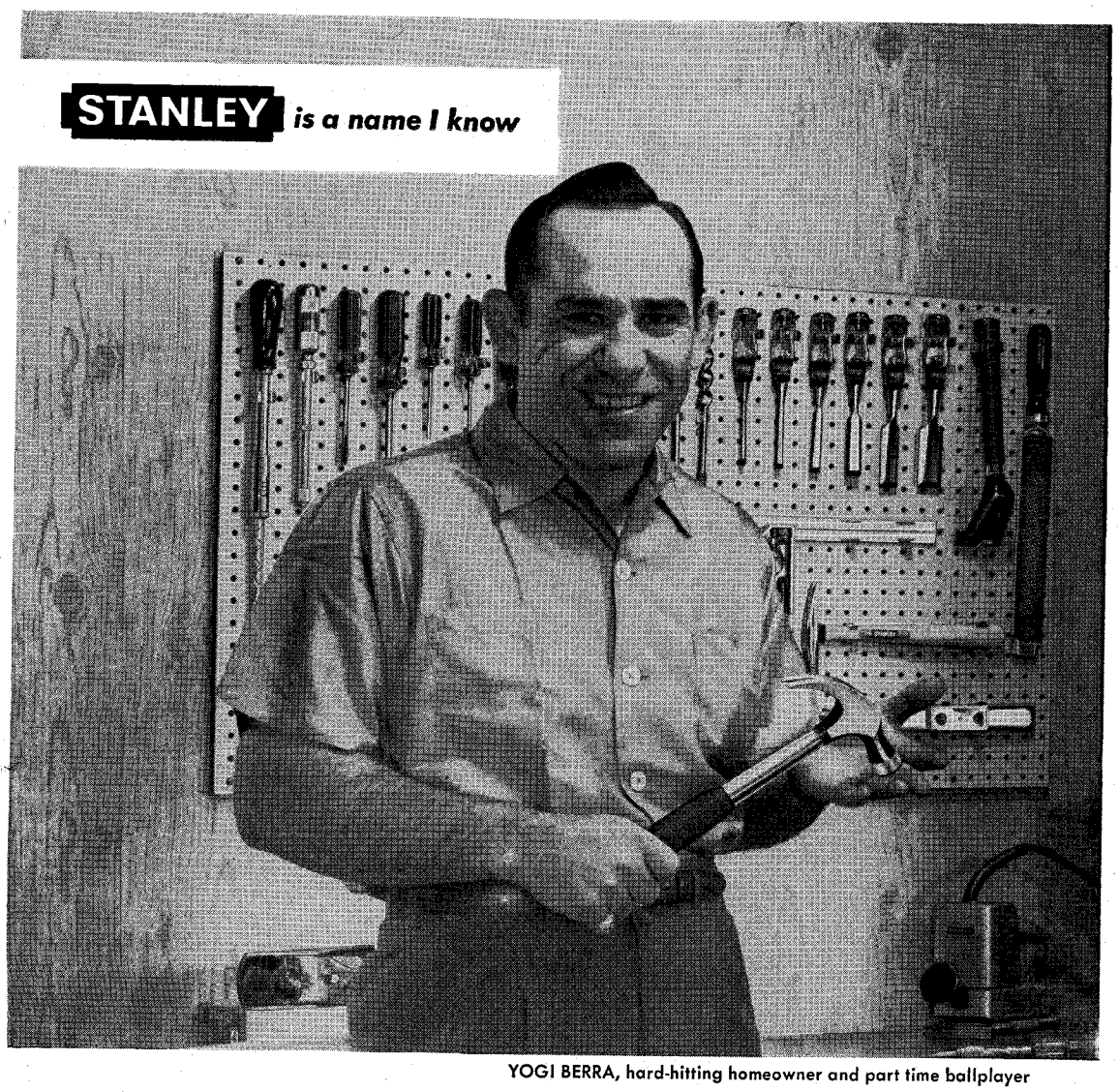

YOGI BERRA, hard-hitting homeowner and part time ballplayer

"Stanley STEELMASTER is one tool a hitter likes to get his hands on."

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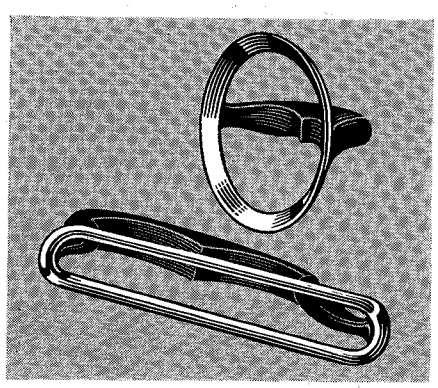

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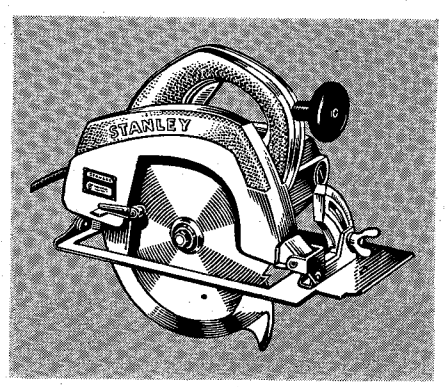

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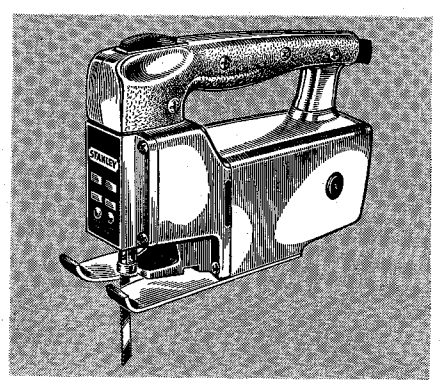

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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

Perry Mason put his client on the witness stand, and gambled that her incredible story wouldn't convict her.

A sudden, tense hush swept the courtroom. "All right," Mason whispered to Mildred Crest, "you're on your own now."

The prosecutor's case was simple: Mildred Crest bought an ice pick and used it to murder Carl Harrod, the man who was blackmailing her. Irma Karnes, a novelty-shop saleslady, testified that Mildred was the person who had purchased the pick.

Mildred had indeed stabbed an assailant in the dark, and Harrod was certainly dead. But the alleged murder weapon never belonged to Mildred. It was bought by Perry Mason's secretary, Della Street, and planted in Harrod's apartment to confuse Harrod's damage suit against Mildred, Mason's client. The prosecution had tricked Irma Karnes into her testimony.

Now Harrod's mistress, Nellie Elliston, was on the witness stand, relating the events of the night Harrod died.

VII

"Carl had been out. He came back about—oh, I don't know—about eight-thirty or nine o'clock. He had had a nosebleed. I asked him what had happened and he said a girl had smashed him; that she had taken him entirely by surprise."

"Then what?"

"I asked him what he did to her, and he said nothing; that she had slammed the door before he had a chance."

"And then what?"

"Then he went out again. I had an idea he was going back ——"

"Never mind your ideas," Calvert interrupted. "Just answer questions and give us the facts."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, he went out and then what happened? When did you see him again?"

"He came back in about an hour."

"And what was his condition at that time?"

"He was coughing. He coughed up a speck or two of blood. At first I thought it was from the ——"

"Tut, tut," Calvert chided, holding up his finger and smiling. "Not your thoughts, Miss Elliston; just what you know."

"Yes; he came back and told me ——"

"Now just a moment. At that time did he say whether he thought any injury he might have had at that time was fatal?"

"He didn't think it was fatal. He was thinking only in terms of collecting damages. He actually was jubilant. He said we'd have some real money coming in and that then he could get the legal difficulties straightened out and then we could be married."

"Very well. Then I don't think it is proper for you to tell the court anything he may have said at that time. You can tell us what happened and that's all."

"Well, he got Perry Mason on the telephone and told him ——"

"Now there again, I doubt if that is pertinent," Calvert said. "And, of course, you don't know of your own knowledge that he had Mr. Mason on the other end of the telephone, do you? You simply heard one end of the conversation?"

"Yes."

"So you can't testify that Mr. Mason was on the other end of the line. After that, what happened?"

"Then Mr. Mason came, and his secretary, Miss Della Street, was with him."

"And what happened at that time?"

"Well, Carl told Mr. Mason that he had been stabbed."

"Now just a minute. Did he expect to die at that time? That is, did he believe death was imminent because of some wound he had received?"

"No, sir, he did not. He was still trying to lay the foundation for collecting big damages."

"Then I feel that is not a proper statement. In other words, it was not a dying declaration within the meaning of the law. Just go ahead and tell us what happened. Did Mr. Mason and Miss Street leave?"

"They left."

"And then what happened?"

"Carl had been putting on an act to impress Mr. Mason. He said he was having a chill. I suggested a hot bath. I drew the bath and told him it was ready. Then Carl started to get up out of the chair, and then all of a sudden he began to feel worse. He almost collapsed. His face became pale as ashes and a look of the most horrible surprise came over his face, and he said, 'Nellie, Nellie, I'm dying!'"

"Then at that time did he go on and make any statement to you as to what had happened at the time he had received the wound or injury?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now then, I believe that is a dying declaration within the meaning of the law. I believe that you are

(Continued on Page 89)

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Terror in the Streets (Continued from Page 42)

"Her luggage is still here, sir," Walters said.

The ambassador picked up his pencil, looked at it, set it down again. "Very well. Assuming you are right. That for her own reasons, laudable or just plain hysterical, Mrs. Bascomb has decided to try to rejoin her husband ——" He paused. "Precisely what can I do about it?"

"Nothing, George," Jonas said.

"Then? You didn't come in merely to shift the burden to me, Jonas."

"No." And then, slowly, "Thank you for that." Strangely enough, he felt better, and he could not have said why; his mind was clear, all doubts and hesitations gone. "She mentioned an agent, George. It was he who purchased her plane ticket. Who would Bascomb's agent be?"

"The consular section will have it," Walters said. He was gone.

The ambassador said, "There are a hundred and seventy-five thousand people in this city, more or less, Jonas."

"Why, so there are."

The ambassador smiled faintly. "Your faith in yourself is, has always been, incredible." And, "Should I point out that by your own declaration Mrs. Bascomb's dilemma is no concern of yours?"

"It would be unkind, George."

"Jonas." The ambassador shook his head, smiling no longer. "Shall I be sensible, then? Here in this building you are safe. Outside ——" He was silent for a few moments. "You twisted Danielle's tail this morning. He is not a man to endure that. And he has friends, followers; and in the confusion, who is to say what happened to you? If you are seen, that is; and you will be."

"I find your figure of speech inept," Jonas said. "The man is not a lion, George; he is a hyena. I have just decided that it is so." And he had more in mind to say, but Walters came in.

"Bascomb's agent is a man named Villon—Pierre Villon—on the Rue ——"

"I know Villon, colonel," Jonas said. Nothing in his face or his voice had changed. "He is aptly named—for the poet and thief of Paris."

"He is also," the ambassador said, and he was sitting up straight now, "one of Danielle's principal supporters. He will probably be minister of finance in Danielle's cabinet if, and when, elections are held." And he shook his head. "It's too dangerous, Jonas. You don't know that the girl, the child, actually, even went to Villon."

"It is a starting place, George." He stood up.

"Jonas." And then, "I won't let you go. I told you before that I am responsible for lives, American lives."

"Why, that was then. How can you stop me now?"

The ambassador settled back in his chair. "She stung you deep, where it hurts—in your pride."

"Childish, isn't it?" Jonas said. And then his smile appeared. He reached in his pocket, drew out an envelope and dropped it on the desk. "Will you keep that for me? You may open it if I—fail to return. It is a list, well documented, of the properties citizen Danielle has already managed to take unto himself, and by what means. Published, it might destroy some of his standing with the mob." He paused. "It represents considerable research on my part, George, and even a certain amount of money spent. I trust you'll use it well." The smile became very broad. "There is another word for what you call my shenanigans, George. The word is 'diplomacy.' We are not too dissimilar, you and I." And he made his small bow. "*Au revoir.*"

Walters caught him at the door. "I don't want to interfere ——"

"Yes, colonel?"

"Would you care for a volunteer?"

"Why, colonel ——" Jonas began. He stopped. He bowed again. "Delighted to have you in my command."

The door closed and the ambassador was alone. He roused himself, picked up the envelope, looked at it and set it down again. And then he picked up his pencil and bent over the report he was composing. He felt very tired, and old, and somehow useless.

It was full dark now, the black of the tropics. They went out the back way.

"Do we want a car?" Walters said.

"You saw what happens to cars, colonel. To a mob they are irresistible. We shall walk in the deepest shadows we can find." There was a smile in his voice. "Even then, we shall feel quite naked."

"I don't remember wishing before," Walters said, "that my skin was any color but white."

"You are learning," Jonas said. And then, "Are you armed? No? Take this." He put the stubby gun in Walters' hand.

"It will make you feel better. Do not use it unless the need is absolute."

They crossed the garden of the building and opened the gate. "It was unlocked," Jonas said. "This far, at least, then, we follow Mrs. Bascomb's trail. We will hope that the luck holds."

For a time it did hold. At the end of the alley behind the embassy they paused to look this way and that on the lighted street. From the large square only a long half block away, the dominant sound was the constant muttering roar that seemed to have no ending. But there were other sounds too—a voice, enormous, but indistinct, shouting Creole through a loudspeaker; a sudden scream not far away; distantly the sound of gunfire, sporadic, seemingly unnoticed.

"We will skirt the square," Jonas said. "Villon's street——"

"I know the street," Walters said.

Jonas nodded. "Then, if we are separated, as I trust we shall not be, you will go there, colonel. Villon will be there. If, as the ambassador said, he is high in the councils of citizen Danielle, he will have nothing to fear from the mob, and he will wish to remain available. If Mrs. Bascomb has reached the office, you will remain with her, keep her there—by force, if necessary. I will not have her on my conscience, blundering around in this kind of confusion."

"Your conscience," Walters said, and, strangely enough at this moment, the subject did not seem odd.

"Despite what you may have heard about me," Jonas said, "I do have a conscience, of a sort. It is usually no burden at all, but this time it is misbehaving inexcusably—if I make myself plain?"

"You do," Walters said, and there, in the darkness, he could smile.

"If Mrs. Bascomb is not at Villon's office," Jonas said, "you will remain there anyway. Is that clear?"

"Am I on your conscience too?"

Jonas said, "Across the street, then. Quickly." He led the way at a lope, slowed to a walk once they were into the alley.

They reached the second intersecting street, paused to look—and a man lurched out of nowhere, a peasant, barefoot, in rolled trousers and a shirt that was largely tatters. He carried a machete; it swung easily, idly, from his hand. And he was singing to himself, and as he saw them the song stopped, chopped off in mid-phrase. His eyes rolled. He seemed to gather himself.

Jonas said quickly, in English, "The man is drunk, colonel." And he bowed politely, and said in Creole, "Good evening."

The man hesitated, momentarily confused. Slowly he nodded. Habit took over. "Good evening, *blanc.*" That was all. He lurched on.

Across the street, running, and this time they did not slow. Walters, breathing hard, said, "If he raises an alarm ——"

"*Blancs!*" The voice behind them was a roar, lifted in drunken realization from the alley entrance. "Why are you here? Why are you not hiding in your big houses in Pétionville? Ho! *Blancs!* Stop!"

Jonas stopped suddenly. "No gun, colonel. No noise." His hand came out of his pocket, and there was a small click, and in the dim light from the street Walters saw the knife blade snap into place.

"No," Walters said then, and he moved toward the lurching footsteps. There was a sound, a grunt, another sound, short, sharp—and the peasant staggered back against the alley wall, hung there, and then went down slowly, a doll unhinged. There was silence.

"Bravo," Jonas said. The knife disappeared.

They reached the rear of the presidential palace and turned along it. The building was lighted, and from its far side the voice they had heard on the loud-speaker blared out at the mob; the response had a howling, animal sound.

"Danielle?" Walters said. They were walking now, keeping well against the wall of the palace in the deepest shadow.

"No," Jonas said. "One of the lesser jackals. Each will have his turn. The night of glory, colonel—do you comprehend?"

"No." And, "You were right. I feel naked as a jay bird."

"Just so," Jonas said, and there was that smile in his voice again, quickly gone. "Danielle's gift," he said then, "that every demagogue must provide for the vagabonds in his train to look back later and savor the time when they were supreme. I exaggerate, but not much. The multitude in the square at Rome, chanting, 'Duce! Duce!', and the aftermath of that hysteria, the bullies roaming the streets ——" He stopped suddenly, pressed himself and Walters against the wall.

Three men and a woman, barefoot all, came across the street toward the palace. They were singing, and one of the men

Amusement Park

By Bessie F. Collins

The carrousel has seen its
better days.
No longer do the children
scramble on
The charging lions or the
fiery steed,
The painted unicorns, the
graceful swan,
To savor fully the bright
ecstasy,
The blaring, merry whirling
round and round.
The carrousel is now a
used-to-be;
For children hurry to the
rocket ships,
And strapped within are
quickly sped to space.
The world accelerates with
jet-winged feet,
And little children hurry to
keep pace.

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stopped to caper on the pavement; he carried a bottle and he brandished it, chanted at it, and then ran on to catch the group. The woman wore over her shoulders a white lace tablecloth; it trailed the ground, muddy, torn. One of the men carried a lampshade tied with a velvet bow. On the sidewalk by the palace they stopped and argued amongst themselves, the woman pointing to the right, toward Jonas and Walters, one of the men pointing in the other direction. And then, without warning, the argument stopped, and they were all singing again as they turned away, toward the far end of the palace.

Walters let his breath out slowly. Jonas said merely, "Quite so." They waited until the four were out of sight; and then they could move again on the silent street.

Their luck ran out at the street beyond the palace. The street was wide, open, and a bonfire burned on the lawn of the Palace of Ministers, its glare unavoidable, reflected from the white walls of the building. Here, with nothing to shield the sound, the roar of the mob was deafening, and then suddenly muted, and the loud-speaker voice blared again. Against the glare of the bonfire, one man jumped, danced, capered wildly, and it was he who saw them as they ran across the area of light.

The man's voice, at first, was lost; Walters saw his mouth opened and the cords in his throat swollen with effort, but the mob's voice was supreme. And then the lull in the roar came again, and the loud-speaker voice blared—but the man's cry, almost in falsetto, rose clearly, and he was pointing. "*Blancs!* There! *Blancs!* Look! *Blancs!*" The word was picked up, amplified; they heard it echoing as they ran.

They reached the street beyond the Palace of Ministers, turned and ran on. There was another street, and they turned into this. They heard the shouts behind them, and the padding of feet, a shot, another shot, and still they ran.

There was an alley. Jonas saw it first and headed toward it. He was an old man—it passed through his mind, this time with conviction—and he was tired, too tired. He felt Walters' hand on his arm, lifting him, helping him, and he tried to shake it off, but the grip was too strong. And then they were into the blackness of the alley, and for a moment there was respite—not much; not enough.

"Fence here," Walters said. "Over it."

"No." It was hard to speak. "Give me the gun. I stay."

"Up," Walters said. "Give me your foot."

"Did you hear me, colonel?"

"Quitting?" Walters said. And then, "Call it mutiny." And he found the foot in the darkness, and put his back into his heave; and Jonas rose and felt the top of the fence; he scrambled over and fell in a heap on the other side. Walters landed almost on top of him.

Jonas got to his feet slowly. He was angry, more than angry; he was—and the concept came to him out of nowhere—teetering on the verge of senile rage. It was a sobering thought.

"All right?" Walters said. "You can court-martial me later."

The tone, even the words, had a sort of familiarity, for a moment baffling. And then Jonas began to smile. It was his own tone, and the words were those he himself would have chosen under similar circumstances. "I fear," he said, "that I have underestimated you, colonel."

Walters smiled, feeling again the almost childish pleasure. "I told you that I listened and learned." He paused. "And now?"

"Now," Jonas said, "we proceed to Villon's office. What else?"

It was actually not so hard, but still something short of easy. They stayed out of streets, hearing, from time to time, voices lifted suddenly, triumphantly, as someone thought the quarry had been sighted; and then the same voices howling their disappointment, and, usually, the sounds of something breaking, smashing, as an outlet to frustration. Once it was different; the triumph was there, and then the disappointment—and then a new voice rose suddenly, frightfully, in a scream that echoed and seemed to re-echo.

"Night of glory, you called it," Walters said, his voice no louder than a whisper. "What kind of people are they?"

"Misled people, colonel." And he let it go at that. "Another fence?"

There were many fences, many back areas. Once a dog advanced ferociously, took Walters' foot in the ribs, and retired in haste, complaining to the neighborhood and the world of his maltreatment. And once a window was thrown wide, and Jonas, reacting immediately, found Walters' face only a few inches from his own and pressed just as hard against the ground, and the blast of a shotgun filled the night with futile sound. And once, once only, was there mention of Mary Bascomb.

"Suppose ——" It was Walters who brought it up. "Suppose she isn't there? I didn't know, and she couldn't have known what it would be like."

"Are you a praying man, colonel?"

There was a pause. Then, "I wasn't." And they went on.

They reached the building at last—two-storied, of stone, with iron shutters;

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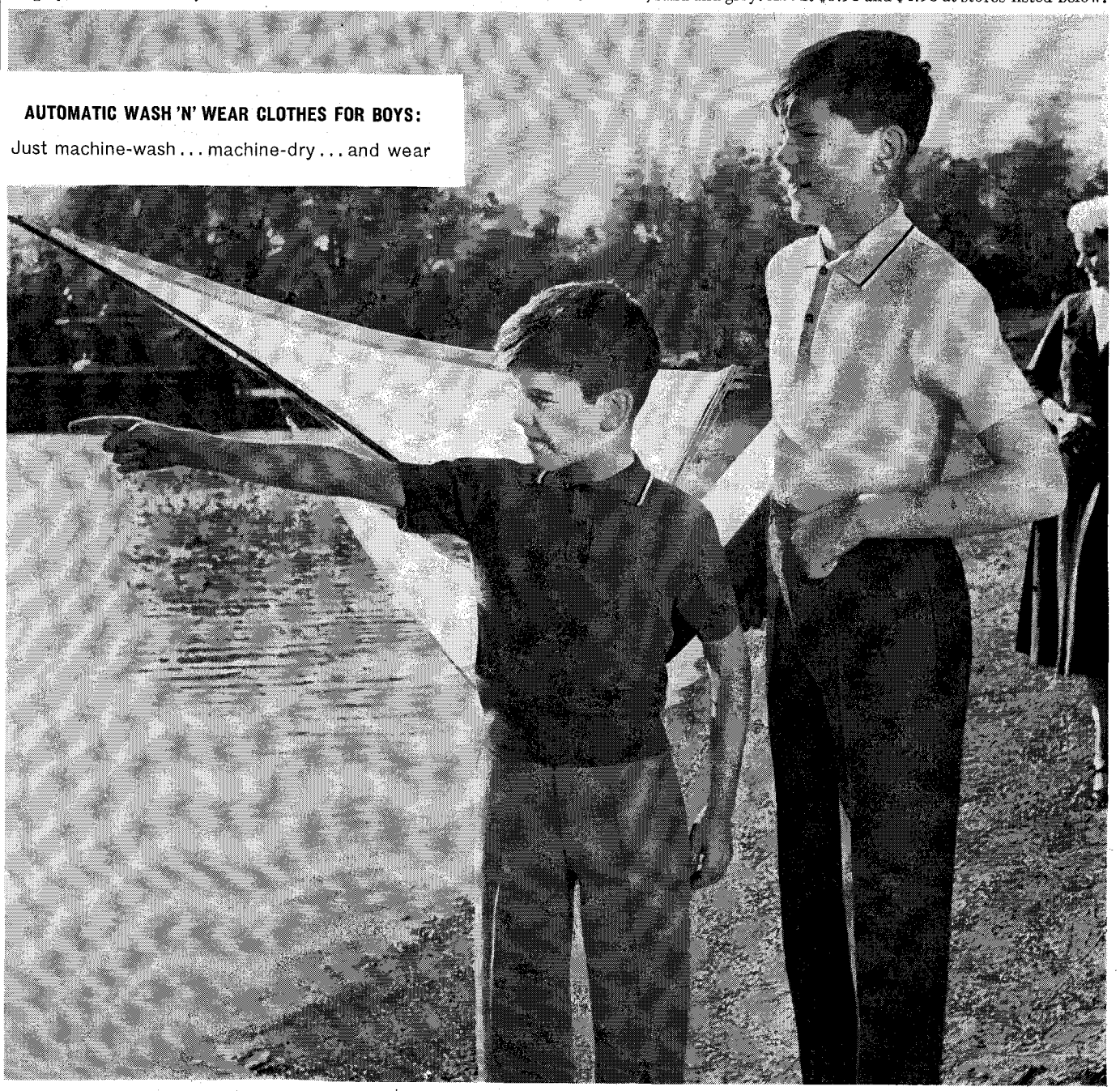

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through some of the windows lights showed. The street in front was empty. Jonas rang the bell.

It was a little time before an eyehole opened, and a voice said in French, "Who is there?"

"I wish," Jonas said, "to speak to Monsieur Villon. On a matter of urgency. I am accompanied by the American colonel from the embassy."

"A moment," the voice said, but it was longer, much longer than that—and their luck held; the street remained empty—before bolts grated inside and the iron door opened, creaking. They went through quickly. The door shut again.

A new voice, quiet, with a hint of a lisp, said, "Mr. Peters. I heard that you were in the country." A small, fat man in a linen suit, with tiny hands and feet, and pointed-toed shoes of bright patent leather. "A friend told me this morning."

Jonas' face was bland. "You refer to Citizen Danielle, of course." And then, "My manners. Mr. Villon, Colonel Walters."

Walters nodded. His uniform was dirty, and rumpled, and there was blood on the knuckles of his right hand. "Mrs. Bascomb is here?"

"Mrs. Bascomb?" Villon said. His eyebrows rose; his small hands spread; his shoulders lifted delicately.

Walters looked at Jonas. "She didn't ——"

"On the contrary, colonel," Jonas said, "I think that she did. I have played poker with Mr. Villon, and he has a love for histrionics. To the extent that she is here, I think all is well."

"She is here," Villon said. He giggled. "She is so upset. There is word that her husband has met with an—accident."

"What kind of an accident?" Walters said. "And how did you get word?"

"That can wait, colonel," Jonas said, almost sharply.

"You wish to see her, of course," Villon said. He gestured with a flourish. "This way, gentlemen."

It was a pleasant room upstairs, Victorian in its taste, with carved furniture, and many pictures on the white walls, an Oriental rug red as blood on the floor. Mary Bascomb was on a settee, just sitting, her hands together in her lap—as she had sat only this morning, Jonas thought, at the shaded table beside the swimming pool; there was in her face the same expression of defeat as she looked up at him and at Walters, and then looked away.

"I haven't been any good to anybody, have I?"

"We shall see," Jonas said, but he made no explanation. "You had no trouble?"

"Nobody—stopped me. I wore a shawl and kept my face hidden."

"The colonel and I," Jonas said, "were not so intelligent." And he smiled. "I am afraid we left some of our dignity dangling on fence tops and buried in backyard dirt." His tone was light, easy. "We are here now, and for the present that is the important thing."

The girl's head was up. "Mr. Villon told me ——"

"We know what he told you. That Tom had met with an accident. It may, or may not, be so." And for only a moment the smile disappeared, and his eyes were no longer bland, kindly.

"I'm tired of being patted on the head, told that everything is all right. It isn't. And in this horrible country ——" She stopped there, and two tears appeared and rolled slowly down the sides of her nose.

"Here," Jonas said. He produced a handkerchief, pressed it into her hand. "I am not patting you on the head any longer, my dear. You may believe that." And the smile was gone again; the frost in his eyes was plain. "Your husband may have met with an accident. No doubt it was intended that he should. I have no way of knowing what has happened. But neither has our friend Villon, who is not clairvoyant, merely sometimes overdramatic." And he looked at the little man then, and smiled without amusement. "Not in business, certainly; that I shall grant you, Pierre."

And for the second time Villon giggled. "Flattery, Jonas?" In English, unaccented, slightly lisped.

"It was not so intended."

And Walters said, "I don't want to pry, but maybe you'll explain ——"

"Later, colonel." He stood up. He walked slowly across the room and stood beside the window. The sounds of the mob in the square were faint, but continuing. He turned back to the room. To Villon he said, "This is a spontaneous demonstration, of course?"

"Of course," Villon said, and the lisp was gone. "No one could foresee that a simple radio speech calling for reforms long needed would produce such a result."

Walters stirred, but he said nothing. Mary Bascomb, the handkerchief tight in her hand, looked at them all in bewildered silence. Jonas said merely, "Least of all, Citizen Danielle. Yes." He paused. "But you know your people well, Pierre, as Danielle does. Would you hazard a guess as to how long the spontaneous demonstration will last?"

"Difficult." The little man's attitude and tone made it clear that there were only the two of them in the room—himself and Jonas.

Jonas nodded. "But throughout the night, would you say? By morning, perhaps, the people will have exhausted themselves?"

"Possible. Even likely."

Jonas took out his cigarette case, selected one with care and lighted it. "Were you aware, Pierre, that I was to take the Kingston plane this afternoon—Mrs. Bascomb and I together? Oh, yes, it is true. You may ask Colonel Walters. The American ambassador had ordered me from the country. 'Twisting Danielle's tail' was the phrase he used as justification. He was afraid that trouble might result."

Villon looked at Walters. Walters nodded. "True."

"I did not know," Villon said.

"You did not even know," Jonas said, "that the flights were to be canceled, is that not so?"

"The decision," Villon said, "was the airlines', not ——"

"Not yours and Citizen Danielle's," Jonas said. "Yes. I assumed that. And so you are placed now in an awkward position, are you not? I am here. Mrs. Bascomb is here. And the air attaché of the American Embassy is here"—he smiled briefly at Walters—"disheveled though he may be." It was strange, Jonas thought, but he felt no remorse or even hesitation. He was thinking of the episode of that first fence, when he had accepted his age and his loss of capabilities, even teetered on the edge of senile rage.

He looked at Walters, who was a young man, and whom he had considered at first no more than a body to fill a uniform and a mind fixed in a mold. He had been wrong; even by his own high standards, Walters was a man worth—preserving. And it was a question of preservation; he had accepted this almost from the beginning.

He looked at the girl. There again was youth; bewildered and shaken at the moment, it was true, but back in the embassy, facing him by the open window, she had demonstrated her quality. She, then, like the colonel, was to be considered.

He smoked in silence, dominating the room, but scarcely aware of it. He thought of the ambassador, and he allowed himself a little smile. George would miss him. And there was, too, the matter of the envelope he had left in the ambassador's care, and he had no doubt that George would, in his own way, use it well—a pleasant thought to carry with him.

He was aware, finally, of the silence in the room. And he looked around, smiling still. Villon watched him, the affectation put aside, and the unyielding core that was the real man exposed—and this, in its way, was a pleasant tribute. So.

Jonas chose his words carefully. "We shall assume, Pierre, that the spontaneous demonstration will have exhausted itself by morning. It had better. In the morning there will be a cruiser in the harbor here. Yes, that, too, you may believe; I have it from the American ambassador himself." He stopped there to consider the effect on Villon. It was satisfactory.

"Its mission," Jonas went on, "will be merely to evacuate Americans, if that is necessary. But questions wll be asked."

And Walters said, "We'll start asking them right now."

"Colonel ——" Jonas said.

"Such as," Walters said without pausing, "what kind of accident did Bascomb have? And how? And why? And how do you know about it so soon? Unless you arranged it?"

"Colonel!" Jonas said again, louder this time. But it was useless, and he told himself that he should have foreseen this interruption.

Walters shook his head. His eyes had not left Villon.

The little man said, "The questions have an unpleasant connotation, colonel. I am not sure this is the time ——"

"I'll ask them again tomorrow," Walters said. "Lots of questions. I'll even have, or the ambassador will have, questions about properties Danielle—has stolen."

Villon moved very quickly for one so fat. He was out of the room and the door closed before anyone could move to stop him.

Walters took a deep breath. He seemed to steady himself. He turned to Jonas. "Do you eat me out now?"

Despite himself, Jonas was smiling. "I'm afraid you've torn it, colonel. Your display of virtuous rage ——"

"I don't know what you had in mind," Walters said, and his voice was still cold and angry. "But you were working up to a deal of some kind, and ——" He stopped, shook his head. "Wasn't it a deal?"

"Of a sort, colonel. Not that it matters now."

"So damned mysterious," Walters said. "The airplane you and ——"

"No mystery, colonel," Jonas said. "Villon maintains that Tom Bascomb has met with an—accident. A fact he could not know so soon, unless the accident had been planned. The rest follows logically. Mrs. Bascomb was supposed to take the Kingston plane; Villon himself provided her with the ticket. Probably"—he turned to the girl—"it was his idea—his alone. He wanted you out of the country."

She was watching him, and her eyes were wide, round. "But why?"

"He is your husband's agent. I think it probable that he is empowered legally to act for your husband in all matters concerning the plantation. If you were gone, then, and your husband, in the confusion, met with an accident, our small fat friend would be in a very pleasant position. Sisal plantations these days are lucrative operations."

There was silence. The girl said, "You were right, colonel. Mr. Peters was working up to a deal." Her voice was quiet, emotionless. "But it was not the kind you imagined." She looked at Jonas. "You twisted Danielle's tail? He is not a man to accept that."

"It is unimportant," Jonas said.

She shook her head. "I was wrong about you once. I won't make that mistake again. You came here to—protect me." She paused. "The deal, colonel, was safe conduct for us—you and me—back to the embassy. (*Continued on Page 57*)

"Every morning you go off to work—every night you come home. I don't know, it's so sort of depressing somehow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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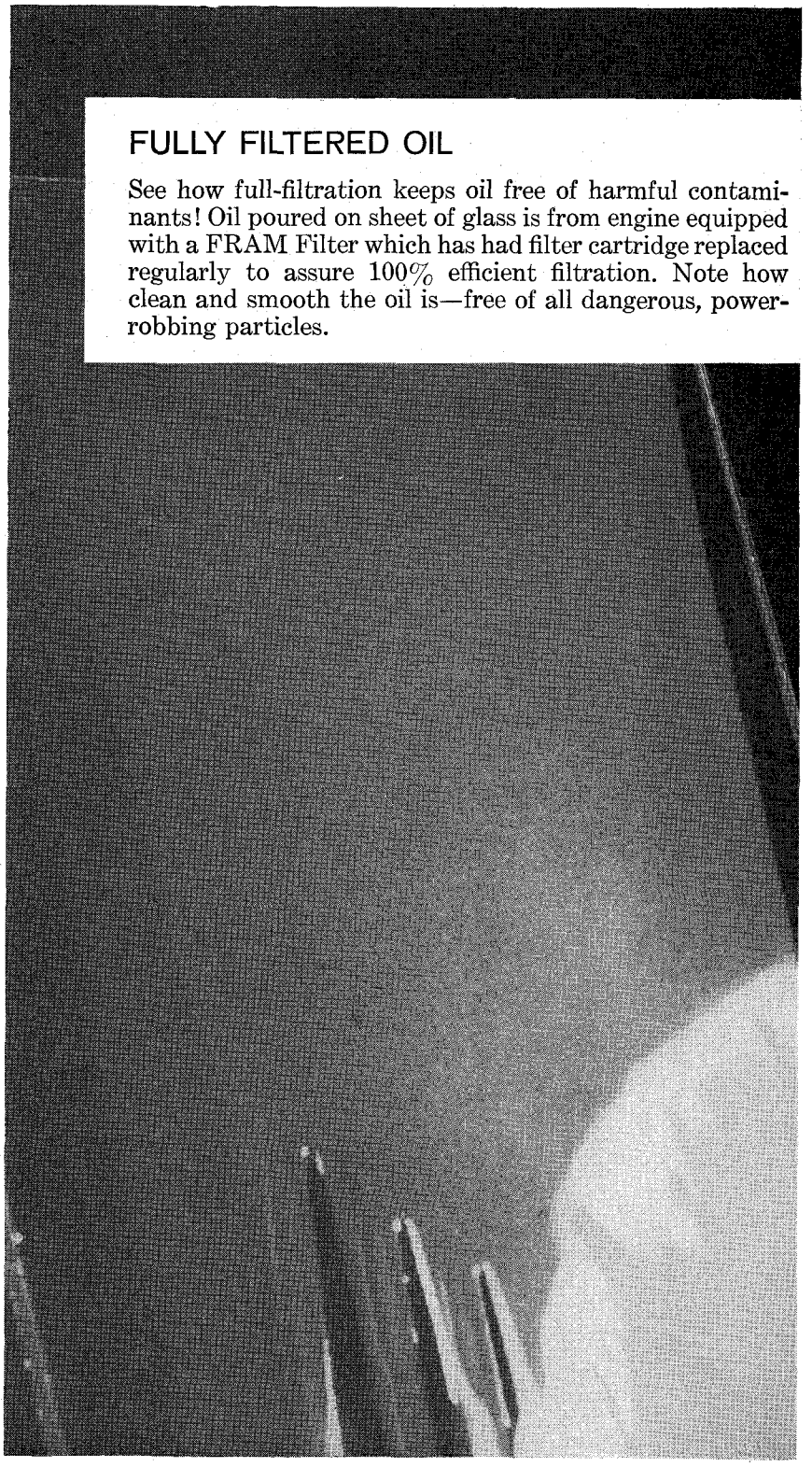

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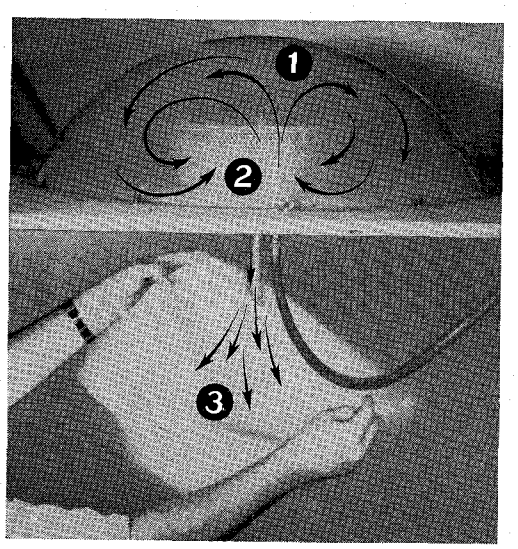

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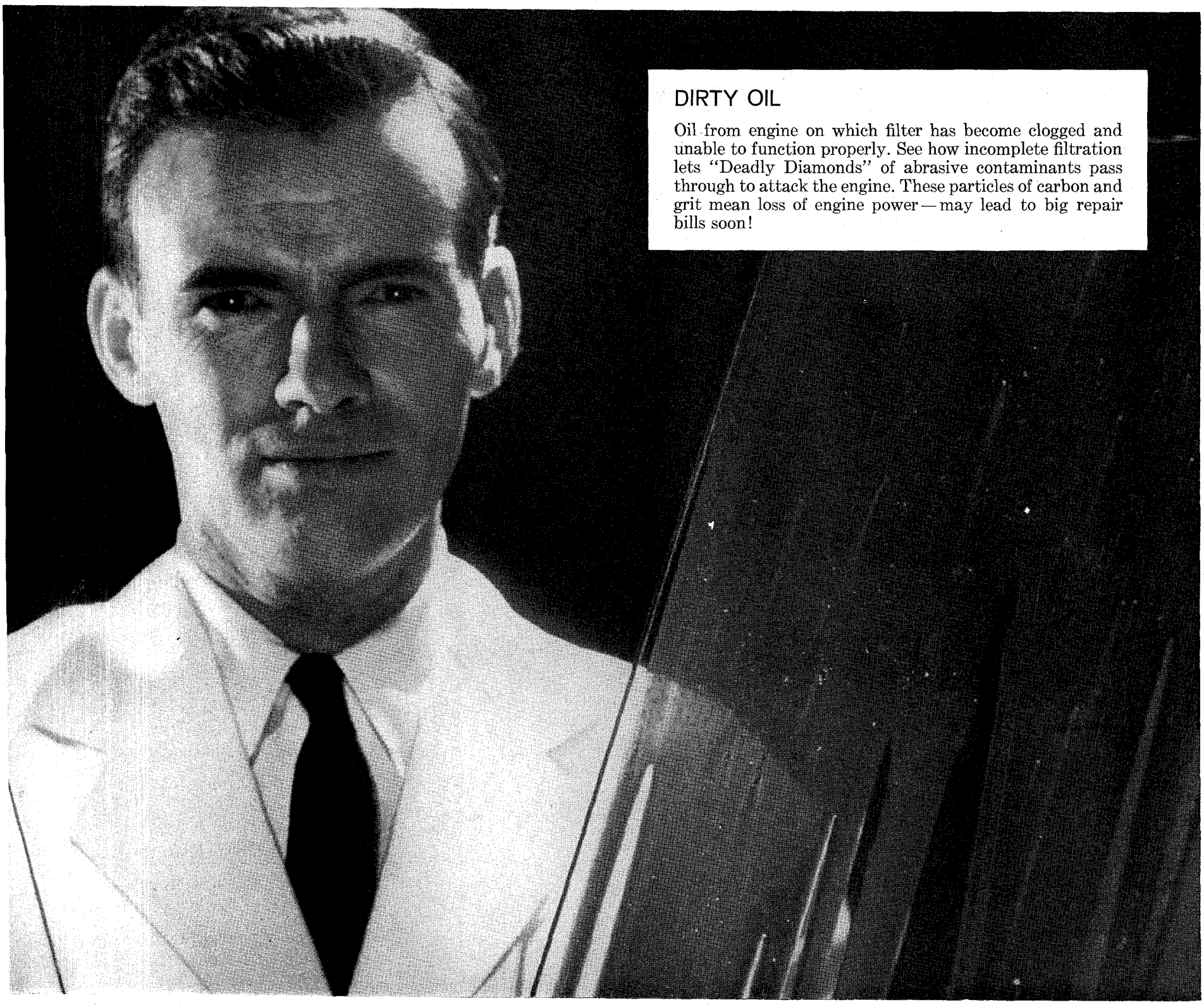
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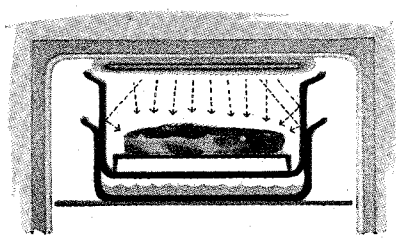

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(*Continued from Page 52*) In return, Mr. Peters would have stayed here to untwist Danielle's tail."

"He couldn't," Walters said. "The ambassador already has the information that ——" He stopped. "Oh. They couldn't have known the ambassador had it, could they? Until I told them." He paused. "I spoiled everything, didn't I? I apologize."

"You embarrass me," Jonas said. "Both of you."

The girl said, "What happens now?" There was silence.

"A good question." Jonas was smiling again. Youth, he decided, was catching, like measles—a thing to remember. He felt almost young and gay, as in other, earlier times when life had been a pattern in simple black and white, without gray; and enhancement of investments had been the farthest thing from his thoughts. "I think," he said, "that we shall have the answer in a very few moments." And he raised his head, listening. "Yes. The answer comes now." He looked at Walters. "You may find use for the gun, colonel." And then the door opened and Jonas made his small bow. "Citizen Danielle, I am flattered. You came quickly when Villon sent word that I was here."

The dark eyes showed no emotion. "I have been here all the time, Mr. Peters. I came directly from the radio station, if you are interested."

"So?" And then, "The fact is revealing. This demonstration was a test? And you were not entirely sure of its results? And from here to the water front is but a step; a boat has been standing by, perhaps, in the event that matters got out of hand?"

Danielle looked around at them all—at the girl on the settee, watching, understanding nothing of the French; at Walters, who watched, too, and listened; at Jonas again. "Villon tells me that your ambassador intends to ask questions." He waited.

Walters looked at Jonas. Jonas said, "Tell him, colonel."

Walters nodded grimly. "I haven't seen what's inside the envelope Mr. Peters left with the ambassador. But he told the ambassador that it was a list, well-documented, of properties you've managed to get your hands on. As an altruistic man of the people, you're going to look pretty silly when the list is produced."

"Succinctly put, colonel," Jonas said. He looked at Danielle. "And wholly true, citizen. I did not come empty-handed to bargain with you on your own ground. I told you as much this morning." He cocked his head to a new sound outside—a growing murmur of voices, distant still, but coming nearer. "Reinforcements?"

Danielle's broad, stubby hands flexed themselves and then were still; it was the only movement he made. "I asked you a question this morning," he said.

"Now that you mention it," Jonas said, "I remember. You were curious about the secret of my longevity." He smiled, but there was no amusement in it, and the predatoriness of his face was plain. "And I explained that carelessness had nothing to do with the secret. The statement stands. You are through, citizen, finished. I regret it, in a way, because, without your support, I am afraid my claims will have small chance of success. However." And he made himself shrug. Outside, the voices were close, their sound ominous. Walters stirred, but Jonas lifted one hand in a small, restraining gesture. "As I pointed out to Villon," he said, "a cruiser will be in the harbor in the morning, citizen."

"Morning is some hours away, and by that time ——" Danielle stopped. He was breathing hard, and sweat stood out on his face. He said slowly, in Creole, "A pig—a son of a pig—a cow ——" His voice began to rise, and still the words continued, ugly gutter words, shouted now. A large vein showed swollen in his forehead. And then, abruptly, he stopped.

Jonas said, "In this climate, citizen, apoplexy is to be considered."

"Go downstairs," Danielle said suddenly. He spoke to Villon. "Tell them that I am here; that I will come to speak to them."

"I think not," Walters said. His hand came out of his pocket, carrying the stubby gun.

Jonas shook his head. "No, colonel. We shall listen to what Citizen Danielle has to say." He turned to Walters. "Unless you are prepared to start the violence immediately, in cold blood? Put the gun away. The time for it is not yet." And he looked at Villon. "You hesitate, Pierre? And yet it was an order."

The little man hesitated. He looked at Jonas, at Danielle. And then slowly, reluctantly, he turned away. They heard him going down the stairs; the grating of the bolts came clearly; the sounds of the street crowd poured in.

"Friends!" Villon's voice cried. "Listen! Attend to me! I am Villon! You know me! Jean Jacques Danielle is here!" The voice of the crowd rose again.

On the settee, the girl sat stiff, straight, and her eyes clung to Jonas. Walters still held the gun.

Jonas said, "No mutiny, colonel. This time we have no margin for error." He did not take his eyes from Danielle. "Your move, citizen."

"You do not belong here," Danielle said. He was calm again; the vein in his forehead had disappeared and his dark eyes were emotionless.

"True," Jonas said. "We belong at the embassy. Agreed."

"I will send you there," Danielle said. "In safety." And in the room there was silence.

Jonas smiled. "Generous of you. You will forgive a certain—skepticism?" And yet, he thought, it just might be true. He paused. "Colonel, translate, please, for Mrs. Bascomb's benefit. This concerns her too." And then, "We are an embarrassment to you, citizen."

"I have told you we have no such title."

"I find it hard to remember. Your—spontaneous demonstration lacks only a guillotine to make the parallel exact. No matter. We are an embarrassment. Whence does this concern for our safety arise?"

"It should be obvious."

Walters' voice, translating, seemed as distant as the sounds from the floor below.

"There are three of us, you mean," Jonas said then. "And you assume what is true, that the American ambassador knows where we are. And Colonel Walters is an official of the American Government, and you have no desire to embroil yourself in trouble in that direction. Therefore, much as you would enjoy seeing my head on a pike, you see no alternative to keeping us safe. Is that a fair summation?"

"I am being generous," Danielle said, "and patient. Do you really believe that you can harm me with your—lies?"

And Walters completed his translation, and added, in the same tone, "I don't believe a word of it."

"I told you, colonel, no mutiny this time." It was a command. "Precisely how, citizen, do you expect to see us safely to the embassy?"

"Those are my people outside. They will do what I tell them."

"We are safe here ——" Jonas began.

"For the moment," Danielle said. "Only for the moment." And he added, "Also, there are limits to my patience."

Jonas said, "You are saying that we have stumbled into your—command post? That there will be others coming here?" He gestured toward the stairs, the sounds from the street. "This is the vanguard?"

"Those," Danielle said, "are merely cattle. But useful."

"I see," Jonas said. "Your demonstration has proved your personal mastery; the test has been successful. And now many who have held back—important people—will flock to you in your moment of triumph, and they will be anxious to do anything, anything, to convince you of their devotion. Is that it, citizen? A word to them, from Villon, perhaps, that we are an embarrassment, and they will fall over one (*Continued on Page 60*)

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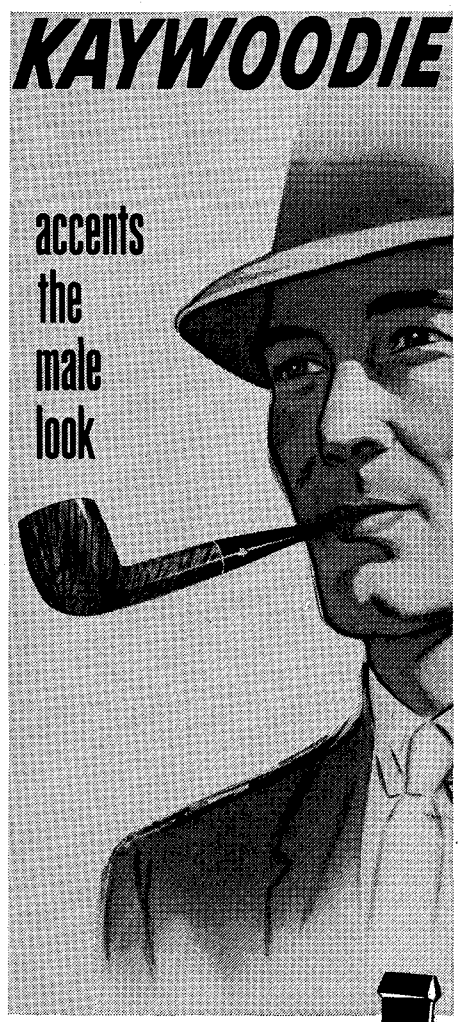
Aston J. Waters

(*See page 60 for answer*)



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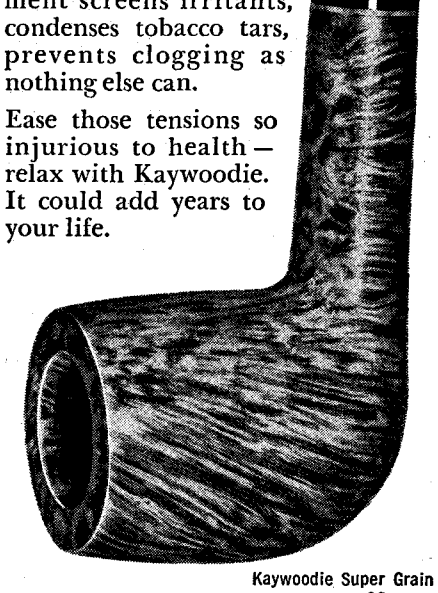

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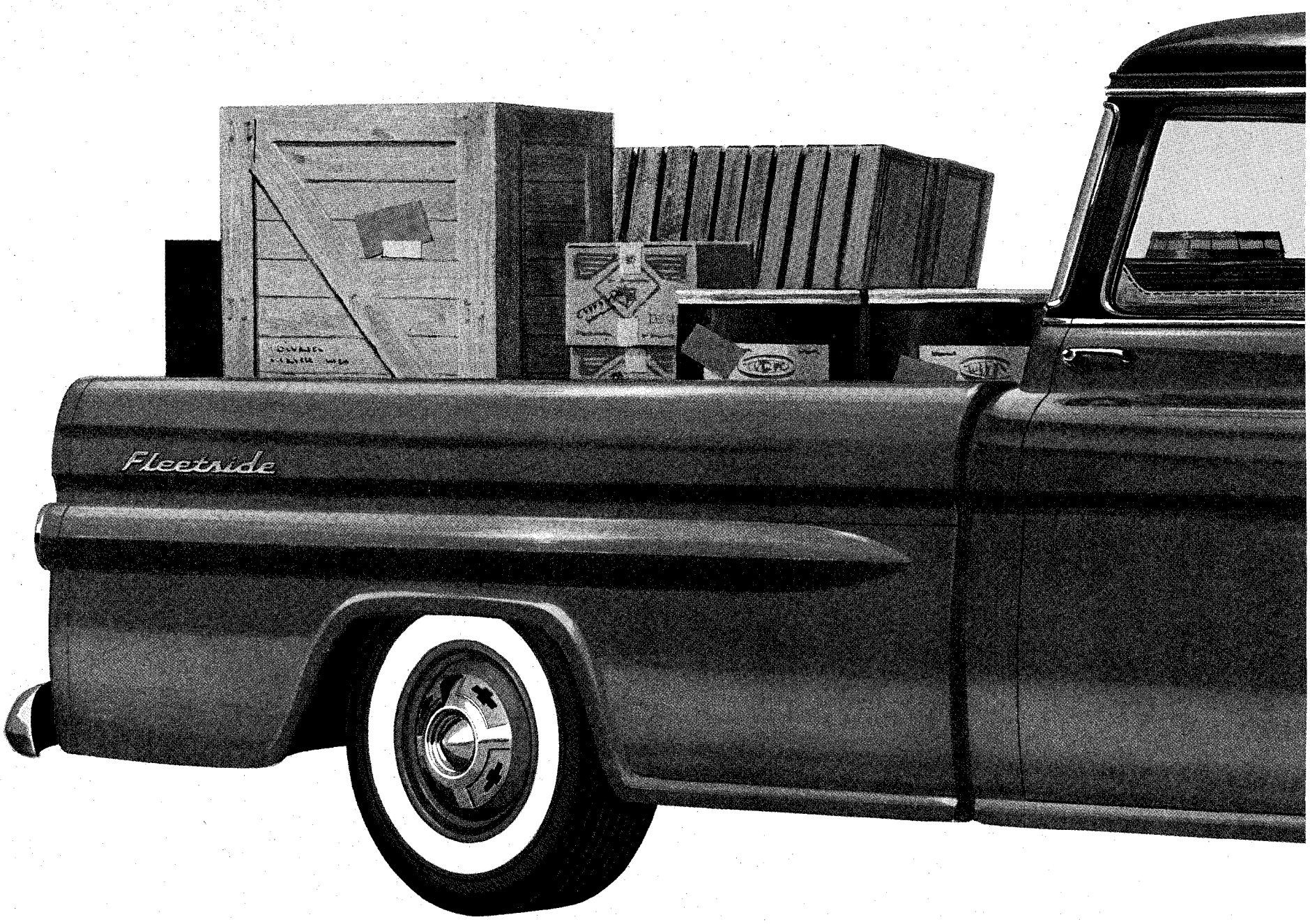

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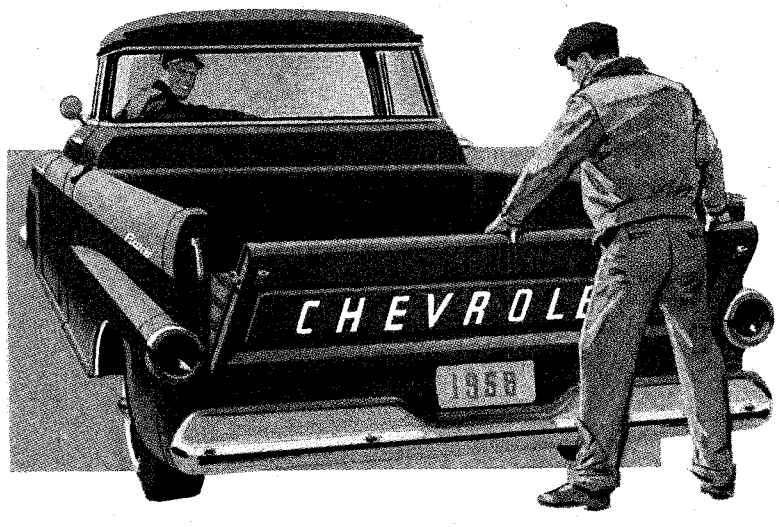

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(*Continued from Page 57*) another in their zeal to—unembarrass you by removing us?"

"You are not unintelligent, Mr. Peters," Danielle said.

Jonas said, "Have you been on the streets tonight? I have. Colonel Walters has. Mrs. Bascomb has. You have stirred the mob—the cattle, as you say—more deeply perhaps than you know. The mob acts first, thinks afterward, if at all. One cry, one shout, leads to violence. I have seen it."

Danielle said, "I am offering you a way to sanctuary." The vein reappeared in his forehead. "I did not ask you here to my country. You came for profit, loot ——"

"Avarice is a quality we share, is it not, citizen?"

"Don't push me too far," Danielle said. "I am trying to control myself." He looked at the gun in Walters' hand. "Do you dare to use that, colonel? The door to the street is open. The mob is there. The city is mine." He dismissed the gun with a gesture.

Jonas said in English, "The man is not bluffing, colonel. He has not attained his present height, or depth, by cowardice. Mere threats are useless." He paused, considering. "We have a choice." He looked at Mary Bascomb. "You have heard. What is your vote?"

Her eyes searched his face. Her hands remained locked together in her lap. She said, "I will trust you, Mr. Peters. I didn't once and ——"

"No recriminations," Jonas said. And, "Colonel?"

"I think we should stay here," Walters said. "We've seen this—night of glory in operation. I think he only wants us out of here. Then he can't be held responsible for what happens to us in the streets. We're safe here as long as we have him with us, and I'll guarantee to keep him right in this room."

"He is, in point of fact," Jonas said, "the head of a friendly sovereign state, colonel. That he is a blackguard, to put it mildly, has nothing to do with it. You are an official of our own Government. Will you use force when he has promised safe conduct?"

There was silence. Walters said slowly, "I'm over my depth."

Jonas nodded. "I am not disappointed in you, colonel. The decision to retreat is never easy." He turned to Danielle. From below, the sounds of the crowd were plain. "The cattle are becoming restive, citizen." And then, "You are a voice to the people, little more than that; you are not a face to be recognized instantly, out of context, as it were. That is why you sent Villon to prepare the way for your appearance." He nodded. "They will recognize you, listen to you?"

"They will do what I say."

"Then we place ourselves in your hands," Jonas said. And, watching, he thought he saw a flicker of something behind the dark eyes, quickly gone. His own face remained impassive. "One suggestion: It is that the light downstairs be turned off. The sudden appearance of three *blancs*, ourselves, might touch off the mob beyond even your control."

"Are you afraid, Mr. Peters?"

Jonas smiled. His eyes were cold, the predatoriness of his face almost startling. "I find little in you to like, citizen, or even to admire." He gestured toward the door.

Walters said, "I hope you're right."

"So do I," Jonas said. "Put the gun away, colonel. It will be worse than useless." He touched the girl's arm. "Come." And he led the way, following Danielle, his thoughts a high, fierce chant.

Downstairs, the iron door was only partially opened. Villon stood beside it. The sounds beyond were babel, a murmur of voices, a stirring sensed rather than heard, its force almost physical, and frightening.

Danielle switched off the single light. The darkness was not complete; light still filtered down the stairs. "Satisfied, Mr. Peters?" His face was visible and unsmiling.

"Thank you," Jonas said. The time was now, but his face showed nothing; the stakes were on the table, and he had guessed right or he had guessed wrong; it was as simple and as final as that. He wanted to turn, to smile at the girl and at Walters, but he did not; he kept his eyes fixed on Danielle's face. Together, they walked toward the door, the murmuring rumble of the mob beyond. Villon stepped aside.

Danielle's hand was on the door. He began to open it. And his face changed all at once, as if a mask had been jerked aside; his eyes, no longer emotionless, were lighted suddenly, and he was smiling, and the swollen vein was very plain. His expression was triumphant.

He said in French, low-pitched, but loud enough for them all to hear, "You were careless, after all, Mr. Peters." And he threw the door wide.

Jonas reacted instantly. It was a cry that came out of his throat, a wail, a keening, almost falsetto, cutting sharply through the sounds of the crowd on the steps—dark faces raised in anticipation of frenzy.

Danielle's head swung back, his face slack with surprise. But Jonas' hands were flat against Danielle's back, and Jonas' voice was raised again, crying in slurred words now, peasant Creole words pitched to the ears and the minds of the mob, "Danielle is dead! Aiie! Jean Jacques Danielle is dead! This is the man who killed him!"

And he put all his strength into the final shove that sent Danielle stumbling, falling down the steps. "Danielle is dead! Danielle ——" The rest was lost in the roar of the voices, savage, wordless, a flood of sound rolling up and over everything—sound and movement, an avalanche. Danielle was there, and then he was gone, borne under, lost.

Jonas jumped back, slammed the iron door and shot the bolts. Over his shoulder he said quickly. "Now, colonel, the gun. You have my permission to pistol Villon if he moves a muscle." And he heard the sounds of movement behind him, and then silence.

Slowly he turned and put his back against the door. The roaring rage from the street was unabated. "Night of glory," Jonas said, and his voice was cold with anger.

There was no answer.

It was morning, the long night gone. Jonas came down the stairs. Walters sat straddling a chair, his arms folded on its back, the gun loose in his hand. His face was tired, but alert. He looked up at Jonas. "Love those shutters and stone walls."

And Jonas nodded, smiling faintly. "It is over, colonel. I have been watching from an upstairs window. The promised cruiser is in the harbor and the city is quiet." He walked toward the door, and he found himself repeating the words he had said to Mary Bascomb only yesterday: "A country with a violent history, colonel, and still capable of violence almost beyond comprehension."

"I believe it now," Walters said. He got up from the chair. "Do you think they—know?"

"That Danielle is dead?" Jonas nodded. "The word spread long ago. How? There are many ways, some which I do not pretend to understand—word of mouth, drums —— Oh, yes, colonel, drums; do not smile."

"After last night," Walters said, "I'll believe almost anything." He hesitated. "He was going to throw us to the mob. And you knew it from the beginning. And yet ——"

Jonas turned. His tone was almost sharp. "Could I act, colonel, before he had—declared himself here at the door?"

"I see that. But suppose he hadn't said anything?"

Jonas turned to unfasten the bolts. Over his shoulder he said, "Awaken Mrs. Bascomb, colonel, and let Villon out. We have our safe conduct to the embassy now, and the ambassador will want a report." And he paused, smiling faintly. "As to your question: if I ever find an answer that satisfies me, I shall let you know." He opened the door and the brilliant morning light poured in.

And so, for the fourth time, he sat in the ambassador's office. The ambassador said, "The military has stirred itself. Dupres is in control, and there'll be order again." He paused. "Because Danielle is no longer to be reckoned with." And he was silent, looking from Jonas to Walters and back again.

"Unfortunate," Jonas said. "In the darkness, Danielle could have been a *blanc*, and the mob acted first, as I had warned him it would."

The ambassador said, "Precisely what happened? That is what I want to know." He looked at Walters. "Colonel? You were there."

"Yes, sir." He paused. His eyes avoided Jonas'; his face was bland as Jonas' own. "Somebody shouted something in Creole, sir." He paused again. "And then Danielle slipped, fell down the steps. And Mr. Peters closed the door, because there was nothing we could do."

The ambassador watched him steadily. "Very well, colonel." It was dismissal. And when the door was closed, "Now, Jonas?"

"Why, George"—and he shook his head in disbelief, incredulity—"would you have me impeach the testimony of your own—official?"

The ambassador sighed. "We'll leave it at that." He opened the drawer of the large desk and took out an envelope. "This is yours."

Jonas shook his head. "I have no use for it, George. Perhaps the new government, when it is formed, will find the information interesting." He stood up. "The plane service will be resumed?"

"Yes."

"Then this is *au revoir*," Jonas said. His eyes were bright, very blue, amused. "Your deportation order is delayed only twenty-four hours, George. By tropical standards that is almost par for the course."

The ambassador said slowly, "There is a great deal more to this, Jonas, than meets the eye. I know you. You do not change your spots. You came here for profit." He touched the envelope on the desk. "You leave with nothing?" And he shook his head once more.

Nothing showed; Jonas' eyes retained their amusement, his face was blandness itself. "There is an adage about examining the teeth of a gift horse." And he smiled and made his small bow. "My best to Margaret, George, if you please." And this time he found the exit line satisfactory. He had one more thing to do. He found Mary Bascomb in Walters' office. "I am taking the Kingston plane. Will I have the pleasure of your company?"

"No, Mr. Peters." There was steadiness in her eyes, in the set of her head, held high. "The—word from St. Marc is still confused. I am going there. Colonel Walters is going with me."

Jonas had his small bow for Walters. "You could not be in better hands. I have knowledge of the colonel's—abilities."

Walters, watching, listening, felt again that almost childish pleasure, and found no shame that it should be so.

"You will find your husband," Jonas said. "You may believe that. I—spoke with Villon last night while you slept, while the colonel stood guard below. You will find your husband safe; probably by now, in the face of last night's events, already back at his plantation." He watched the glow that appeared in the girl's eyes, the smile that lifted her lips. "You have grown, my dear," he said. "In only twenty-four hours you have realized your potentialities. I am glad."

"Thanks to you."

"Why," Jonas said, "you are more than generous." He was smiling. "Let us say that we have exchanged gifts." He left them then.

On the steps of the embassy he paused to savor the sunshine and the day. He was tired; he admitted it. But not old, never old again; this was one of the gifts of the girl and the colonel, and he hoped that they understood that, and he thought that they did.

There was, of course, another gift, of a different sort. And, in a way, it, too, came from the girl, although not directly. Because of her, he had talked to Villon, and the little man, frightened, had talked of many things—among them the location within the building of the suitcase Danielle had packed against the need for flight had the demonstration failed. When one played for high stakes, as Danielle had, one prepared for the possibility of loss. Jonas had not bothered to count the money in the suitcase, nor had he taken it all; as he had told Danielle, his avarice did have limits. But there was a comfortable bulge of large-denomination bills in his inside pocket where the envelope had once been. It was, he decided, a fair and equitable exchange.

He walked slowly down the steps. He was humming to himself as he strolled out the drive. From the office upstairs, the ambassador, Colonel Walters and Mary Bascomb watched him go.

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 57)

Captain Nathaniel Gordon, of Portland, Maine, became the first man condemned under an 1820 Federal law declaring slave-trading a form of piracy. The U.S.S. Mohican captured Gordon's ship Erie in 1860. She was bound from Africa to Cuba with a cargo of 278 adult slaves and 612 captive children. Gordon went on trial in 1861 after the outbreak of the Civil War sharpened anti-slavery sentiment. Sentenced to be hanged, he appealed in vain to President Lincoln. He went to the gallows "deathly pale with terror"—the first slaver hanged for piracy by the United States.

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A NEW AGE in motoring reaches its impressive pinnacle in this beautiful, important car. And across an entire nation, sales continue to rise as heads turn to admire the triumphant Imperial. Matchless in appearance and performance, the Imperial is undoubtedly the automotive classic of our time.

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Sit proudly, confidently in the driver's seat. Relax in ultimate luxury. Summon seemingly limitless power. Ride in untold comfort as your Imperial takes the tightest curve without a dip or swerve; as it glides serenely to even the most sudden of halts.

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I Love My Ugly Dog (Continued from Page 39)

owners is a good example of what happens to people when they buy basset hounds. My husband and I had season tickets to the University of Washington football games. The seats next to ours were purchased by Humphrey's owners. The first Saturday, we managed to reveal to each other that we owned pedigreed bassets; this was accomplished shortly after the kickoff, so naturally we didn't see much of the game.

When we got home my husband asked, "By the way, what was their name?"

"Humphrey," I replied promptly.

"No, no; the people's."

I hadn't asked. The only salve for my shame was the fact that they hadn't asked us either.

For the next U. of W. home game, Humphrey's owners were equipped with snapshots of their hound. The next Saturday I countered with twenty-five pictures of my basset. At our fourth meeting, they had me—a whole folio of pictures in color. Somehow we had come to know each other's names, and so we exchanged Christmas cards. On the cover of theirs, a large photo of Humphrey. On the cover of ours, a large photo of Bassett's Hi-Jo. We learned from the message on the inside that Humphrey's owners also have some children, and if they read the small print on our card, they picked up the same information about us.

I'm not the only one in the United States who has gone basset nutty. The breed dates back to the sixth century; the first bassets in this country were a gift from Lafayette to his friend, George Washington. But ten years ago few people in the United States had seen or even heard of a basset hound, and there were only a half dozen kennels in the country which specialized in breeding them. In 1926, twenty-six bassets were registered with the American Kennel Club. In 1950, they ranked fifty-eighth in popularity out of 114 registered breeds. By 1956 the hound had copped thirty-second place, and only a year later had leaped from thirty-second to sixteenth.

The obvious cause of the basset boom is TV. First was the great "J. J. Morgan," who earned some $15,000 a year making guest appearances with people like Garry Moore. Morgan played in at least one movie too—he was the silent but soulful accessory to Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in Living it Up. Manufacturers put out Morgan toy dogs and even Morgan ceramic banks. Later came Cleo, of the Jackie Cooper show. By November of 1956 she had made thirty-seven television films, and a year later was pulling down $500 for a week's work. There are scores of other basset performers on local and network TV shows, in night clubs and in the movies. Bassets have made the pages of picture and fashion magazines. But of the thousands and thousands of Americans who have laughed at basset hounds, there are still relatively few who have seen one in the all too solid flesh, and still fewer who have had the matchless experience of knowing one personally.

To the real live owner of a real live basset hound, a collie's nose is too pointed, a terrier's legs are too long, a dachshund is skinny, and a setter is a pinhead. We are continually being assaulted by the worst outrage of all—the suggestion that our basset is a beagle. Actually, the two breeds have nothing in common except their white, black and red-brown markings, and color accounts for only five points out of 100 in judging bassets. Both are hounds, but there are twenty-two breeds of hound, and the basset is no more like a beagle than it is like a borzoi.

A beagle must have straight legs, light bones, a "clean" or unwrinkled neck, neat ears set high on the head. Just reverse this list—crooked legs, heavy bones, folds of loose skin draping the head, ears so long the poor dog sometimes trips over them—and you've got a really good basset hound.

Beagles have displaced the cocker spaniel as the most popular dog in the country, so you'd think people would know what they look like. But the confusion persists, even in the minds of beagle lovers. When my hound and I stopped at a gas station a few months back, the attendant stared at the hound—and you have to get used to this—and exclaimed, "Say, isn't that one of them teagles?" While Bassett's Hi-Jo looked on mournfully, I drew myself up, quivering with suppressed rage, and replied, "This isn't a teagle; it's a tasset hound!" I've never been angrier in my life.

You don't decide on a basset; they sort of come over you. The moment for me was a dog show in Seattle which hubby and I wandered into largely because it was raining outside. We strolled down the aisles, admiring the handsome show dogs in the stalls to right and left, and all at once came upon a colony of bassets. I had never seen one before, and here were six or eight of them. They looked up at me with big, sad, bloodshot eyes, and I looked down at them and burst out laughing. I didn't cry out, "Oh, what a funny-looking beagle!" as some insensitive souls have since exclaimed when I introduced them to my dog Jo, but I did endear myself to the kennel owners by asking, "What are they?"

It should have been obvious; after all, this wasn't a cat show. With remarkable tolerance, the breeder cued me in. *Amusing dogs*, I thought to myself, *but grotesque. You wouldn't want to own one.* Nevertheless, for two years I kept thinking about those funny-looking dogs; then, all resistance shot, hubby and I showed up at a basset kennel and begged them to sell us a pup.

Owners of the kennel were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bassett—two *t*'s—and the name is not a coincidence. The Bassetts had never been in the dog-breeding business, professionally or accidentally, until they saw a basset hound. At that time, pedigreed bassets were being sold for as little as forty dollars while Weimaraners were commanding from $250 to $400 a pup. Dick and Evelyn Bassett possessed two qualities necessary in the basset-hound breeder; they had a sense of humor and were more interested in the dogs than they were in the money they could make from them. Dick resigned from his job; when the going got rough, Evelyn went to work as a waitress on night shift in a Seattle restaurant—she could help with the dogs if she was home during the day.

Bassets were so scarce they had to go to another state to buy their first pair. Now they have fifteen dogs in their breeding stock, an average of fifteen bassets in their basset motel—they won't board any other breed—and, of course, varying numbers of puppies. In the Pacific Northwest the basset hounds on TV and most pedigreed bassets that just stay home, either came direct from Bassett's Basset Kennels or are related to one of the Bassett bassets.

When we pounded on the Bassetts' gate and announced breathlessly that we had come to buy a pup, the Bassetts were friendly but wary. In fact, as our interview progressed, we felt more and more like a childless couple being grilled by the social worker in a really tough adoption agency. We have since learned that all basset-hound breeders are suspicious of people. There may be some kennels that will sell dogs to anyone who can produce the money, but the Bassetts are not among them.

People who talk about germs and look disapprovingly at the hound sleeping on the yellow sofa; people who have owned too many dogs, each for too short a time; people whose purpose in buying a pedigreed dog is to impress other people; family groups in which pop and the kids want the dog, but mom is obviously being a "good sport" about it—these are some of the types that don't have enough money to buy a pup from the real basset-loving basset breeder. We passed the test and the Bassetts sold us a puppy, but the inquisition didn't end there. Mr. Bassett later made two long-distance telephone calls to check not so much on how we liked our pet as on how she liked us.

"Are you having difficulty housebreaking her?" he asked during the first call.

"Well, yes," I admitted, glancing ruefully at the living-room rug.

"Does she chew on things?"

"How did you know?" I exclaimed, my eye traveling to the mangled socks which Jo had deposited here and there around the room.

"You're not giving her enough attention," he said reproachfully.

"What am I supposed to do, shower her with love and approval every time she makes a puddle? Won't that make her do it five times as much?"

He replied firmly, "She needs a sense of security."

So we increased the attention we gave her and decreased the amount of swatting and, about the time the living-room rug was due to be burned, security burst upon her in a great white wave, and she's been a model dog ever since.

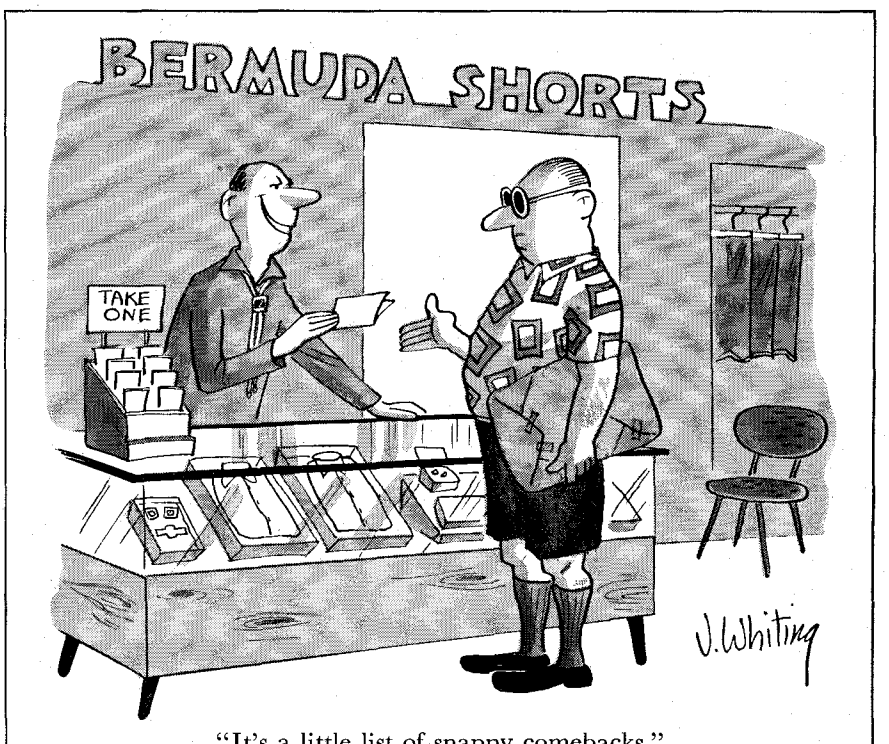
This suggests that basset hounds are sensitive, and indeed they are. They will tremble at a harsh tone of voice; a scolding will make them crawl away, heads lowered till their noses touch the ground. If their feelings are hurt, it may be hours before they decide to overlook the injustice. Not that they hold a grudge. My basset hound loves those little white porcelain caps which cover the bolts at the base of the toilet; time and again she transferred the whole set from the bathroom to the center of the living room; time and again she forgave me for putting them back.

Mamma bassets are so sensitive to their destined purpose of producing ten or eleven puppies at a crack that if they are not bred they go ahead and act pregnant just the same. They get big, the swelling goes down at the end of the "gestation" period, they have milk—so much, sometimes, that they can wet-nurse the supernumeraries in some other basset's litter. According to one breeder I've talked to, false pregnancies are the rule rather than the exception among bassets.

Bassets languish without love and, as their success on TV has proved, if you give them unbounded attention you can teach them almost anything. But they aren't "sensitive" in the nervous, alert manner characteristic of terriers. On the contrary, one of the problems with them on TV is that they get bored with the silly business every now and then and go to sleep, whether the show is on the air or off.

The master of ceremonies on a daily show on Channel 5, Seattle, thought he had a great idea when he introduced basset-hound puppy races, but in every race there was at least one contestant that simply lay down and went to sleep at post time. The opening gun and the shout, "They're off and running!" failed to stimulate the pups even to the point of opening an eye to see what all the racket was about. Not that a basset's hearing is less keen than that of other dogs; they're hunters and hear better than most other breeds. But they learn early that humans often cook up nonsense that isn't worth bothering with and, being hounds, they just don't get bothered.

They also reserve the right to decide how fast or how slow they ought to move. Bassets are properly classified as "slow"; the breed was developed for foot hunting, in which the dogs mustn't be too speedy for the people who are trying to keep up with them. Actually a basset hound can run fast if he wants to, though he isn't exactly delicate about it, with his ears flapping, round rump bobbing, big paws digging postholes as he plows through the neighbor's tulip bed. On the other hand, "slow" is too mild a word for a basset that doesn't want to hurry. He'll obey your command, all right, but nations will fall and new generations will be born in the time it takes him to get through a door he (*Continued on Page 66*)



"It's a little list of snappy comebacks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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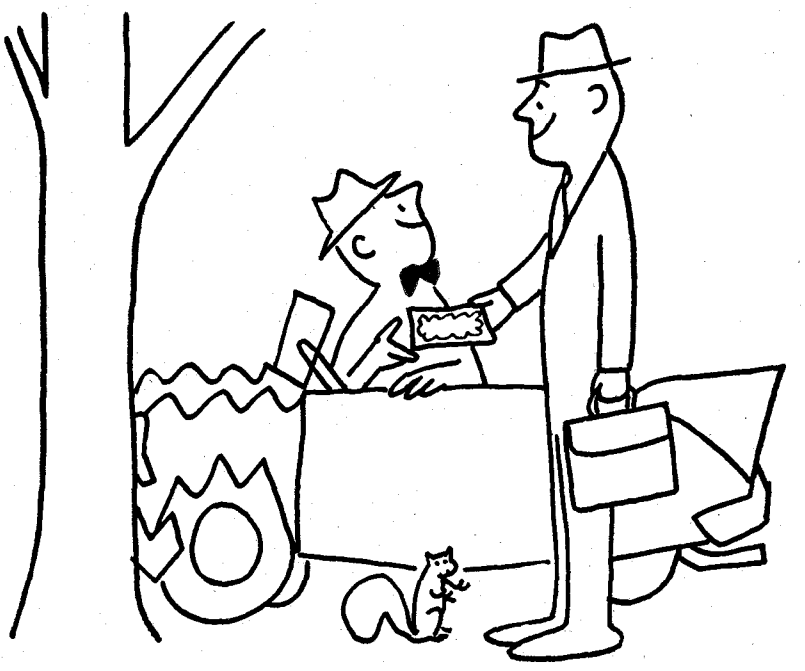
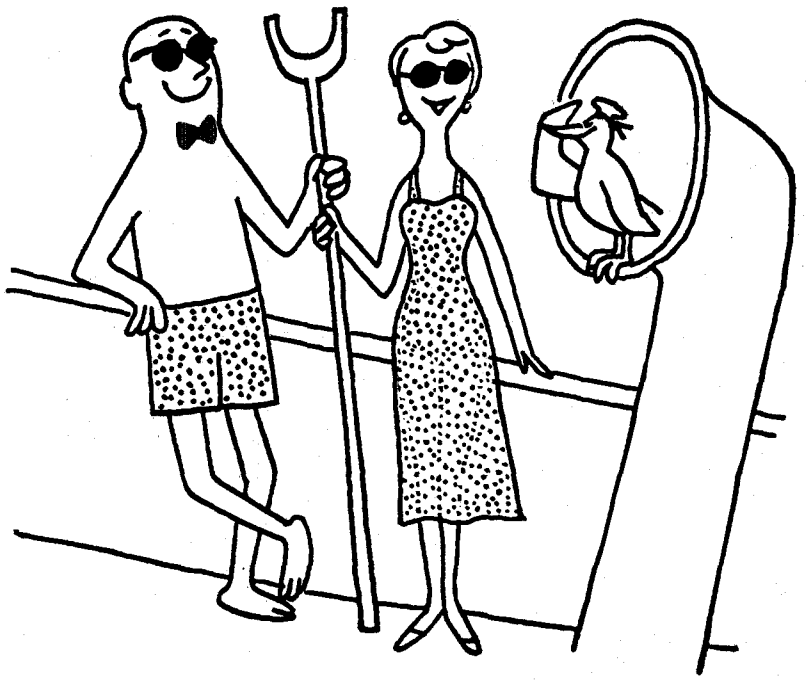
1.

A timid soul was Henry Lent—the meekest man in town
But *now* his air of confidence has bathed him with renown.
How come this transformation—why is he so lion-hearted?
Since he insured through Travelers all his worries have departed.



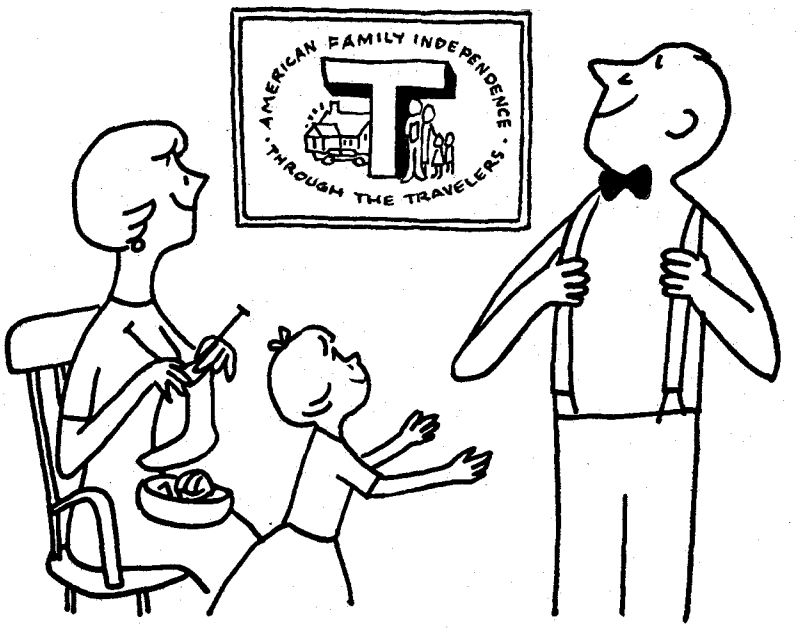
2.

"Why, even mishaps miles from home no longer make *me* nervous—
With Travelers agents everywhere all pledged to speedy service."
The Travelers handles everything from damage suits to dents—
That's only the beginning of the plan that guards the Lents.



3.

With Travelers life insurance to pay off his mortgaged home
Or take him in retirement years to London, Paris, Rome . . .
"My balanced, sure protection covers life, health, car and house—
That's why I'm fearless," Henry says, "a man and not a mouse."



4.

Tomorrow's clear of worry, so the Lents can *live* today;
American Family Independence—that's their happy way.
And *you* can live this life, all in a monthly payment plan
That fits your needs and income. Call your helpful Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS

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All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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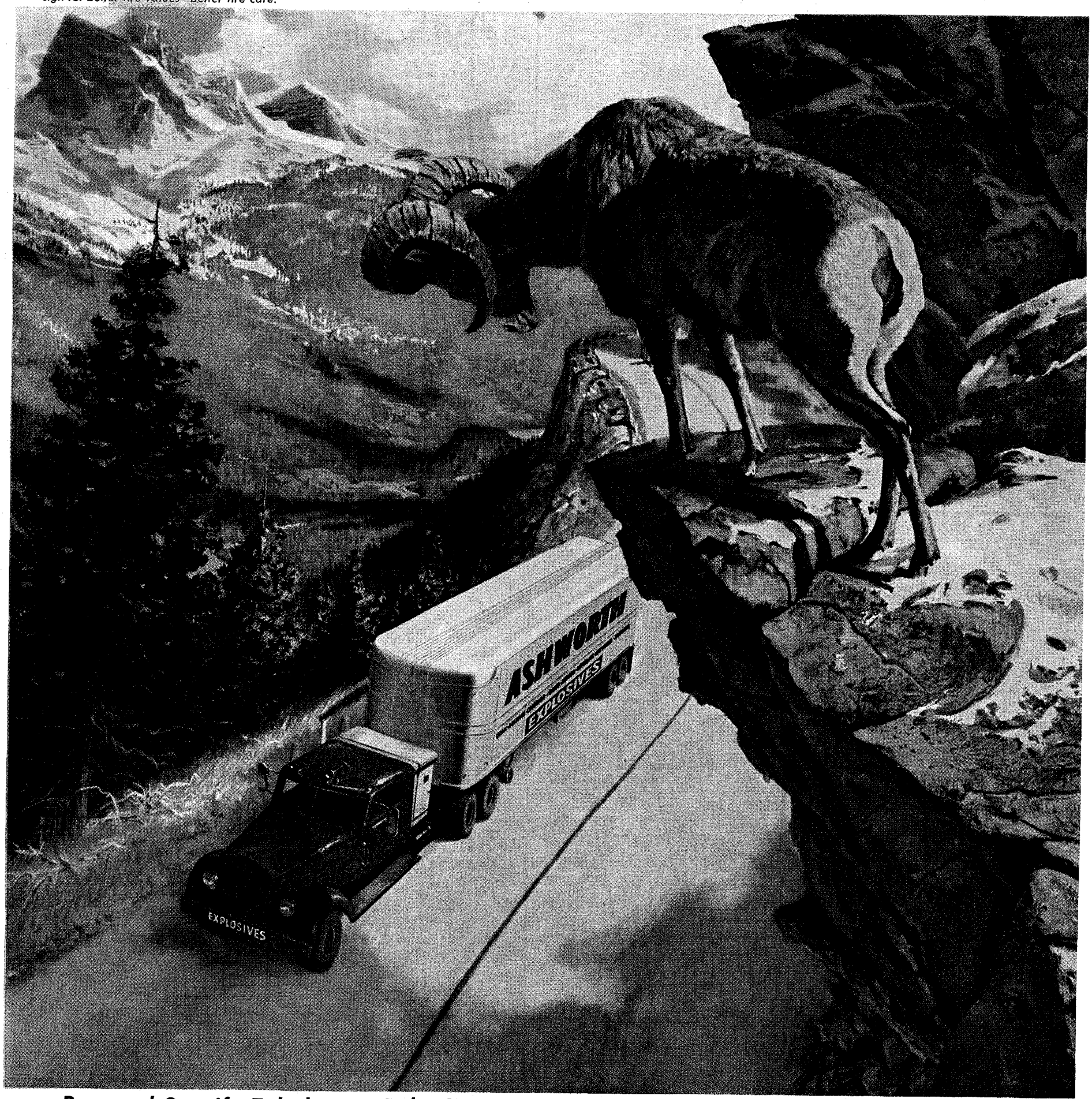
GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care.

"With us, a sideslip



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could be playing with dynamite!

But we haven't had sideslip or jackknife troubles since switching to HI-MILER CROSS-RIB."

HOW ASHWORTH TRANSFER CO., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, LICKED JACKKNIFE PROBLEMS—GAINED LONGER TREAD-LIFE:

"Our 280 vehicles haul practically anything. Even a 167-ton barge for atomic submarines is all in our day's work.

"High explosives, too—we specialize in them," continues Vice President Glen Ashworth. "And with such cargoes over our tough mountain runs, a bad sideslip or jackknife could make headlines the driver would never read!"

"But we haven't had a bad sideslip or any jackknife since we switched to Cross-Rib," observes Ashworth Yard Manager Everett Taylor. "Not even on the Continental Divide—where a tire failure would be disastrous.

"And that's not all. Uncle Sam is fussy about explosives hauling—makes rigorous depot checks. In the 2 years before Cross-Rib, we had 50 to 60 loads rejected because of tire wear, tread cracks, bruises and the like. *But in our year with Cross-Rib, not a load has been turned down because of tires!*

"That, alone, makes the Cross-Rib worth while—and we're way ahead in other ways, too:

"*Our particular operation hasn't had a single Cross-Rib blowout, bruise-break or tread split*—even on runs more off-road than on!

"We're hanging up tread-mileage records, too. Cross-Ribs are running 100,000 miles and more—and plenty of tread still on them! On our operation, that was formerly unheard of.

"No matter how you look at it—traction, safety, long tread wear or low cost-per-mile—I say Cross-Rib HAS it!"

Ashworth Transfer Company has pioneered intermountain transportation since 1913—and serves Utah, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico.

SEE WHAT TRUCKERS SAY ABOUT NEW HI-MILER CROSS-RIB:

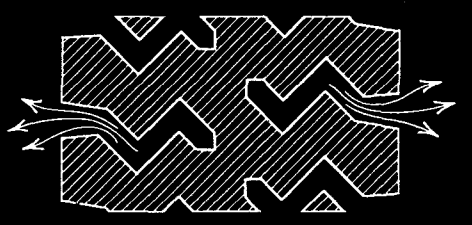
- 76% more original mileage than on former heavy tread tires! *(State of Washington heavy hauler)*
- Less sideslip, longer nonskid wear than any other tire! *(Louisiana produce hauler)*
- 28% more original mileage than any tires we tested! *(West Coast Van Line)*
- Tripled previous tires' mileage—and 50% of tread still left! *(New York, Chicago and Texas hauler)*
- 40% more original mileage than any other tire! *(Mountain state common carrier)*
- 154% average increased mileage over previous tires! *(Eastern U. S. general freighter)*
- Cross-Rib tires still have half their nonskid depth, while other tires on same loop are worn to carcasses! *(East Coast tank line)*

Wouldn't *you* like to say things like that? Then try the new Hi-Miler Cross-Rib on your own vehicles—and prepare to see them far outdo any other heavy-tread highway tires money can buy! Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

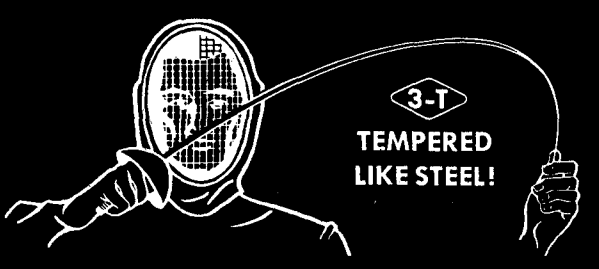
Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

WHY NEW HI-MILER CROSS-RIB SHATTERS MILEAGE RECORDS!

60% THICKER
Nonskid Tread than conventional highway truck tires.



NEW SELF-COOLING DESIGN!
New-principle tread and shoulder dissipates heat, reduces tire temperature. Heat-resistant 3-T Nylon Cord also runs cooler. You get all benefits of thickest approved highway treads and more positive traction—*without added heat-up headaches!*



TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T NYLON CORD
Like steel, tire cord must be *tempered* to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving *Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-tempers* cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—to give you longest tire life, lowest cost-per-mile!

Hi-Miler–T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB TRUCK TIRE

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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(*Continued from Page 62*) doesn't want to get through. But he's moving—his solemn gaze assures you—he's moving, he really is.

The keynote to the basset personality is that he's almost always happy, and if he isn't, he's probably asleep. The sorrowful pup that gives you that long and melting look is in reality suffused with a great and abiding joy. I've owned many dogs, but my basset is the first pooch I ever had that wagged her tail when she was having a puppy dream. The basset is a natural ham. When you laugh at him, his happiness doubles even as his jowls sag. Basically, he's a "people" dog; he wants your undivided attention, but if he can't get that, being near you will do. And that means just as near as he can get. If I'm in the kitchen, my dog Jo settles down for a nap in the kitchen. If I move to the bedroom, she makes the supreme sacrifice of waking up to follow me. With a happy sigh, she stretches out in the bedroom and goes to sleep once more. When I leave, she rouses herself and pads along at my heels, resigned to continuing her nap in some other part of the house.

Bassets don't like to get into water, but I've seen a basset follow his human family right into rough ocean surf. Another basset of my acquaintance was in an upstairs bedroom when his mistress drove off without him; he jumped through the second-story window onto his crooked, two-inch legs and picked himself up and lumbered after her.

However, bassets can't be called one-man dogs. They are devoted to their homes and to their owners; in fact, there are few training schools for bassets because they won't learn from strangers, and many veterinarians have found that a sick basset will get well twice as fast if he's treated at home rather than in an animal hospital. But a basset adjusts easily; he will settle down in a new home quickly and happily, even if he's three or four years old when he makes the change. It's a point in their favor. You can buy a full-grown, well-trained basset, and he'll become "your own" just as completely as if you had owned him since he was a pup.

In the divine scheme of things, there is a reason for everything. The deer was given speed to run from the hungry cougar, the pelican's legs and long bill equip him to catch fish, creatures whose young are easily preyed upon reproduce frequently and in large quantities. But the basset hound? What purpose, divine or otherwise, for the comical collection of physical characteristics which make up a "really good" dog?

All canine breeds are divided into six groups, and the basset belongs in the sporting dog (hound) category. The "points" on which he is judged in dog shows have to do with his efficiency as a hunter.

That rotund rear end which switches from side to side as he walks—that's his "running gear" and it has to be sturdy. That loose skin, falling in folds over his hocks like a pair of droopy socks—he must have loose skin so he can worm his way through underbrush. Those grotesquely big webbed feet—they are efficient (as snowshoes are in snow) for making progress over muddy terrain. The voice that sounds like grandpa cranking up the Model T on a cold morning—that's to make it easier to trail him. It sometimes makes him a good watchdog, too, as long as the burglar can't see what's bellowing at him. If they come face to face, the hound will most likely extend a joyful greeting. Bassets love burglars because they are people. The short legs and long head—that is dog designing at its best. The basset can follow a scent without lowering his nose to the ground; it's already there.

Last, but most important, his acute sense of smell. His nose is second only to that of the bloodhound, and some breeders would reverse the order. On the hunt, this keen nose is his greatest asset. In the home, it can make him pretty hard to live with. He is offended by sharp odors, such as that of fresh fingernail polish. My dog Jo also disapproves of cigarette smoke. With a long, accusing look at the smoker, she turns her back and leaves. If she can't get out of the room, she sits down and wails in fluctuating, minor-key bursts that sound like a Japanese opera star who has forgotten the words. At first, these reactions set in after someone had actually begun to smoke. Now you have only to reach for the cigarette lighter and she flounces out of the room.

If you want to make friends with a basset hound, there's no need to hold out your hand, so that he can take an exploratory whiff; he can smell you from a distance. It doesn't work in reverse, though; the short-haired, silky coat of a basset hound smells like fresh dried hay.

There are people who use a basset in the activity for which he was designed—the Tewksbury foot hunt in New Jersey, for example. In the Midwest you'll find basset hounds that are trained to trail rabbits. But in this country the basset seems destined to see a lot more cameras than he does quail or squirrel. Amateur or professional, he makes people laugh, and to me that makes him twice as useful as the dog that can lead a bunch of hunters after a bunch of bunnies.

Here comes my hound dog now. Ears flapping, eyes misting over with sorrowful joy, tail wagging. I've never seen such a beautiful dog. THE END

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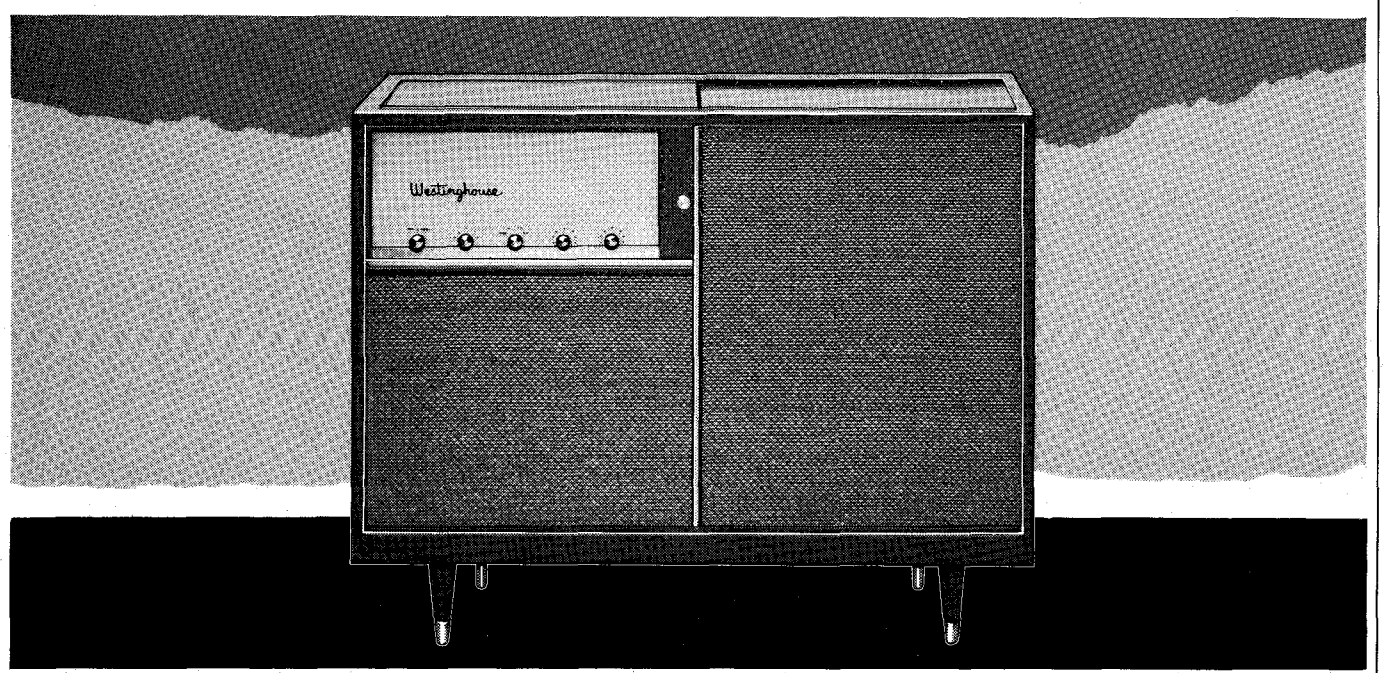

Thousands listening to Westinghouse High Fidelity for the first time are amazed at what they hear... *and at how much they save!* They are discovering that to equal the performance of Westinghouse High Fidelity they would have to pay *far more*. But this is something you must hear to believe. We simply urge you to hear it for yourself, then let your ear decide.

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Television-Radio Division, Metuchen, New Jersey

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Worthless Young Man (Continued from Page 27)

They had to get this one, he thought, for the shot calf was a son of Lamplighter 17th, and the most valuable animal in the lot.

Returning to his bungalow, he called Herb Thompson on the private telephone system which connected the ranches. Thompson was the Trickham veterinarian. After Jess had explained about the wounded animal, he walked into the lighted kitchen and sat down.

His wife put the breakfast on and they sat eating in silence, watching the gray smudge of dawn back of the Piñon Hills. Jess was a graduate in animal husbandry from Texas Tech, and had grown up on the Trickham ranches. He had never worked anyplace else. Both he and his wife knew that in another two years the complicated legal and corporate control of the ranches would be over. Donald Houghton Trickham the Third would be sole owner.

... ...

Feathered Etiquette

By Selma Raskin

Every day we scatter seed.
The birds know this and
come to feed.
Some are rude; no social
graces
Stay them, once they've fed
their faces.
Most, however, are polite.
Perched primly on the
garden light,
The roof, the fence, the
terrace tile—
They wait. (A decent,
proper while.)
And from their operatic
throats
Pour lyric bread-and-butter
notes.

... ...

"The darned fools were shooting at bottles," said Jess, when he was on his second cup of coffee. "And they hit that Lamplighter calf."

His wife's hair was bound in a shawl, but some of the home-permanent curlers were showing. Her face, bare of cosmetics, was beginning to crepe at the chin. She would be a fat woman one day, and now sleep was still a little on her.

"So Lamplighter can have a lot of calves," she said petulantly. "This place has got oil wells all over it, and from what that search team said last week, maybe uranium too. Do you have to go out of your way to buck Donnie, when he'll be hiring and firing here before long?"

"You don't understand." Jess spooned at his coffee. "Even if they find diamonds here, nobody shoots at the stock."

Reaching for his leather jacket, he walked out of the kitchen. He knew he would have to live with this particular complaint for some time. Backing the pickup out of the garage, he drove toward the highway. The lights in the big house were still on, but the cars were gone. Anger flared through him again.

Two miles down the road he saw something in the bar ditch and slowed down. A two-toned sedan was lying on its side, both fenders and doors crumpled in by impact. Beyond, sitting with their backs to a fence post, were a boy and a girl. When Jess stopped, they jumped up and ran toward his pickup.

"That road-hogging Donnie ——" It was the fat boy, and his shirttail was still out. The girl with him was blond, disheveled, and her lipstick was smeared. "We had a lead on him, leaving the house, but he caught up and broadsided us into the ditch."

"He's just plain crazy," affirmed the girl with the smeared mouth. She didn't look old enough to be out in a cold ditch at dawn.

Jess motioned them into the pickup and drove them back to the main house. While they were climbing out, yawning, he asked them to turn off the lights.

"Hattie—that's the cook—will be in around seven, but she won't wake you up. Noontime, thereabouts, I'll drive you into town."

They thanked him, two fatigued children with shadows under their eyes, and trudged inside the house. Jess Olden wheeled the pickup around and drove east again. *Donnie crowded them into the ditch,* he thought idly; *Donnie's a real cutie, with his foreign juggernaut and his entourage of baby clowns.*

Donnie and his girl were silent as the low car sped along. Lucinda Claiborne was a tiny girl, darkly pretty. Her ankles were too thick for her diminutive figure, but she covered this fault by wearing slacks or boots whenever possible. Now, as the silver Mercedes went ghosting along the dawn road, she had on jodhpurs and a mink jacket, and her hair was wrapped in a crimson turban.

The long car went sliding around milk-delivery trucks and early drivers with fluid ease, passing sometimes on the left and sometimes on the right. Donnie Trickham never used the horn. He had bought the Mercedes from Juan Fangio, the world racing champion. The car was a custom-tooled, Formula One competition machine, and Donnie had purchased it right off the track, at Le Mans.

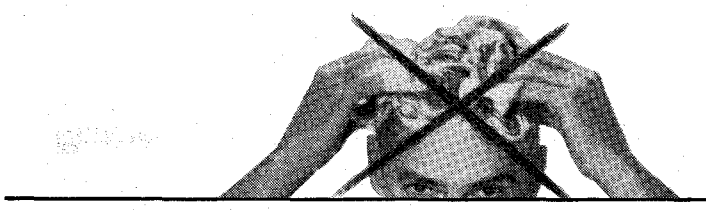
On leaving the ranch house, the racing job had roared away with the other cars. But in one of the long stretches, Donnie had got heavy-footed and the trailers had dropped back as abruptly as if they had hit a barrier. Indeed they had, because the Mercedes was winding up at slightly under 130 miles an hour.

Donnie was restless, so he took the Lake Brazos cutoff road to get rid of his friends, and after twenty more minutes came to a sliding halt beside the boathouse. Unfastening the seat belts, he helped Lucinda out. When he had got his boat keys, they went down the catwalk to the cruiser's berth.

Lucinda cast off with accustomed ease, and the twin engines growled as Donnie jockeyed the rakish cruiser into the channel. The girl stood on the bow with her legs braced, and smiled back at Donnie behind the wheel. Going into the lake proper, he opened the cruiser up some and her angle changed. She planed onto the step, pluming fans of water.

They roared back and forth, sometimes near the wooded shores, and once very near the restricted spillway area. There, red signs shouted danger, for the lake water dropped precipitously into deep hydroelectric sluiceways. Donnie liked to get close enough to feel the strong current pulling him toward the sluices, and then power the cruiser away to safety.

The sun peeped over the hills and began to dispel the mists that fringed the



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with just 3 applications!

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coves. Donnie and Lucinda went swimming, so casually and expertly as to seem amphibious creatures. After twenty minutes of thrashing around playfully, they climbed back up the rope ladder to the deck. Donnie put a pot of coffee on the galley stove.

Although he was only nineteen, and Lucinda a year younger, they had been going together ever since the idea had first occurred to him. Now she was watching his face, intent on coffee making, and wondered if he would ever marry her. Her dilemma was not economic, since her father was a wealthy oil man.

While she watched, Donnie turned and threw up both arms in salute to the rising sun. "Here's a brand-new day, Lu. What's in it for us?"

Laughing, he pulled Lucinda from the bunk and whirled her around.

"Shall we go to the stable and try the new Irish horses? Shall we go downtown and enlist in the Quakers or the Red Cross? Give some blood? Margery's having a luncheon for her Italian count, and we could go over and check his mustache oil."

She was out of breath when he lowered her. The tension was back in him as strong as if he were a steam boiler with no safety valve. He did an impromptu dance out onto the varnished deck planks.

"What shall we do, my little red-hot, with this rare new day?"

"Let's go home," she suggested, trying to take some of the edge off him, "change into our riding clothes and drive out to the stable."

"All right. We'll go back the short way." He pressed the starter button and the boat came to life. Easing the throttles forward, he put the cruiser into a wide arc and winked at Lucinda.

"I wonder," he shouted, "if a man really tried, how high he could drive this thing out of the water?"

"What do you mean?" Lucinda stepped closer to him and put one hand on his arm.

"I mean I think I'll beach her, high and dry." He kept easing the throttles forward. The shore was a couple of miles distant, so he had room for a run. Lucinda pleaded with him over the racketing engines, and he laughed again. Spray was whipping over the bow, soaking them both, and the quivering hull began to pound.

The cruiser was high on the step as she closed the last hundred yards, and the twin engines were roaring at full power. Donnie held her wide open and on course until she slithered all the way out of the water, with her screws screaming at the air. The boat was beached. She slid along for several yards, crunching, and heeled over to port.

There were crashing sounds from the galley. Lucinda turned and flung her arms against the cabin bulkhead, and glass cracked and timbers groaned as the cruiser rolled. Donnie was still laughing and fighting the wheel. As he was thrown down by the final crash, he glanced back with satisfaction at the strip of beach between the cruiser and the water.

The sound of the crash was still racketing around the cove as Lucinda slumped over the rail to the ground. Her hands were flung out to break her fall, and her cheek was bleeding from a long scratch. She lay sprawled for a few seconds, then lifted her head to stare at Donnie.

"You ignorant fool!" she said, and he turned with one eyebrow lifted in quizzical amusement. "Tearing the guts out of that nice boat just because you don't know what to do with your life! Can't you do anything but smash things?"

"Now, Lu——" He took a step toward her, but she shook her head violently and screamed at him. There was an edge of hysteria in her voice.

"Just nothing!" she shouted. "Take your last name away and you wouldn't be anything. Not a shoeshine boy, not even a clerk, just nothing!"

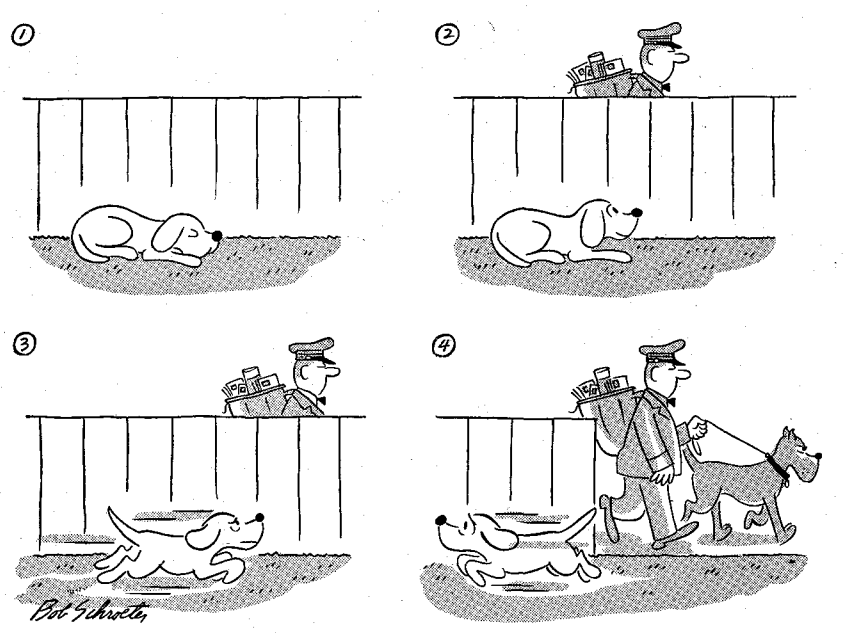
Getting to her feet, Lucinda blinked back tears and went limping toward the highway. Donnie stood silently, watching her go, and the characteristic sullen frown was stamped across his face like a mask.

An hour later he rounded the last point to the boathouse on foot and went into the little café for a cup of coffee. There, to an astonished dockman, he gave orders for the cruiser to be refloated. He paid for his coffee and walked out to unlock his car, knowing that the dockman and the fry cook were talking about him, and not in a complimentary way.

He was in a black mood, and the tires of the silver Mercedes wailed as he swung it onto the highway. As the car picked up speed, Donnie swerved onto the shoulder to pass a slower vehicle, on the wrong side. As usual, the boy did not sound his horn, and the startled driver of the other car jumped when the silver hood came gliding by. The man shook his fist.

"Idiot!" he roared.

(*Continued on Page 70*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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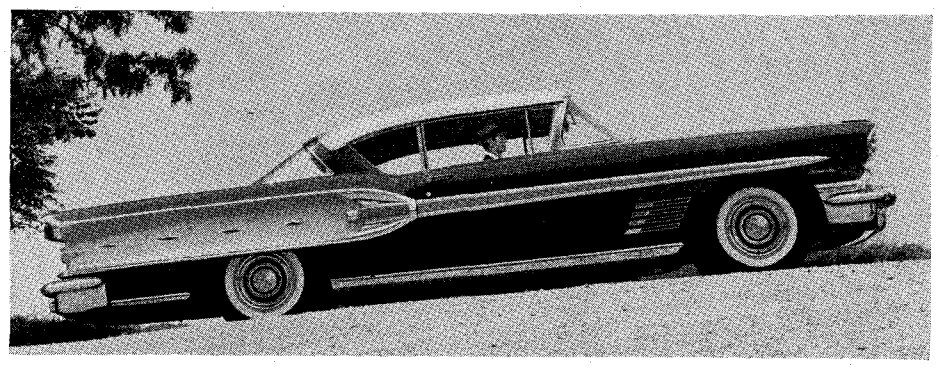

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(*Continued from Page 68*) Donnie frowned and slowed down, letting the other car overtake him. The middle-aged man was red in the face, almost apoplectic with anger. He shouted again, and then jerked his wheel sharply as the Mercedes shot forward and began to curb him.

The low juggernaut rammed his right-front fender and shunted him onto the shoulder of the highway. When the other car was penned to a stop, Donnie jumped out and strode toward the angry man. The boy's right fist was cocked.

The foreman felt uncomfortable on the exquisite chair with the golden, lyre-shaped legs. When Mrs. Trickham, Donnie's mother, motioned at the decanters on the sideboard, he shook his head. She was a lady who had been made elegant at great cost, but there was more to her than that. A second glance went beyond the blue-gray coiffure and smart frock to the tanned face and weathered hands. At fifty-three, Mrs. Trickham still golfed, rode point-to-point, and in most things was a very capable lady.

"He's done it this time, Jess," she said, with a v of displeasure between her eyes.

"It appears that way, yes, ma'am." Olden rubbed his neck; he seemed unsure of himself. Mrs. Trickham didn't help him. Her poise collapsed, her eyes filled with tears and she began to cry.

"It must be my fault," she said brokenly, "but I've tried everything; all the money, all the schools, even an analyst."

"Too much money, maybe." Jess shifted and waited until she had fumbled out a handkerchief and dried her eyes.

"Sorry, Jess. I don't do that often." She straightened. "Donnie used to admire you more than anybody in the world; he used to follow you around that ranch like a young puppy. Isn't there anything you can do or help me do?"

Olden steepled his fingers and stared at them. "The boy's facing a charge of criminal assault, and if it hadn't been for those high-powered attorneys of yours, it would be attempted manslaughter. The newspapers have played the thing so big that everybody around here's howling for his scalp. And frankly, a little time in prison might shake Donnie up, show him that he's not really the king of creation."

Mrs. Trickham lifted her head to stare at him, and there was silence in the paneled drawing room. Her scarlet mouth had hardened and no hint of tears remained in the piercing gray eyes.

"We're not talking about something you read in the newspapers," she said slowly. "We're talking about my son, and he's in trouble."

The lean foreman shrugged slightly, as if the words she was not saying put a great weight on him. He arose, frowning, and shook hands with her. "All right," he said. "It's a tough assignment, Miss Alicia. But I'll do what I can."

"Thank you, Jess."

Her grip was firm and grateful, and he murmured good-by and walked out of the room. Downstairs in the foyer, he met the butler bearing his battered hat. The butler was an Eastern fellow who had served in several prominent families, and he held the hat gingerly.

"I know it doesn't look like much," said Jess, poking the flaring hat on his head, "but it cost forty bucks, new."

The butler gave him a gracious nod and opened the door. Jess walked outside into the sunshine, wondering how he could possibly help Donnie Trickham. He was not even sure he wanted to help the boy, but there was an old allegiance involved that his family had always held to be important.

There was a vapor of discontent in Judge Sims' mind. He was a little man with thinning gray hair, perched forward in a worn leather throne. His legs were too short to reach the dais, so he had an upholstered box for his feet to rest on. The judge was discontented about several things.

He was master of the 39th Circuit Court, at least until the next election. Now he had a much-publicized case to decide, and he reflected for the thousandth time that it would be better if smoking were not permitted while court was in session. He had, after years of struggle, established that counsel must wear jackets and neckties—and abolished the spittoons—but he was still losing on the smoking question.

Judge Sims did not like the defendant, Donald Trickham the Third. He had known Trickham's father, and had not liked him either. But he would hand down a decision based on the applicable law and statutes, and that was that.

There was no jury. The counsel had finished their summations and it was nearly time for Judge Sims to pass judgment. He reflected somberly, moving his little feet on their box, that the thing might be a built-in booby trap. The Trickham family was powerful, and the judge didn't want to send the boy to the penitentiary. But he had no intention of pulling his punch.

Leaning forward, he stared down at the young defendant, flanked by his expensive attorneys.

"The defendant is charged with a criminal offense," he said dryly, "and he has refused to testify in his own behalf. He had that right. Does he now wish to make any kind of a statement?"

Donnie Trickham's counsel both arose, but the judge waved for them to be seated. The old jurist peered down at the boy through his glasses, which had slipped almost to the tip of his sharp nose. Donnie yawned, and spoke without arising.

"Spare me the platitudes, judge," he said in an amused tone. "I've got a box of them at home."

Donnie's friends were scattered throughout the crowded courtroom, and they snickered. Judge Sims nodded and rapped once with his gavel.

"I find the defendant in contempt of court, and fine him fifty dollars," he said.

Donnie twisted in his chair; his hands were limp between his knees.

"Your honor," he said, "I don't think fifty dollars will begin to express my contempt for this court."

The courtroom was silent then. One of Donnie's lawyers half turned to regard the boy with amazement, and the clerk of the court lifted his head to stare.

"All right." Judge Sims nodded again. "I will assess a contempt fine of five hundred dollars. Is that a little closer to the defendant's view of these proceedings?"

"You're getting warmer, judge," said Donald Trickham the Third. He was looking out the window. Briskly, Judge Sims raised the fine to a thousand dollars, and announced that he would give his decision at the afternoon session; that, until two P.M., the 39th Circuit Court was recessed. The courtroom was filled with an excited buzzing as the bailiff called out the recess and his honor walked down the two steps and into his chambers.

When the knock came on the door, Judge Sims said, "All right," but a trifle thickly. His mouth was filled with chicken sandwich, and a pot of coffee stood on the tray before him. A tall man in tailored gabardines, holding a dusty hat, stood in the doorway looking at him.

"Your honor," the stranger said, "I hate to interrupt your lunch, but the time was so short ——"

"What do you want?" asked the judge.

"I'm Jess Olden, foreman of the Trickham ranches, and I wanted to talk to you about this boy."

Judge Sims nodded toward a chair. The lanky visitor closed the door and sat down across from him.

"Were you in court?" asked the judge. "Then you heard the whippersnapper make an ass out of himself. So what is there to say? The charge is assault with a deadly weapon. Trickham curbed the car of a peaceful citizen and nearly killed him. On this count, the boy can be sentenced to three to five years, and that's what I plan to give him."

"I know, your honor. The provocation is extreme, and he is guilty. But I think a jolt in Huntsville will only make him meaner. Then they've got to turn him loose, and what happens?"

Judge Sims nipped the tip off a cigar and spat it out. "What's your answer, Mr. Olden? Do you suggest I give him a not-guilty and two dozen roses?"

"No, sir." The foreman's slate-colored eyes were direct on him. "But I thought you might be willing to listen to my idea. You could hold sentence in abeyance, and if my plan didn't work, you could always throw the book at him."

"Not necessarily," said Judge Sims. "He's well represented. And I'm listening, but I warn you I'm not very receptive."

Jess Olden rammed one fist into the other palm as he talked. He turtled his head as he tried to make the judge see. He said that Donnie's grandfather had ridden across an unbroken prairie swale to the site of the present headquarters ranch. At a time when the buffalo were still thick there. Long before any town had existed, old man Trickham had reined in his horse on the banks of the Mukewater River, with all his belongings strapped on a pack horse behind him. There the old man had said, "This looks likely. Let's stop here."

Jess Olden told the things his father and grandfather had told him. How, as the ranch grew and the Indians were beaten off, that first Trickham had become a legend in the land. Indeed it was said of him that all his debts could be secured by a new rope and some uncaught wild horses.

Men less hardy, moving herds toward Colorado or the territory of New Mexico, had sometimes abandoned their cattle and given up. Not once, but many times, that original Trickham had paid spot cash for herds he had never seen or counted, herds that were blizzard-dispersed or "stompeded" by the Indians. All he had ever wanted to bind such a bargain was another man's word.

"He was tough, too, your honor," explained Jess Olden earnestly. "He killed a few men. Always in defense of his property, but he killed them. If you had him, this pioneer, in your court right now, you might have to send him to Huntsville. But you could never do that, because he helped, more than any man for a thousand miles around here, in sluicing this American society westward.

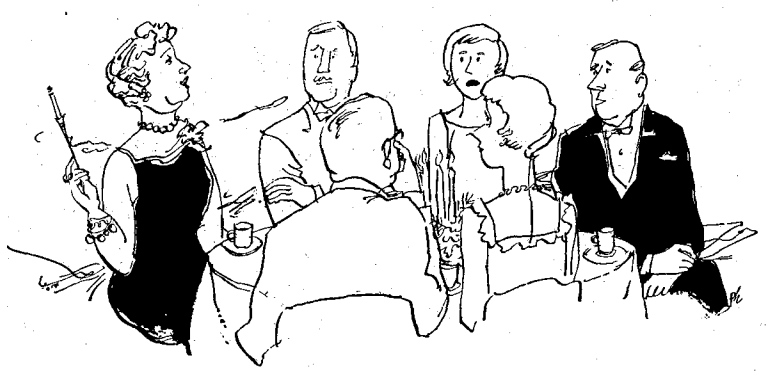
"Now you've got his grandson here, and he's a problem. But I don't think integrity, durability and survival can go entirely out of a family in three generations. I think this boy has the same qualities that the old one had. I think that strongly enough to stick my neck way out." . . .

When the bailiff came to the door to ask if he should convene the court, Olden was still talking and Judge Sims, sitting back with his fingers on his lips, was still listening. The judge told the bailiff to wait a few minutes.

"You're a fool, Olden," said his honor finally. "I don't think the thing will work, and I'm fairly sure you'll get fired for your trouble."

Olden nodded. "I talked about that with my wife. But there's no easy way, and we're ready to take the chance."

Judge Sims arose and walked into his court. Everyone was standing, and the hum of (*Continued on Page 74*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Bannister, a conversational Niagara with a mere trickle of knowledge, was giving her dinner guests an unrequested lecture on world affairs. Lacking facts, she flooded them with convictions, each more positive than the last.

When her husband, a tolerant soul, tried gently to steer the conversation into channels of more general interest, Mrs. Bannister simply raised her voice and swept away his remarks with a new torrent of words.

Finally, as her guests grew glassy-eyed, she punctuated an extra verbal burst by stating: "Now, if I am not completely right, as I am sure I am, stop me ——"

"How, dear?" her husband asked plaintively.

Leone Willett

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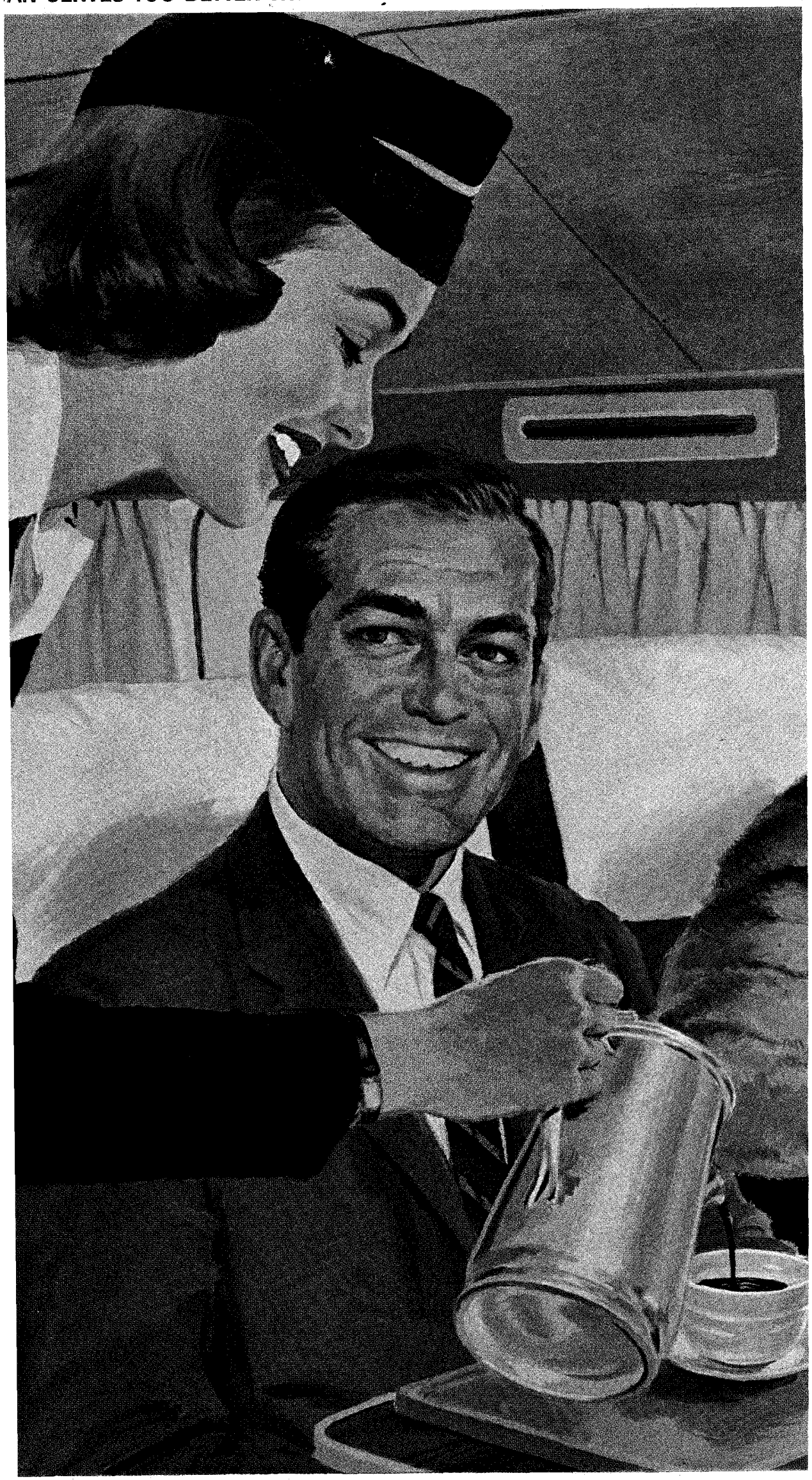

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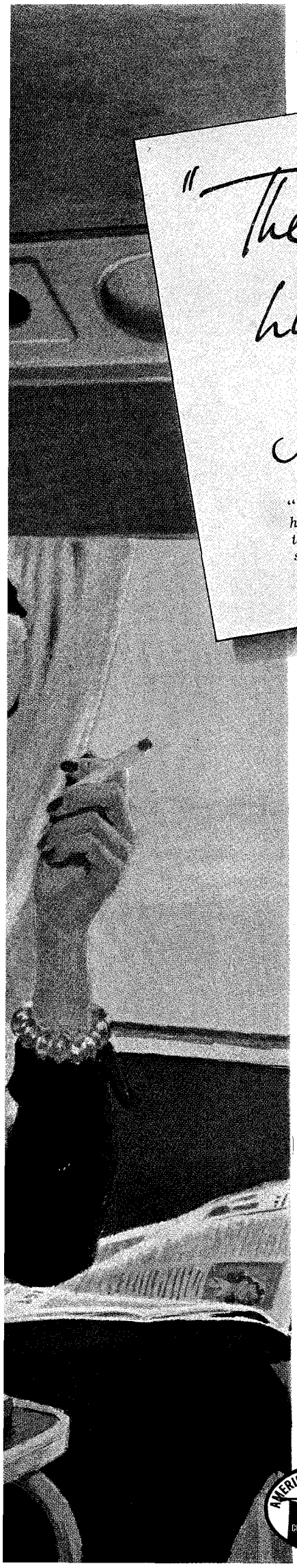

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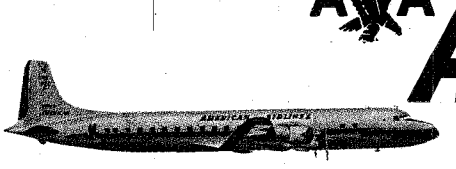

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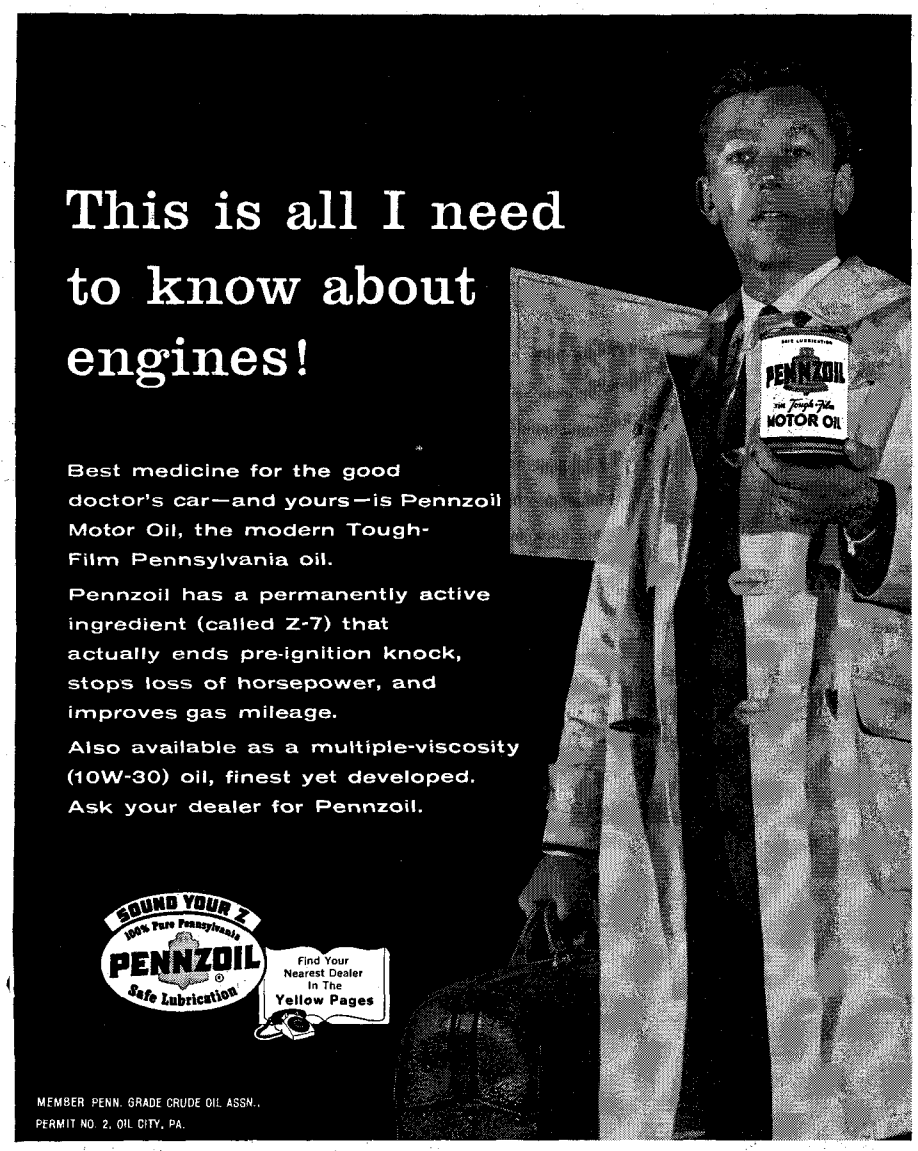
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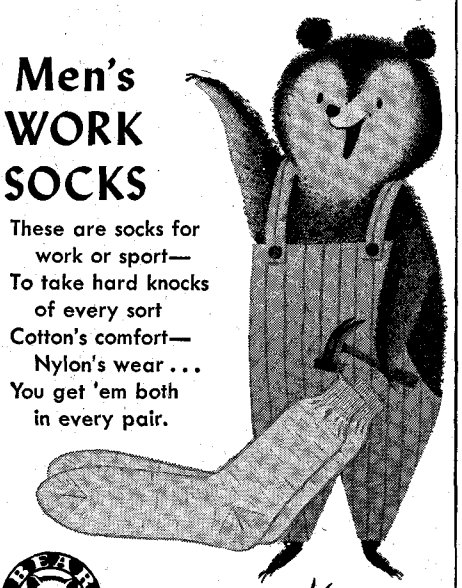

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® *Guaranteed Quality Hosiery Since 1893*

(*Continued from Page 74*) conversation lessened as he settled in his chair and rapped for order. The press was waiting expectantly, because the trial was getting a play by the press-association wires. Socialites stopped their chattering to lean forward, and Donnie's friends held up crossed fingers to one another.

The judge disappointed them all. Glancing once at Donnie Trickham's indolent figure, he said briskly that he was suspending judgment for a period of three months. The heads of the defense counsel were lowered, listening. They were still waiting for the boom to fall.

Judge Sims went on to say that the defendant was to be released from custody for the three-month period, and that he was to be paroled to Mr. Jess Olden. That if Trickham violated the parole in any way, his liberty was subject to revocation by Mr. Olden, and the court would sit in immediate judgment. Finally, Judge Sims invited both the district attorney's men and defense counsel to his chambers.

The bailiff bawled again, and his honor moved off the bench. The lawyers were all puzzled, prosecution and defense alike, but welcomed the suggestion because it got them off the hook. The reporters scratched their heads and wondered. It looked like a whitewash job, since Olden was foreman for the Trickhams. Still, they couldn't be sure, and they conjectured as to why the judge should have taken so merciful a course after young Trickham had insulted him in his own domain.

Donnie Trickham knew it was no whitewash. He sat bolt upright, tensed and wary. Because something unpredictable had entered the equation, and he read it plain in Jess Olden's hard gaze.

When they reached the ranch, Donnie jerked his bags from the back end of the pickup and started toward the main house.

"No," said Olden, and the boy turned. "It's different now. You'll stay down yonder with the other hands, in the bull pen. And you'll take chow with them."

They stood staring at each other in the dusk. Finally the boy turned and went toward the cowboys' bunkhouse. Nine of the punchers were eating dinner at a long table, and they glanced up as Donnie stepped inside.

Hattie, the Negro cook, came out of the kitchen to greet him fondly, but the boy only nodded. The men at the table were silent; they continued to watch as Donnie followed Hattie's ample figure down to the small room that had suddenly become his home.

When the cook had gone out, promising to bring him a plate, he closed the door and sat down on the bed. It wasn't bad—innerspring mattress, clean sheets, and two blankets with the Lazy T that was the Trickham brand woven into them. As he unpacked, Donnie was thinking that he had never been in the bunkhouse before; that now he was virtually a prisoner on his own property. That was only a part of it. The eyes of the cowboys seated at the long table had told him something, too, and it made him thoughtful. Lighting a cigarette, he began to pace the narrow room.

As he was shaken roughly out of sleep, Donnie had two fleeting thoughts. The first was, *I didn't have a drink last night*, and the second was, *What time is it?* Because the window showed darkness outside. Jess Olden was standing over him, and had switched on the light. The foreman said "Good morning," without emotion, and instructed Donnie to meet him in twenty minutes at the garage.

Donnie nodded groggily and peered at his wrist watch. It was 4:20. The bunkhouse had noises—men's muted voices, a radio playing and the smell of bacon frying. When he was dressed in his English riding pants, jacket and jumping boots, Donnie walked to the kitchen. Hattie gave him a cheery greeting and a plate of hot waffles, and when he was seated, she poured him a cup of coffee.

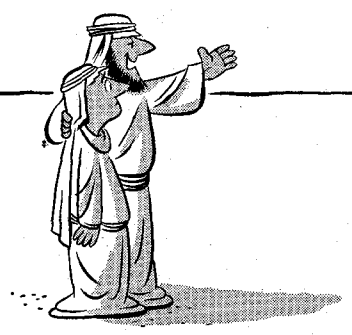
Several times Donnie looked up to find the cowboys staring at his full-skirted coat in solemn-faced amusement. But nobody spoke to him, and he finished his breakfast and walked down to the garage. Jess Olden was in his office, telephoning, and the boy waited in the cool morning air. When the foreman came out, shrugging into a leather jacket, he glanced once at Donnie's riding clothes, but did not comment.

Dawn was breaking over the hills when Jess stopped the pickup on a brushy knoll. Together, they unloaded the posthole diggers and the spools of barbed wire. The work was obvious and unnecessary; they were replacing an old fence. Unnecessary because there was a mechanical posthole digger in the equipment barn with a mobile power unit.

It was hard work. The subsoil was *caliche*, and the posthole diggers bounced off it like a baseball bat off an inflated tire. After three hours, Donnie thought his wrists were going to break. He was sweating freely and had discarded the imported jacket. Jess Olden was working beside him, matching him hole for hole.

At noon, Olden handed him a lunch sack, and they sat on the ground to eat. Donnie's hands were worn raw in the palms. Jess noticed it, and when the lunch and a smoke were over, he threw the boy a new pair of cotton gloves. Donnie had not said a word since they had started, but, pulling the gloves on his tender hands, he winced.

An hour later he straightened up and asked if he could go to the pickup and get a drink of water. Jess nodded without looking up, and Donnie walked away, testing his back. There was a sudden hum, and the pickup roared away. Donnie had



FRANK O'NEAL
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Someday, son, all this will belong to you."

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jumped into it, and was floor-boarding the accelerator.

Unhurriedly, the foreman reached for the rifle he had cached in a mesquite clump, and strode to the top of the little hill. Kneeling, he sighted in on the road, and as the speeding pickup rounded into view, he fired and blew out a front tire. That set the vehicle to wabbling, but Donnie was still trying to drive it away. So Jess blew out a back tire, too, and put a shot through the top of the cab.

Dropping the rifle, Olden arose and walked down the hill. Donnie was sitting motionless behind the wheel of the pickup, and Olden opened the door and dragged him out by the shirt front.

"You held out a while longer than I figured," he said. "Now let's see how you can scuffle."

Tipping up Donnie's chin with his gloved left hand, he knocked him down with a jolting right. Donnie fell sprawling; he growled deep in his throat, and got up. Rushing at Olden, he landed a few blows before he was knocked down again.

"Nobody to help you," said Olden, panting. "Get up!"

Donnie got up. He was crouched; he came weaving in, feinted expertly, and caught Jess with a solid right hand. That was a mistake. Although the foreman grunted with pain, he stepped in close and opened up with a barrage of short hooks to the midsection. Donnie didn't like it down there; he had been living too well, and in a few seconds he was falling backward into the thorned mesquite.

He came again, but wearily. The grim foreman, one side of his mouth smeared with blood, spun him around and ordered him to change tires on the pickup. After watching the boy reel toward the truck, Olden went back up the hill for his rifle. He sat with it canted across his lap as Donnie wiped sweat off his forehead and paused in changing the tires.

"Sitting there with your fowling piece ready," the boy said bitterly. "Why didn't you let them go ahead and send me to the bucket? It wouldn't have been any different there."

"Yes, it would," said Jess Olden tranquilly. "Very few prisoners get to improve their own property." He lighted a cigarette and stared at Donnie over the match flame he had struck with his thumbnail. "Besides, we're going to be real neighborly before you finish here. Either that or you won't throw enough shadow to cover a gnat."

Donnie served his time. And, for the first three weeks, it was very hard time. He was awakened before dawn every day, even on Sundays, and given all the dirty, back-breaking jobs that Jess Olden could devise. At night, aching and resentful, he toppled into his bed almost immediately, sometimes without his supper. He learned the hard way that the muscles employed for polo, dancing and swimming are not the same ones called into play for posthole digging, flopping calves and dehorning.

By the fourth week he was beginning to tighten up. His face and forearms were deeply tanned, he had shucked off twelve pounds and looked much fitter. In that fourth week he had his only minor triumph. Like all large spreads, Trickham's broke its own horses, and Donnie asked if he could help. The news got around, and when he was ready to top his first mount, the corral fences were well populated.

The horse, a rangy roan, was a tricky sunfisher and promptly unloaded Donnie on the back of his neck. The boy got up laughing and climbed back aboard. He broke four horses that day. He rode them when they went fence-busting, stayed on when they blundered to their knees, and even let one roll under him. His boots came snaking out of the stirrups just in time, and when the mount completed its roll, Donnie was back in the saddle and raking away.

He helped with the branding and spraying, and shunted feeder cattle up the ramp of the railroad spur track, where they would be shipped to Midwestern lots. He bulldozed fire lanes, for the ranges were tinder-dry from the long drought. He rode fence at night, one hand on the butt of a carbine, because rustlers in trucks still steal stock, and he oiled all the harness in the enormous tack room. This last job appealed to him; he liked the smell of the cared-for leather, but he never let Jess Olden know it.

Jess was still piling it on. He spoke to Donnie only in monosyllables, although his wife went to the bunkhouse several times with liniment and mail. The boy thanked her politely, accepted his mail and refused the liniment. He could make or receive telephone calls, but since the phone was in the bunkhouse dining room he did not use it much. Several times his friends drove out to see him during working hours, and Olden told them to come back later. They never did, and Donnie suspected they had only wanted to see the playboy laboring.

Olden, wrapped in aloofness and hard orders, was watching the boy closely as the weeks went by. Although Donnie had never asked for reading matter, the foreman supplied him with daily newspapers and magazines. Also, Jess sent down to the bunkhouse several monographs put out by historical societies, which dealt with Donnie's grandfather's part in opening the country.

NEW automatic single shot 22

WINCHESTER MODEL 55
TRADE-MARK

Here's a radical departure in 22 rifle design — the Winchester Model 55. When the cocking lever is pulled back and released the Model 55 is cocked. Then you put a 22 cartridge on the loading platform and push it into the chamber by depressing the platform, all in one short motion. *This automatically puts the safety on.* You must take safety off before the Model 55 can be discharged. When you pull the trigger, the all new Model 55 fires and *automatically ejects the empty through a port just forward of the trigger guard and recocks itself.* All you do is load and operate the safety, from then on you never cock again. For safety in handling, the Model 55 may be kept open by depressing the loading platform and pulling back the cocking handle. The simplest, safest and most unique 22 made, it's just the rifle to start a youngster off right. All 22's — Short, Long, Long Rifle. $23.95 *Price subject to change without notice.*

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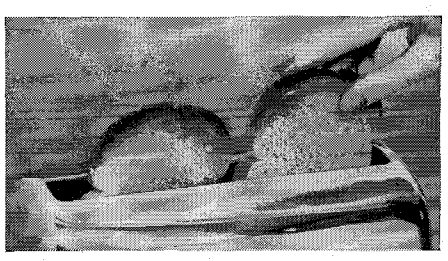
Now...a toaster and "oven" in one!

New General Electric Toast-R-Oven toasts "upstairs"...heats buns and other baked foods "downstairs!"

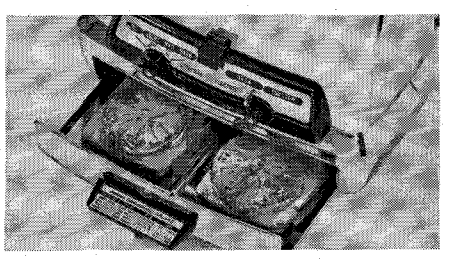
Here's something new in toasters—and new in "ovens," too.

The General Electric Toast-R-Oven does just about *all* your toasting and warming jobs—right at your table. "Upstairs," it makes perfect toast. "Downstairs," it heats rolls, muffins, frozen waffles, the list could go on and on.

Your General Electric dealer has it *now*. See it soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

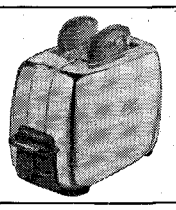


Toasts any shade you want. Just set the control for your favorite shade and press the button. Done! Toast pops up extra high—no digging, no burned fingertips. Bright chrome finish is a breeze to keep clean.



Makes toasted sandwiches, keeps 6 pieces of buttered toast warm at once, does *so* many jobs that used to require range oven. Chart on "oven" drawer shows just-right settings. Drawer pulls out for easy cleaning.

For toast alone, nothing tops the General Electric *truly automatic* toaster. It gives you toast the way *you* want it—every time. Has six-position light-to-dark control, extra-high pop-up, snap-out crumb tray for easy cleaning. At your General Electric dealer's.



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Included in these publications were back numbers of The Cattleman magazine, and a copy of the abstract on the slightly more than 100,000 acres the ranches covered. Donnie never acknowledged receipt of any of these, but one afternoon when his work was over, Jess saw him poking around near the site of the original ranch house.

Donnie was strictly a loner. The silent treatment by the cowboys had stopped, and they often chaffed him over the bunkhouse table, where he was known as the Crown Con, a contraction of "crown prince" and "convict." He took the ribbing good-naturedly, and talked only of matters involved in the daily work.

Jess Olden's office was in one half of the stone building that also housed the ranch vehicles. On his paneled walls were two longhorn heads, a buffalo head, a picture of Pan Zareta, the famous quarter horse, and many photographs of table-backed Hereford winners which had been shown by the ranch throughout the country. On his desk Jess had a deer's foot made into an ash tray, and a silver Spanish spur.

Olden was waiting, looking out the window at the murky afternoon sky laced with yellow streaks. Thunder was rumbling up in the Piñon Hills. Jess glanced at his watch and switched on the radio by his desk, to get the day's livestock-market quotations from Fort Worth. When Donnie Trickham stepped inside his office, the foreman nodded.

They stared at each other for a few seconds, almost exactly as they had when Donnie had first been brought to the ranch. Nothing had changed between them. The wind had picked up and was a low keening around the building.

"Time's up," said Donnie.

Olden grunted and raked a match across the rowel of the silver spur. "Yep. And except for that first error of judgment when you tried to steal the pickup, you've never bucked or complained. So I guess I'll have to phone the judge and give you a clean bill."

Donnie rubbed his freshly shaven chin. Outside, a long car with a uniformed driver stopped before the office. It was Mrs. Trickham's car, come to take Donnie back to the world he had known before he had been catapulted into three months of manual labor.

"You might have known," said the boy slowly, "that I wouldn't fold under a little hard work. It was good for me, as a matter of fact. I feel better. But what were you trying to prove?"

Olden was staring at a picture of Muy Pronto, the famous Trickham cutting horse which had never been defeated.

"You got a wagonload of guts," he admitted. "I guess I was trying to show you your heritage. And it didn't work." The foreman came around the desk and held out his hand.

Donnie glanced at it, looked up and down Olden's length, and turned out of the office. The driver opened the back door of the glittering car and the boy stepped inside. Left behind in the office, Jess Olden grinned wryly and waggled the hand that had been refused. The radio was still growling and he turned up the volume. He had missed the market reports, and the weatherman was giving a storm warning. Olden listened to the mounting wind and reached for the telephone.

The "blue northers" and "dusters"—the freak storms that sweep without warning over the high plains of the Southwest—are a major headache to the men who work there. When they bring freezing temperatures, drilling rigs must often be shut down, because ice forms on the derricks and can be vibrated loose in jagged projectiles big enough to cut a man in two.

If the temperature drops far enough, cattle driven by the blast will drift against exposed fence lines and stand there until they freeze to death. And when the dust blows, when the whole sky is smudged so dark you can see only a few feet, men must work by touch and breathe through damp masks.

This particular storm came howling out of the mountains, and it was freighted with dust. The long drought had loosened the soil and left the vegetation parched and stalky, so that the wind born in Oklahoma lifted a tremendous reddish haze and whirled it southward across the staked plains. The storm hit so quickly that Jess had to fight his way through a stifling blast to his bungalow.

Out on the highway, Donnie Trickham had ordered the driver to stop the car at the eastern edge of the headquarters ranch. The boy got out and walked to the fence posts, the dry weeds crackling under his shoes, and stood staring across the long swales. In the queer early dusk brought on by the dust storm, he took a last look at the distant ranch buildings

... ...

Thoughts on Opening Someone Else's Medicine Cabinet

What horrid sight is this I see—
This bottle graveyard, drug museum?
How fortunate it is that we
Can't see our shelves as others see 'em!

Norman R. Jaffray

... ...

and started to turn back toward the car. Then he saw it.

Fire bloomed on the horizon, like a little sun erupting. Flaming runners crept from it, smoking through the yellow haze. Donnie plunged back to the car and shunted the startled chauffeur aside. The boy knew, as he swung the long car around deftly, with shrieking tires, that the gale-driven flames would jump any fire lane on the ranch. And the wind was quartering so that the blaze would run right down on the ranch house, the equipment barns and feeder pens.

There was no cattle guard or gate for at least a mile, so he gunned the big car, whipped it into a sliding turn on the highway and gunned it again going into the fence. The barbed-wire strands whanged and the heavy car broke through. It rocked across the pasture like a boat in a heavy sea, because it was not built for that kind of going. But the power was there, and on his way toward the mounting flames Donnie took another fence, head-on and felt something shear off the car.

After hurtling across another pasture, he slammed on the brakes and jumped out. The fire had started at a pumping oil well, and the whole line was feathered with flame. Thirty yards away, a battery of storage tanks was belching fiery streamers, flattened by the lashing wind. The turf to the south was charred, and the fire lanes had already been jumped. Hissing and crackling, the flaming wall was raging over the tindery prairie.

Donnie jumped back into the car and floor-boarded it again, leaning forward over the wheel. The air-conditioning unit was sucking in (*Continued on Page 80*)

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Magic for meatless menus... real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti Dinner

This 12-minute dinner features a *mushroom* sauce prepared just as in the Italian Lake Country—plus quick-cooking spaghetti and tasty cheese. Makes 3 hearty, delectable servings for about 15¢ each. Treat your family this week!

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Maytag Lint-Filter Agitator

Maytag's Exclusive New Lint-Filter works where the lint is. The filter is easy to remove (as shown above), and easy to clean. It fits right into the agitator—out of your sight and out of your way. Lint-Filter never interferes with loading or unloading clothes.

MAYTAG

All-Fabric AUTOMATIC

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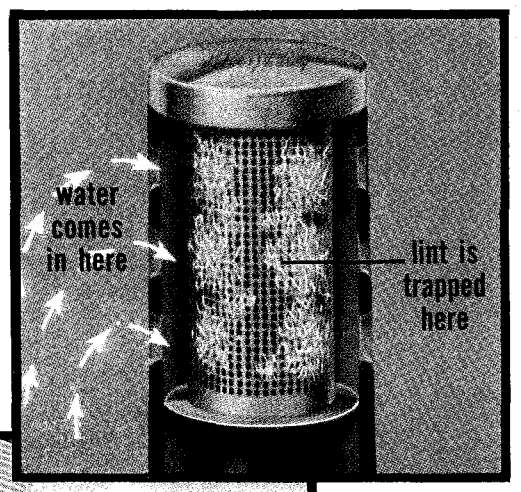
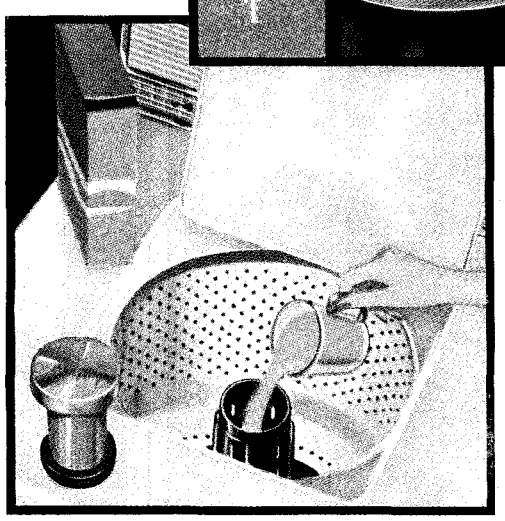
emoves lint, dispenses detergent, pumps suds through clothes



New kind of lint-filter works where the lint is

Filters during wash and rinse cycle. Works with Maytag's 926 lint remover portholes to get rid of more lint than ever before possible. Lint-Filter is easy to clean, never interferes with loading or unloading clothes.

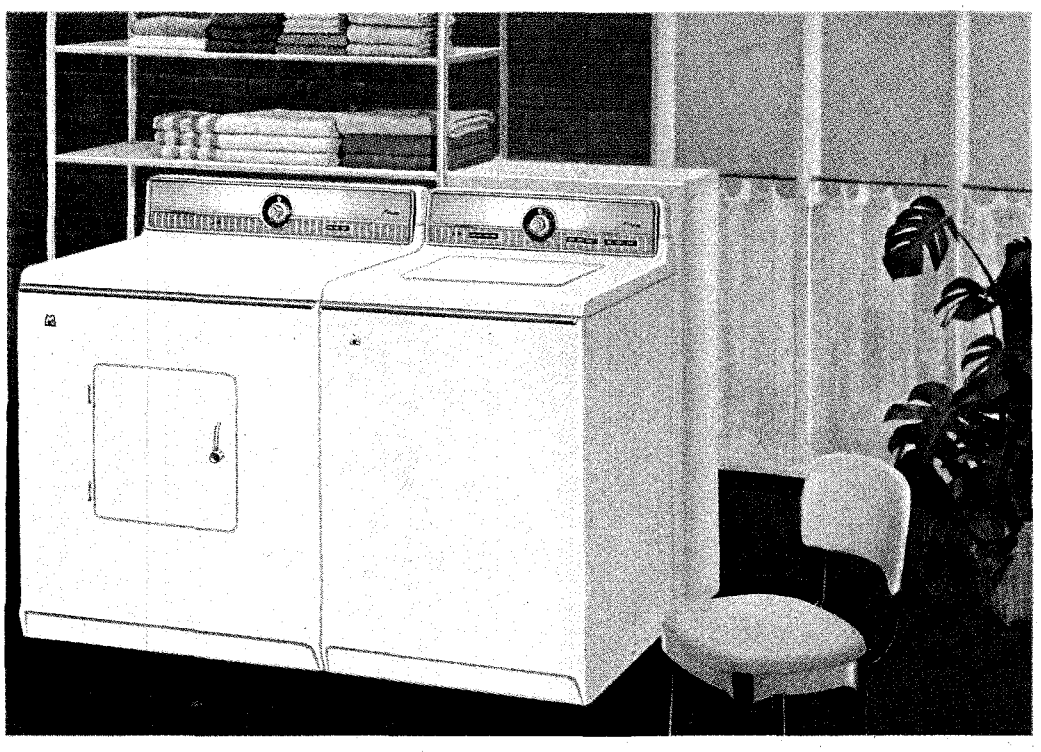


Built-in suds dispenser is right in the agitator

Just pour detergent into the agitator. Dispenser sprays fully dissolved detergent into wash water—automatically. No "globs" of half-dissolved detergent on clothes. 2-cup capacity lets you add water softener if water is hard.

Agitator pumps sudsy water up through clothes

Creates a steady stream of surging suds water that loosens and lifts out dirt. Gets clothes *really* clean. Gives you a new kind of gentle thoroughness with automatic washing.



The New Maytag All-Fabric Automatic offers you *every* modern feature plus the first Lint-Filter Agitator and a built-in Suds Dispenser. In addition it has a new Automatic Rinse Conditioner (softens rinse water) . . . new Pushbutton Water Level Control—saves up to 2500 gallons of hot water every year! And this new Maytag provides 2 wash speeds, 2 spin speeds, and 3 water temperatures including "cold." Available in pink, green, yellow and white, with matching "Halo of Heat" Dryer (gas or electric). As little as $3.50 a week. A complete line of automatics for every budget. Sold in Canada, and throughout the world. *The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.*

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You can trust even your most delicate negligee to your Maytag Automatic . . . with its special "Cold Water Wash" plus extra gentle wash action and slow speed spin. This luxuriously dependable Maytag is also the most completely automatic washer ever made. And, as three generations of Maytag owners can tell you, Maytags sure have a habit of lasting.

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World record outboard run . . . sparked by AC Marine Spark Plugs!

Running continuously for 34 days and 34 nights—through fair weather and foul—refueling and changing drivers on the fly—two outboards circle a Florida test course at a 724 mile per day clip for the amazing total of 25,003 miles! This, the longest, most grueling test ever run on an outboard motor and its components, represents more than eight years of family boating use! *Total elapsed time—827 hours—47 minutes—5.4 seconds. Distance covered—25,003.286 miles. Average speed —30.2 miles per hour. Official observers and timers—United States Auto Club. Two boats started this run—both finished the run.*

Get the extra power and reliability of new AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs—proved again in this unique run.

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(*Continued from Page 76*) acrid fumes, so he flipped it off. The big sedan rocked along wildly, smashing down solidly into depressions he could not see, and the chauffeur bounced around helplessly beside him.

They overtook and raced through the wall of flame about a half mile before Little Bosque Creek, whose bed was dry and narrow. On that crossing, all the springs snapped as they bounced across the creek bed and slewed up the ravines that led to the ranch headquarters. Donnie was fighting the wheel with every jolt, and his nose wrinkled as he realized they were either running with the fenders scraping or the tires had been singed passing through the blaze.

When the car reached Jess Olden's bungalow, the foreman was just hurrying off the front porch. He stared in astonishment at the shambles Donnie had made of the big sedan. The car was rocked sideways, the paint was blistered and seared, and it seemed ready to settle to the ground. Donnie came swinging around the hood.

"Storage tanks in the Burnett pasture caught fire!" he shouted. "She's jumped the gap and is headed straight on down here! Climb in, and we'll go back! The dam ——"

Jess nodded. "O.K., O.K. But take it easy. We better get horses. They handle a little easier in the ravines, and anyway, I don't think that automobile will travel much further."

They went toward the horse corral at a run, and Donnie said that the blaze hadn't made Bosque Creek yet. Jess snatched for bridles, threw one to the boy, and they began to fight saddles onto skittish horses. The howling wind was thick with smoke; it was an integral part of the dust pall that was darkening the sky.

Swinging into the saddles, they went bolting away from the ranch buildings and breasted open the first counterweighted gate. The smell of smoke was so strong that the horses were fighting for their heads. At the end of the first pasture, the terrain was cut by ravines that led down to Little Bosque Creek bed. The footing was rubbly and dangerous, and Donnie had only a glimpse when Olden's horse blundered.

They were pushing downward at too great a speed, and a front leg folded on the foreman's horse. The mount cartwheeled as abruptly as if a giant hand had slammed it over, and then it was lunging up, crazed, with Olden motionless on the ground.

Donnie reined his own horse sharply and swung off. Clutching the reins, he leaned down and tried to lift the foreman, but Olden's lips were flattened in agony.

"Busted her!" he shouted, and Donnie saw the ugly angle where the thigh bone had snapped. He knew the horse must have rolled on Jess good.

"Can't stay here!" the boy shouted back, and bending again, jacked Olden to his shoulder and up behind his saddle. It was quite a chore because his own horse was choused by fear and kept circling.

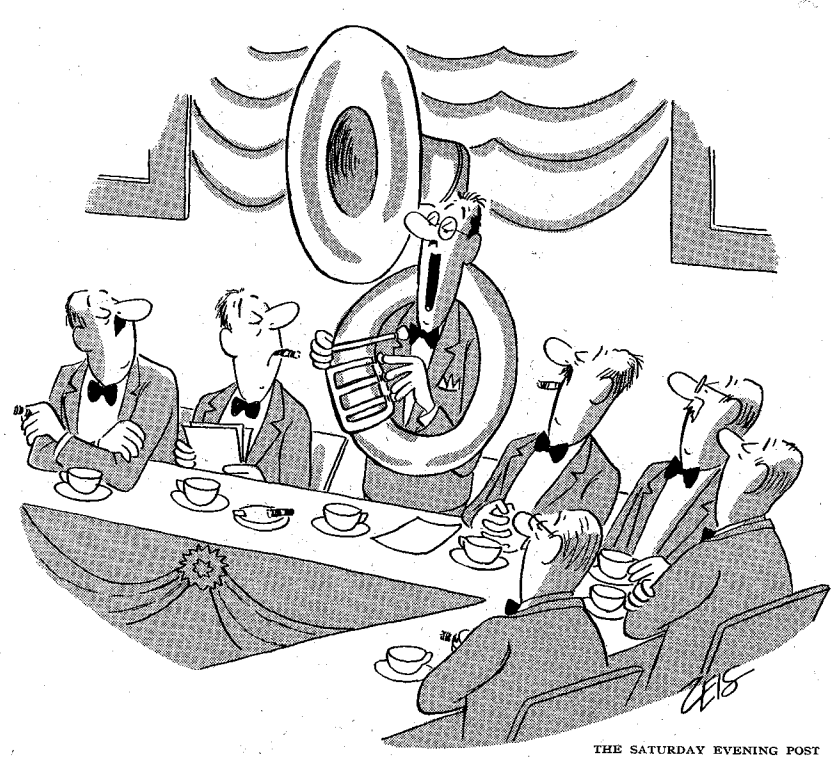
Vaulting back up, Donnie held Olden in place with one hand and fought the nervous horse into the creek bed and up toward the dam. The light was fading steadily, but the north horizon was bright from the approaching fire.

Twice, as the horse curvetted for freedom, Donnie lost his grip and Olden went sliding limply to the ground. Both times the boy halted, he and his lathered mount almost obscured by smoke, and got the foreman back behind the saddle. Face down and dangling, Olden moaned with pain several times, and once shouted something angry and unintelligible. Donnie knew that the grinding thigh bone must be putting him into shock, but there was no help for it.

Olden was out cold when they reached the pump house. Donnie dragged the unconscious foreman inside the cool concrete walls and began to open the three sluice gates. One by one, as he wrenched at the huge valves, the sluices opened and sent plumes of water cascading into the dry creek bed.

When they were all open, Donnie stood panting and licking at his dust-rimed lips. If he had been in time, the stream might act as a cutoff between the ranch buildings and the immediate north pasture. Stepping outside the pump house, he stared eastward. The flames were rolling forward in a fiery wave, and water was rushing down the creek bed. *What else?* he thought frantically. *What other possible way* ——

Cursing himself for having overlooked an obvious (*Continued on Page 82*)



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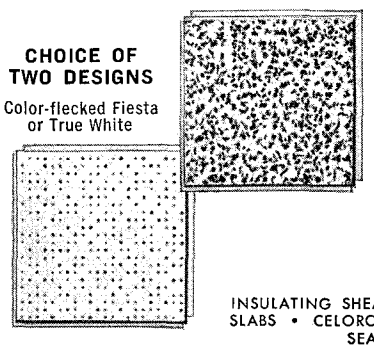

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(*Continued from Page 80*) answer, he scaled onto the horse again and went galloping toward the ranch house. A pickup filled with punchers was heading toward him as he closed the last quarter of a mile, and he waved it back toward the equipment barn.

There, in terse phrases, pawing at his soot-smeared face, he explained about Olden's accident and began to give orders. The men turned to without a question. The Trickham ranch irrigated nearly a section of its own land for feed crops, and the cowboys began to juggle the light-weight pipes out of the barn hurriedly.

With Donnie shouting and straining in advance of everything they did, the men ran a triple tier of the light pipes around the immediate north pasture. Jumping around in the pickup lights, they began to connect the pipes and end sprinklers, and hook them into the main line from the Bosque tank. Donnie, fuming, threw the gate valve too soon and they lost precious seconds while the pumps gouted water onto the ground, drenching the whole crew.

They kept at it, working desperately, men kneeling with wrenches and tongs, silhouetted against the flames. Finally they had the whole battery of sprinklers hooked up tight, and there was a rumble as water went charging down the pipes. Row on row, the big sprinklers began to revolve, and had just soaked through the topsoil when the fiery wall came raging up the ravine. It had jumped the creek, and Donnie had a moment of helpless anguish as he watched the fire roar toward his last barricade.

But not his last effort. By then he had men spraying the north sides of the near buildings and sloshing the roofs. The prairie fire rolled into the tiers of sprinklers and flared upward, as if in anger at being thwarted. While the panting men at the pump heads and on the roofs watched, the conflagration lapped high, diminished and died down.

The wind was still whipping, but there was nothing left to consume. The blaze had left a wide, charred wake of glowing trees and smoldering fence posts, and the distant oil tanks were still lighting up the night, but the fire was stopped.

Donnie took a deep breath and glanced around him at the buildings. There were lights on in some of the houses, and the pens were filled with lowing and bellowing stock. He stared at his burned hands and thought, *It was a near thing. We nearly didn't survive it.*

Then, after asking two of the punchers to drive up for Olden and shut off the sluices, the boy walked unsteadily toward the oddly sagging car and drove it away.

Jess Olden was eating a solitary supper in his bungalow at the ranch when someone pressed the door buzzer. Laboriously, the tall foreman fitted the crutches under his arms and went swinging through the house. His right thigh was encased in a cast that was already becoming discolored under the slit trousers leg. Donnie Trickham was standing outside in the dusk.

"Hey, boy!" the foreman said. "Come on in!"

He swung back toward the kitchen, explaining that his wife was at a county-school-board meeting, and Donnie sat down across from him. The boy had a peeled look. His eyebrows had been burned off, and there was a bandage covering the top of his right ear. Olden got another cup and poured coffee for them both.

"You pulled a real rannigan," he said casually. "You were the biggest thing around here since cellophane. Then, bang, you bolted and disappeared."

Donnie Trickham sipped his coffee. "That foofaraw made me nervous. I been doing crazy things all my life. Then, because I toted your worthless carcass half a mile, maybe helped save the ranch, I was a big deal. Only I wasn't, and I had to smoke things over."

"Yeah." Jess was watching him steadily. "You did real well, though. Your grandfather used to say of a man, when he liked his style, that he was a roper and a rider and a pretty darned good windmill fixer. I think the old gent would stack that title on you right now."

"Nuts." The boy looked up. "Funny. Something happened when I saw the fire start and realized that the work of so many years was about to be wiped out." He pawed at his cheek. "First thing I thought of when I saw the flames was, here it all went. All the work of old Trickham One, before they invented barbed wire, all the work of hundreds of hands ——"

"Go on," said Olden.

"So you could help me, Jess. I could live here on the ranch and learn something about running it."

Olden lighted a cigar and took a few puffs from it. Calves were bawling outside in the night, and pumping units throbbed like irregular heartbeats.

"No problem there," said the foreman. "The place belongs to you, or will very soon."

"You don't understand." Donnie was tracing on the tablecloth with a knife. "I could move out here and big-shot around for a while; then drift back to the martini circuit when I got bored. The difference is important, Jess, and it's not a question of ownership. Right now, the ranch is more yours than mine, and I'd have to invest a power of work and sweat in it before the ownership really began to pass to me. That was something I didn't understand until you thumped it into me the hard way. The fire was only a test."

The foreman's eyes narrowed, because he had not thought the boy capable of the concept. Gruffly, he suggested that they go down to the office and look over the files. He explained in gentle irony that it wasn't all flanking calves, branding and busting horses; keeping the books on a spread that size was a skull-buster too.

Together, they went down between the high corral fences. The stars were out. There was a radiance over the rolling plains with their burned swath, and the rocky escarpment that led to the Piñon Hills. The rubber tips of Olden's crutches squealed on the brick walk.

"Jess," asked Donnie doubtfully, "I'm kinda sudden. Do you think I can make it?"

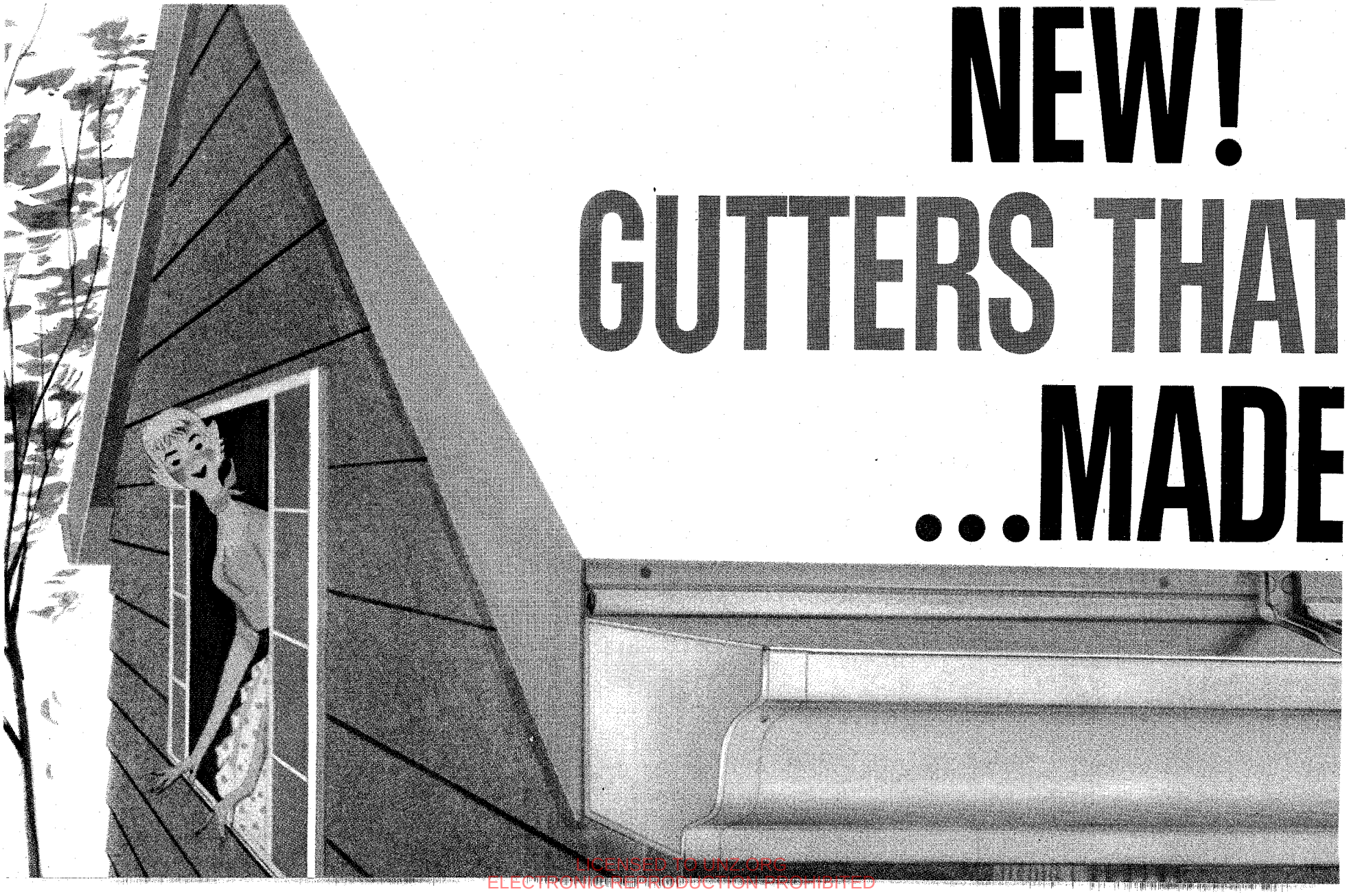
The foreman stopped. His voice, when it came, was oddly pitched. "Boy," he answered, "you're like that rabbit the greyhound was after. Make it? You've got to make it!" Leaning forward on the crutches, he threw an arm out at the plains and his voice was angry. "Don't you think it will be a good thing to have a working Trickham on this land again?"

"Yes, sir," said Donnie.

"You're rowdy and wild and dangerous, but you're a going concern in a chancy world. When you get untracked, maybe this ranch won't be big enough to hold you. But I'll be mighty pleased to do what I can to help. And for all your rock-headedness, if the republic gets in danger again, I'd admire to see some bold rogues like you riding down the pike. Do you understand that, boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Donnie, and they moved forward again under the starlight.

THE END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I Shoot the Big Shots (Continued from Page 25)

difficulties we would have covering him in the White House. One morning at the start of the first campaign we were shooting his arrival at a crowded airport. He's always most responsive to cheering people and he flashed one of his great smiles while giving the crowd a generous, one-armed wave. All but one of us made that shot and we were changing our holders when Ike let go with what we now call his famous "double whammy." He raised both arms and turned on a tremendous smile. The lone photographer who hadn't shot the one-armed wave—a man from the local paper—now flashed his bulb and got a great picture, which Associated Press promptly picked up. It got the rest of us a curt note from our offices. Since then, I can assure you, we have always waited for Ike's double whammy.

We've all learned the hard way that shooting the President and his grandson, David, together is the most competitively dangerous job of all. Like the President, David mirrors his feelings on his face, and they can change like a flash. The moods and actions of these two interact so swiftly that you can miss a great shot by being just an instant late.

My fellow U.P. photographer, Frank Cancellare, being alert as usual, got that famous picture of the President and David bowing to each other in a mock formal greeting. Almost every other photographer missed the picture, which has since become one of Ike's favorites.

I was fortunate enough to get the shot you may have seen of David and his granddad on the golf course, showing Ike all twisted up with body english, watching David making a tee shot. Taken a few days before the President's heart attack, the picture was typical of the kind of joyful animation Ike and David register when they are together. Later, at his request, I gave the President several large prints of it and received a very cordial note from him.

My shot of Ike which won the top White House News Photographers Association award in 1955 was also of the President at the golf course in Denver, taken about a month before his heart attack and ironically called "The Picture of Health." He's wearing a magnificent, toothy grin and has his cap twisted jauntily on the side of his head. Mrs. Eisenhower sent word to me that it was her favorite of the President. A Democratic politician friend told me it was probably worth 50,000 votes to the President. But Ike did not like it. When he handed me the award at our association banquet, he grunted, saying, "All this picture does is make me look like a baseball player."

Classic picture subject that he is, the President is impatient with photographers, I believe. Fortunately, Jim Hagerty and his former assistant, Murray Snyder, now Assistant Secretary of Defense, convinced the President that it was proper for us to have maximum opportunity to photograph him during public appearances and at other times when it was at all possible. Hagerty and Snyder have always made the best possible arrangements for us to do this.

During the Truman Administration the opposite was true. President Truman loved his sessions with us, called us all by our first names and would inconvenience himself to satisfy our needs. But both of his press secretaries, Charley Ross and Joe Short, somehow never gave us the access to the President which we now enjoy.

Mr. Truman was a much better than average picture subject because he was cooperative and almost always in a good mood. One of the Truman picture trademarks was the "four-way handshake" which drew members of a group in close to him for better composition. He understood this and would ask everyone in the picture to clasp hands in this manner.

I recall that when we asked Ike to do this, he snapped, "No, sir; that's too Trumanish!" so we never made this request of him again.

> When the devil finds work for idle hands, no one complains about the hours.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

When we did manage to get to the former President, covering him was relatively easy because his moods and expressions remained constant in any one picture session and he never hurried us, as Ike sometimes does. And I'll never forget the time in 1952 when Mr. Truman found out that Bill Smith, of A.P., and I had been shoved out of position while covering his arrival in the San Francisco railroad station. "Next time that happens, Stan," he said, "call me and I'll punch anyone in the nose who tries to shove you guys around."

It's typical of my odd working conditions that a President will offer to punch a nose to help you get a shot while a Johnny Dio will punch you for trying to take one. Great public curiosity had developed about Dio as the Senate subcommittee probed into his connections with Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters' Union, so there was great pressure to get a picture of him when he testified.

We spotted him as a spectator in the hearing room the day he was called up and made a rush to get a shot of him. He saw us and ran to the main foyer of the Senate Office Building, trying to get outside. Just before he reached the swinging door I managed to jump in front of him and get a good full-face shot. I ducked quickly and stepped to one side to get out of range of the other photographers. But I did not move fast enough.

Dio swung, just grazing my ear, and hissed, "You S.O.B.'s, I've got a family!" The blow didn't hurt me, but the pain experienced by my office was intense when Jim Mahan's fine picture of me being punched was spread over the front pages by International News Photos.

Friends advised me to sue Dio as I had sued Clark Springer, the Indiana delegate to the Republican Convention who slugged me in front of all the TV viewers. I won an apology and a token cash settlement from him. But I decided that the Dio thing was different, a normal hazard of the business when you're covering gangsters. In the Springer case I felt the whole still-photography business was degraded by the event.

It happened when I was trying to get a picture of a delegate who had fainted. I got jostled, and in the ensuing debate a sergeant-at-arms and two big Chicago cops started giving me the bum's rush off the floor. It was at this point that Springer swung at me. Later we agreed that it was probably the general tension of the convention at the moment which inspired his action. We're good friends now, incidentally. I sued him only after I had protested to convention officials and was ignored by them.

These are the only times I can recall actually being slugged in line of duty, but

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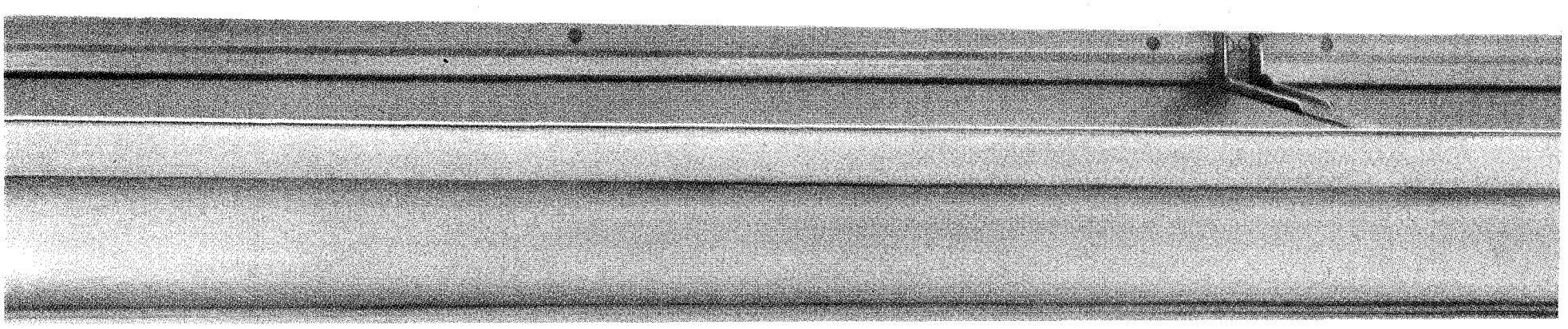

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I guess there have been plenty of other times when people wanted to take a swing at me. I remember one, for instance, when two aides to Gen. Douglas MacArthur got terribly angry at me because I disregarded their order not to ask the great general to pose when I saw him at the front, after the Inchon invasion. I didn't cozy to their suggestions because I'd come to Korea from covering the general's boss, President Truman, who had no such restrictions.

A few days after the dramatically successful Inchon landing, General MacArthur showed up at a forward Marine Corps headquarters to decorate an officer. After the ceremony, I said to him, "General, sir, would you mind coming over to these foxholes for a picture with some marines?" Both of the aides who had warned me against making this request were furious, but they paused while the startled general stared at me in silence for a full minute.

"All right," MacArthur finally snapped, and stalked over to the foxholes, where I got some excellent pictures. I was doubly pleased by the congratulating wires from my office in the States because I like to see marines' pictures hit the front pages. I was a Marine photographer during World War II.

Another time in Korea I nearly got into trouble trying to hitch a ride on an admiral's personal plane from Seoul to Pusan. Having just come from the front, I was dirty and unshaven, and I happened not to have my equipment with me. The admiral demanded sarcastically, "If you're a photographer, where's your camera?" I could have shown him my credentials, but his tone annoyed me.

"If you're an admiral, where's your boat?" I asked him as politely as I could. He shot me that punch-Tretick look, but he was a gentleman, and when I showed him my credentials, I got the ride to Pusan.

Another man who would probably have enjoyed slugging me once is Jim Hagerty. While the President was recovering from his heart attack in Denver, no shots of him had been permitted. As Hagerty himself later admitted, it was the picture most eagerly awaited by the public since the one of the signing of the surrender by the Japanese, so Maurice Johnson, of I.N.P., and I decided to satisfy this public curiosity on our own.

We dressed in Army-hospital pajamas and made our way unnoticed to a lower wing of the hospital, where we had a good view of the porch on which the President did his afternoon sunning. But while getting our surreptitious shots of the President, we were spotted by the Secret Service, who sent Army investigators after us as we raced through a tunnel in the hospital on the way to our dark rooms.

Maurice and I each had three magnificent shots of the President looking fit and fine. But before I could get one of them on our transmitter an Army intelligence investigator burst into the room and grabbed two of the prints. He raced next door and got two of Maurice's, too, saying things to both of us which I will not repeat. He missed our third prints, which were in the dryers.

In a few minutes my telephone rang: Hagerty calling. His every remark was a punch line, and I was grateful for the protection of that telephone line. I called my office in New York to report the incident and told them I had one print left, if they wanted me to move it. In spite of the fact that it would have got tremendous use, we decided to play ball with Hagerty, who contended that the pictures would be premature. Johnson's office made the same decision. I avoided Jim for the next few days, but pretty soon he was laughing about the whole affair. He's like that, thank goodness.

Physically, at least, Washington is a reasonably safe place for a photographer to earn a living, since nearly everyone you work with is fairly well conditioned to being photographed. There are several notable exceptions among the town's big shots, however—people who never have warmed up to the idea of having their pictures taken by us. The longest feud photographers have endured has been with House Speaker Sam Rayburn.

Rayburn has some justification for feeling as he does about us. He is probably the least photogenic big name in town, with his glossy bald pate, jowly face and double chin. And he is irritatingly aware of this fact. If he can—and he works hard at it—he permits only straightaway face shots of himself.

At one Rayburn press conference I was crouched low in front of the circle of reporters to get my shot without bothering them. Spotting me, he shot out his hands to cover his face, stopped the session and cried, "You know better than that! Cut it out!" I'd forgotten his double chins.

I then moved to the rear of the group and stood on a chair. This time he clamped his hands over his bald head, shouting at me, "This is the last warning you'll get!" I finally settled for a straight face shot, posed after the conference.

Another time a picture-magazine photographer new in town happened to get a shot of Rayburn from the rear—another unflattering view of the chunky Speaker—as he was entering the White House. What Rayburn called the startled newcomer can't be printed here.

One evening I was sent to Rayburn's apartment for some special shots, an assignment I dreaded, knowing his hostility toward lensmen. But it was his birthday, and perhaps that mellowed him. I ended up bowled over by his warm welcome, his offer of tea and sandwiches, and his willingness to pose for any shot I requested, including one of him practicing putting on the rug.

Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson is another official who never warmed up to the photographer clan. The result was a running verbal battle which he always won. I guess we decided he was a little pompous because he absolutely refused to go along with the slightest staging of a picture.

A fitting climax to this feud came the day he was making his farewell address to State Department employees from a high platform which made it impossible for us to get a good full-face shot of him.

"Mister Secretary, give us a break; you're looking over our heads," I said to him in a loud whisper. He stopped talking, looked down to give us the pictures we needed, and then said, "Gentlemen, I know I've been talking over your heads all of these years too."

Al Muto, of I.N.P., always generated more sparks with Acheson than any of the rest of us. This feud started the day Acheson, testifying before a Senate committee, was being especially un-co-operative with us. "Look, Mr. Secretary, give me a break," Al pleaded with him. "I try to make a living and feed my kids taking pictures of you guys."

"What do you want me to do," Acheson replied acidly, "take up a collection for you?"

I admit we took some delight in snapping Acheson in undignified poses, but there has never been the kind of plot among us which the late Sen. Robert Taft was convinced we had cooked up against him. I discovered Taft's feeling about this in 1952 when he was holding daily press conferences while running for the G.O.P. presidential nomination.

He had been extremely antagonistic toward photographers, and I mentioned this to Jack Martin, Taft's administrative assistant, who is now a White House legislative assistant.

"The senator feels that you Washington photographers have inspired a nationwide 'get-Taft' movement by always making unflattering shots of him," Jack explained.

I was astonished, because we all liked the Ohio senator, so I gave Jack this explanation of how I analyzed the trouble:

"The way the senator combs a few wisps of hair to try to cover his bald head makes bad pictures. His suits fit badly, which makes him always show up a little awkward in photos, and the fact that he thinks we are out to get him makes him angry every time he sees us take a picture. This, of course, makes him look angry and unpleasant in his pictures. He's really his own worst enemy as far as photographs go."

In my opinion, Vice President Nixon is the best all-around, still-photo subject in Washington. He has many of Ike's classic photo traits, including the ability to mirror his feeling on his face, and great animation. Like Ike, his pictures turn out exactly the way they look in the view finder. He's relaxed and co-operative, and he reflects uninhibited reactions to most situations.

Milton Frier, formerly with our Washington bureau, can take credit for "discovering" the Vice President as an excellent photo subject and giving him his first nationwide publicity. The first day Nixon was in town as a newly elected member of the 80th Congress, Milt did an excellent picture series of the wide-eyed, enthusiastic freshman congressman inspecting Capitol Hill. It was widely used in papers all over the United States.

Thereafter the bureau frequently called on Nixon for feature stories which needed to be illustrated by a congressman. I feel sure that his co-operation with photographers and his great photographic qualities helped his career through the Hiss affair and the big presidential campaigns.

The Vice President instinctively has the proper expression which a big event or story demands at the time. Just after Ike's minor stroke, he was before the still and TV cameras for hours without once dropping the look of grave concern—just what we needed to illustrate the situation. In a happier situation you'll never catch him with a frown or looking downcast.

Off the job I naturally talk about the big shots of Washington, much as I'm discussing them here. This often brings on the question of just what background and experience I had to have to get my present job. The fact is, my background is fairly typical of most of the White House photographer corps.

•I'm thirty-six, married, was born in Baltimore and attended high school there. I became interested in photography as a teen-ager and after high school I got a job as a copy boy with the Washington Post. At the Post I found myself far more interested in the activities of the photographers than the reporters. Their job looked easier, with none of that struggle to write the story after covering it.

From the Post I went to Acme Newspictures—subsequently purchased by United Press—as a squeegee boy, processing pictures. During World War II, I was a Marine Corps photographer, although I saw no action. I became a full-fledged staff photographer for U.P. in 1948.

In the course of this fairly brief career I've won a few prizes, including a Headliner Award for my Korean shot of a G.I. who had cracked up in Korea and was in an aid station awaiting treatment. He's sitting down with his head resting on his knees and his hands over his face, depicting the abject human misery and hopelessness of war. Of all the pictures I've taken, I am most proud of this shot and of the one I took a half hour earlier of the same lad being helped out of the line to the aid station. The Saturday Evening Post used both pictures on June 23, 1951, to illustrate the article I Send Your Son Into Battle, and the walking shot on January 16, 1954, for the piece The Ordeal of Chaplain Kapaun. Chaplain Kapaun is in the photograph.

The most widely printed of all my Korean pictures—because the Red Cross used it in their blood-donor program—was actually a fluke. It shows a wounded soldier getting a transfusion, silhouetted against a misty hill and sky. I accidentally underexposed the shot and the hazy quality which resulted made it dramatic.

It's amazing how often plain luck makes a picture outstanding. The afternoon before Ike's heart attack, for instance, we decided to get a routine shot of him entering his office. It was a mediocre picture, but because it was the last one taken of him before his illness, it got a tremendous play.

One of the pleasant things about working in Washington is that the top officials accept you for the job you're assigned to do, regardless of your lucky breaks, education or family tree. And in off-hours or when we're with the brass at parties, I'm sure they're more relaxed with photographers than with reporters.

I remember one time at a big party when Jim Hagerty was sitting with a bunch of us photographers. Former Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, at the moment in the headlines for one of his verbal bloopers, walked by. Hagerty hailed him, saying, "C'mon over, Charlie; photographers can't hurt you."

As usual, Charlie came up with his own twist to a situation. He pulled out a sheaf of newspaper clips, which I recognized as a special layout I had done of him. It was a set of pictures of his feet in a half dozen positions which I had taken at a press conference, captioned "Charlie Wilson Talks Through His Feet."

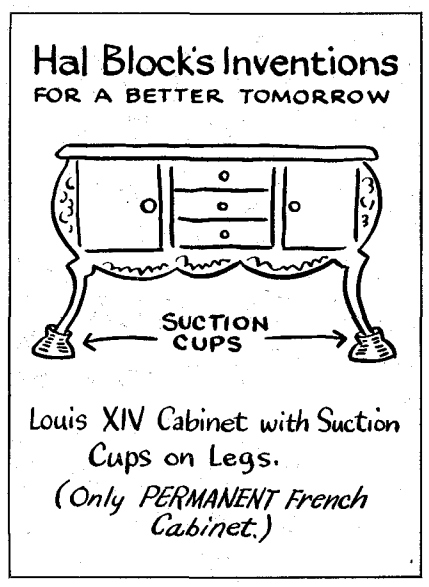
"I've found out about photographers too," he said.

"Don't blame us; it's the editors who dream up pictures like that," I said.

"Yeah, but you've got to make 'em," he replied, looking at me coldly.

But he did sit down, and we ended up having a wonderful time. At his next press conference, for a gag, he had a cloth draped around the table to hide his feet. On the cloth in large letters was printed the word "Classified."

Wilson was a good photo subject, animated and expressive, even down to his feet. His successor, Neil McElroy, has a great face (*Continued on Page 86*)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FOR A BETTER TOMORROW
SUCTION CUPS
Louis XIV Cabinet with Suction Cups on Legs.
(Only PERMANENT French Cabinet.)

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(*Continued from Page 84*) and manner for pictures, plus an Ike-like grin.

Attorney General William Rogers, Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, and Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield are all photogenic and co-operative. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson, at first wooden, self-conscious and difficult to work with, has improved considerably before a lens. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is inclined to be impatient with our needs, somewhat in the manner of his predecessor, Dean Acheson, but he'll go along with a reasonable request.

On Capitol Hill we have every type, from the unco-operative Rayburn to Sen. Alexander Wiley (R., Wis.), who is attracted to a camera as a satellite to its orbit. Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson, from Texas, is a fussy picture subject. He knows his best angles and makes it difficult for us to get any other shot of him. He'll never let himself be snapped with his tie askew or his coat unbuttoned. His colleague, Sen. John McClellan, of Arkansas, is the same way.

John Kennedy, of Massachusetts, is probably the most photogenic male senator, and especially easy to get along with since it's apparent he's running for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination.

I said that I believed most officials were generally more relaxed with photographers than with reporters. That's probably because we photographers and our pic-

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A motorist should always look out for children when passing a school, especially if the children are driving hot rods.

DAN BENNETT

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ture editors have a rigid set of self-imposed ground rules which guarantee that we won't repeat anything we hear around our subjects other than legitimate news tips or use any pictures we might accidentally shoot of them in ridiculous or humiliating poses.

I've heard a three-star general refer to his four-star superior as a "big fathead." I've seen top officials get drunk, start fights and make passes at women. We threw away a picture of Taft screaming because it made him look like a tyrant. We didn't use a picture of Nixon because it showed him with his tongue out, looking absolutely silly. We never photograph an official or legislator with a drink in his hand. But it's surprising how often one thinks we're stealing his highball or cocktail when we take it out of his hand for his own protection.

These unwritten rules are pretty generally inviolable among photographers in spite of the always frantic and sometimes vicious competition among us for the best pictures to speed to our newspaper clients around the world. When you have an international clientele, some of your papers are always close to a deadline, needing the shots you have just made as soon as the wires and radio transmitters can deliver them.

For example, with his usually quick action, plus some luck, our Washington Bureau manager, George Gaylin, was able to tip me off that Ike had made a last-minute decision to go to church last Thanksgiving Day, shortly after his minor stroke. I was at the White House, so I was able to rush around to the back of the Executive Mansion and get a shot of Ike climbing into the car. At the same time Gaylin sent another man to the church for a shot of the President going in to worship.

This enabled us to beat the competition by about fifteen minutes, which turned out to be most important to our European clients. United States papers print at low gear on Thanksgiving, but we hit the Continental papers just at their deadlines and scored as clean a beat as you ever do in this business.

The closest we ever come to being free of competition on assignments is when we're shooting Washington's fair sex. And fortunately, the most important female picture subject, the First Lady, is the best and most co-operative one in town. Mrs. Eisenhower has the same wonderful, animated responsiveness as the President, without his changeable moods. She always greets us with the same cheery "Hello, boys," which we love. And she always tries to give us a break.

Recently, for example, she was to appear at a fashion lunch. But before she arrived, the female running the show gave us a rough time telling us what not to do, including not getting any closer than fifteen feet to the First Lady. If there's anything that irritates White House photographers, it is being told about the ground rules of covering the presidential family by someone with less experience than our own.

When Mrs. Eisenhower arrived, the fashion-show manager fluttered around, giving orders in shrill tones. In the middle of this performance the First Lady gave us a knowing wink. As soon as the bossy female stepped aside, Mrs. Eisenhower waved us in close enough to get the shots she knew we needed.

The Vice President's wife, Mrs. Nixon, is friendly and relaxed with photographers and is really a handsome woman. But for some reason she is not photogenic in news photos. Perhaps it's the prominent bone structure of her face which makes it difficult for news photographers to get a faithful register of her expressions.

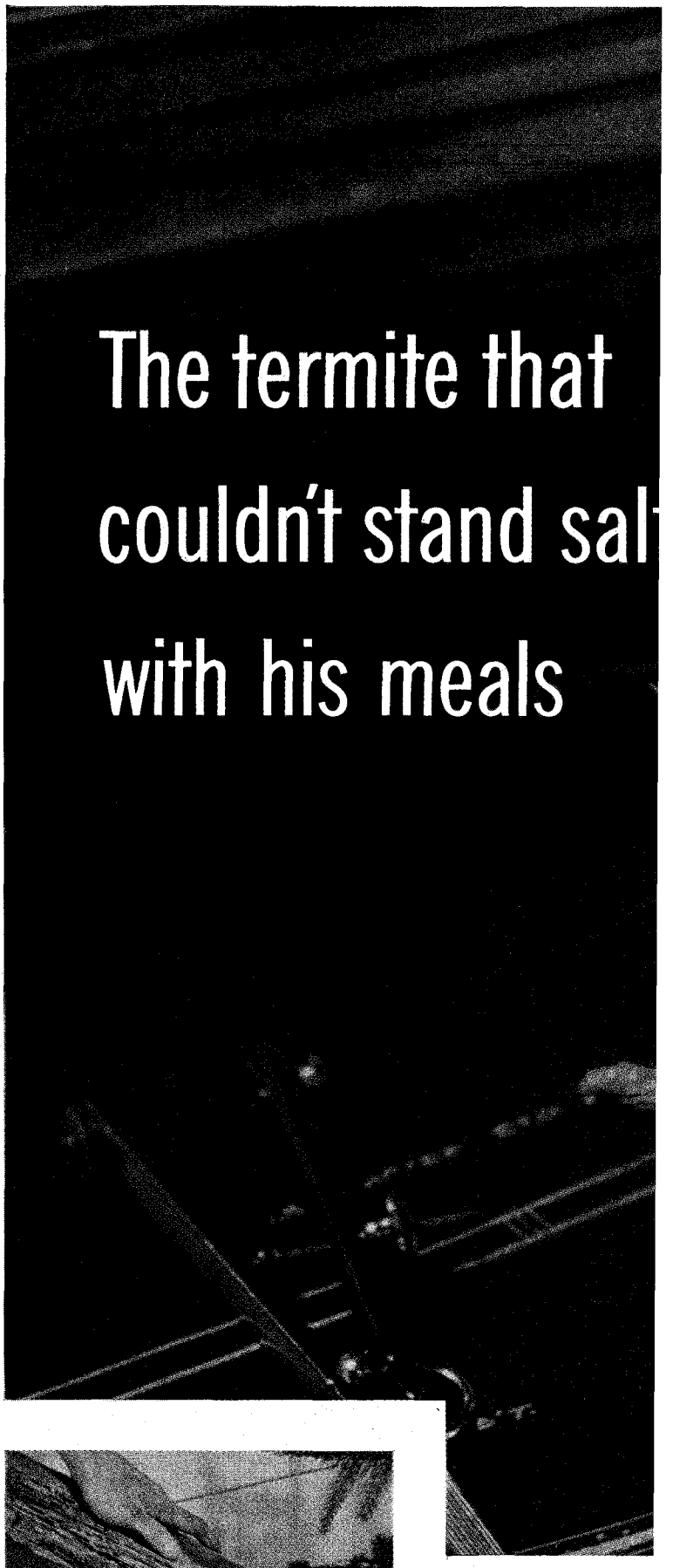
Covering Washington's publicized hostesses has its frustrations. Once I was sent to the home of Mrs. Morris Cafritz, wife of the Washington builder, to get some candid shots of her in her luxurious Foxhall Road residence. But every time I touched my camera she sprang into a wooden, overdramatic pose on her circular staircase. That's the only pose she would permit me to shoot. When I asked for a shot of her in the kitchen, she stated frostily, "I never go into my kitchen."

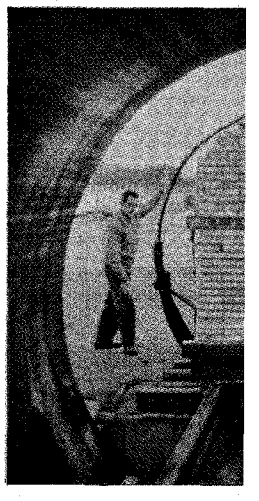
Hostess with the mostest, Perle Mesta, when she first began getting publicity, was even more difficult than Gwen Cafritz. She refused to pose at all, instead handing out a portrait taken when she was in her forties. When she returned from her assignment as ambassador to Luxembourg, however, she had learned to go along with legitimate news pictures, and she turns out to be a good, animated subject.

Mrs. Sherman Adams, wife of the Presidential Assistant, won a special stamp of approval from the White House photographers on Ike's first campaign trip. One day she walked back to the photographers' car and was startled to see a lot of nude pinups pasted around. She didn't say anything, but waited until the car was empty for a couple of hours a few days later. When the photogs returned it was discovered that she had gone through some magazines, snipped out pictures of brassières and panties and pasted them over all of the nudes.

In addition to having a sense of humor, Mrs. Adams is an amateur photographer herself and will help us by holding lights or arranging people when she's around on an assignment. If all Washingtonians were like Rachel Adams my job would truly be "easy" as well as interesting.

THE END





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Termite model, approximately 50 times life size, by Museum of Natural History

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Energy gets a brand new taste!

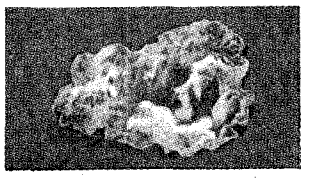
New Radiant-Crisp Wheaties! Yes! Now there's an exciting *new* "Breakfast of Champions"—with a tantalizing new *naturally* sweet whole wheat goodness!

Famous Wheaties Food Power

New Wheaties still give you all the grown-in nutrition value that only *complete* whole wheat—wheat bran, wheat germ, wheat energy—can deliver!

New lasting crispness in milk

Crackling, crunchy crispness! Photo shows a new Radiant-Crisp Wheaties flake after soaking in milk. Still temptingly crisp and crinkly!



NEW "Breakfast of Champions"

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The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 49)

entitled to relate what he said; just tell us what he said had happened."

Judge Bolton looked down at Perry Mason. "Any objection from the defense?"

"No objection," Mason said, "but I would like to examine the witness for the purpose of laying the foundation as to a dying declaration."

"Proceed," Judge Bolton said.

"He told you he was going to die?" Mason asked.

"At that time, yes."

"And how long was that before he died?"

"Only a few minutes. I don't believe it was over ten minutes."

"There had then been a sudden change in his condition from the time I saw him?"

"Yes. It started when he tried to get up. He got part way up and then fell back."

"He said he was dying?"

"He said, 'Nellie, that damn wound is —— Something's happened. It's reached my heart, I guess. I'm—I'm dying.'"

"And then what?"

"Then he clutched his chest and said, 'Nellie, I don't want to die.'"

"And then what happened?"

"Then is when he made the statement."

Mason nodded to Calvert. "It would seem to be a dying declaration within the meaning of the law. I have no objection. Let her go ahead and tell what happened."

"Very well," Calvert said. "Just go ahead, Miss Elliston, and relate what he said; use his exact words if you can remember them."

"He said that he had gone back to the defendant's apartment; that he had decided to show her who was boss; that if she would give him the letters she had he wouldn't expose her. He said that she was using Fern Driscoll's name, but she was really Mildred Crest. He said she had murdered Fern Driscoll and he felt he could prove it."

"Did he say anything about accusing her of murder?"

"Yes. He said that she came to the door; that she finally let him in; that he made his proposition to her."

"Then what?" Calvert asked.

"He said she laughed at him; that she told him he was a blackmailer; that she felt he had a police record; that if he didn't get out and stay out, she would claim she had found him burglarizing her apartment and shoot him. He said they had words and that she was holding the door open for him, telling him to get out. He said that suddenly, just as he was leaving, she swung her fist against his chest; then slammed and locked the door. He said that he didn't realize she had had an ice pick in her hand until he was almost to the elevator; that then he saw the ice pick sticking in his chest. He said that he didn't think he was badly hurt, but he felt he could use the girl's action as a lever to make her lawyer, Perry Mason, turn over the letters to him; that he could then get a large sum of money, either from the magazine or from Mr. Baylor."

"What happened to the ice pick?"

"He brought it home with him."

"Where is that ice pick now?"

"I gave it to the police."

"Did you mark that ice pick in some way so that you would know it again if you saw it?"

"Yes. I scratched my initials on the wooden handle."

"When?"

"Before it left the apartment."

"I now show you an ice pick and ask you if that is the ice pick you have been referring to?"

"That is the one."

"I will show that to counsel for the defense," Calvert said, "and then ask that it be introduced in evidence."

Calvert stepped over to the counsel table and handed the ice pick to Mason.

Mason studied the ice pick carefully. "May I ask a few questions about the exhibit, your honor?"

"Certainly," Judge Bolton said.

Mason turned to the witness. "I notice that this ice pick has a price mark on it—a price tag which is placed on with some sort of adhesive and covered with a piece of transparent tape. This price tag bears the label of the Arcade Novelty Company and the mark forty-one cents. Was this price tag on the ice pick when you received it from Carl Harrod?"

"Yes."

"You are positive this is the ice pick Carl Harrod told you had been pushed into his chest?"

"Yes."

"And you marked it?"

"Yes."

"When did you mark it?"

"When the police came."

"One of the officers suggested that you should mark this ice pick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were there any other ice picks in your apartment?"

"Yes, there was one other."

"Where?"

"In the kitchen drawer."

"What else did that drawer contain?"

"Some cooking spoons, a bottle opener—a few little things of that sort."

"Very good," Mason said. "Now I'm anxious to get this straight: were there two ice picks in this utility drawer?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean that you put the ice pick with which Carl Harrod had been stabbed in the utility drawer?"

"Yes."

"How did that happen? Didn't you realize that ——"

"Carl came home. He seemed very jubilant. He told me that he'd really hit the jack pot."

"And then what?"

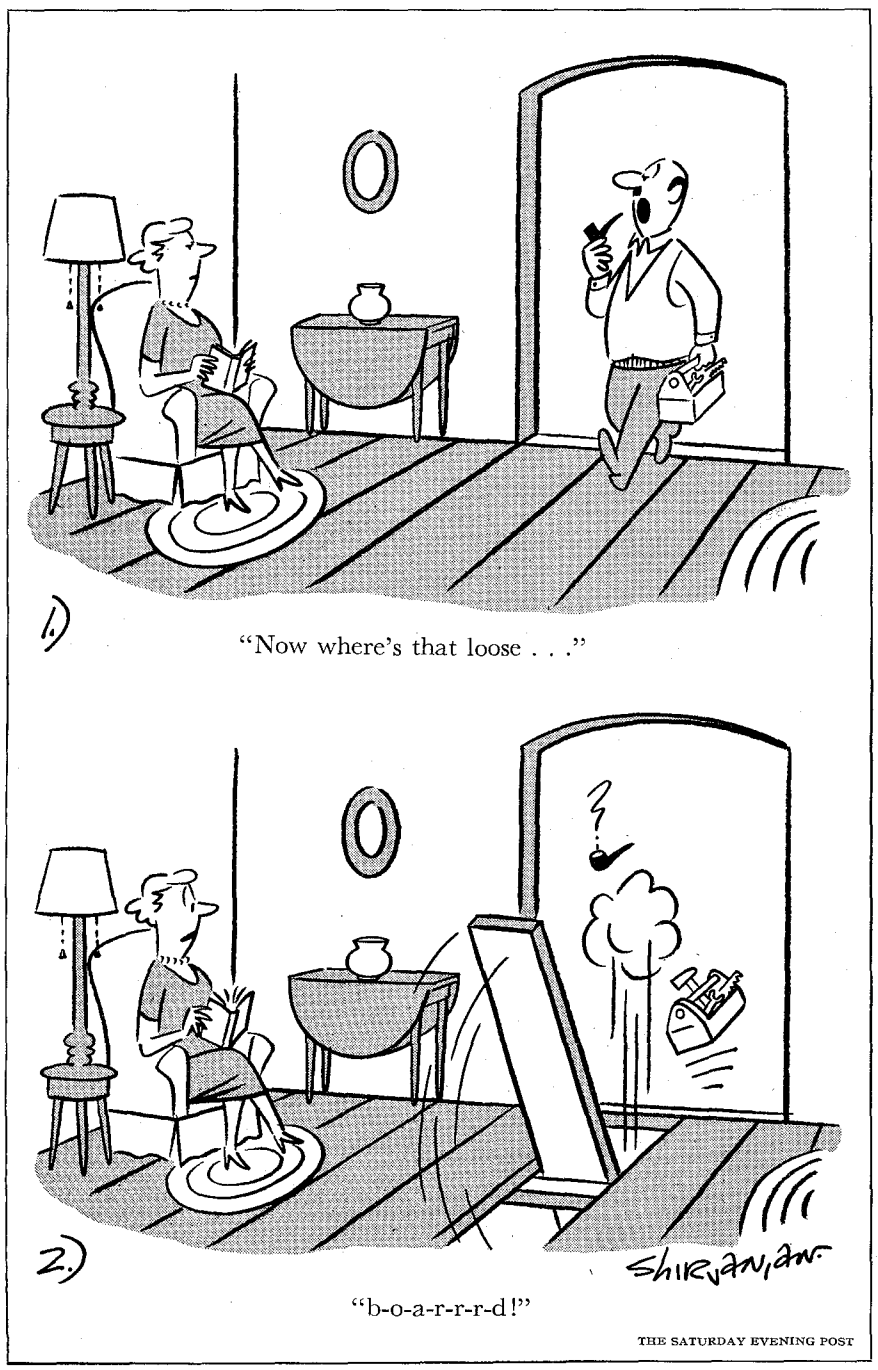
"He told me that he was a good provider. He said he'd bought me an ice pick, and he tossed that ice pick in the sink."

"And then?"

"I asked him what on earth we wanted an ice pick for. I told him we used ice cubes and had no need for an ice pick."

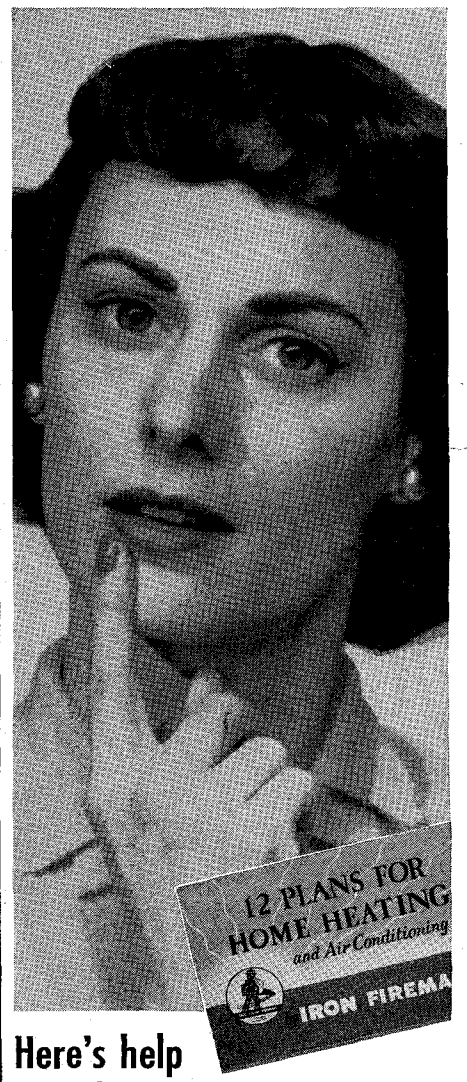
"And then?"

"Then he went in the other room, sat down, and we talked for a while. Then I went back to the kitchen. I noticed there was a little pinkish stain in the sink where the point of the ice pick had rested in a drop of water, (*Continued on Page 93*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How can we get just the warmth we prefer in each room?



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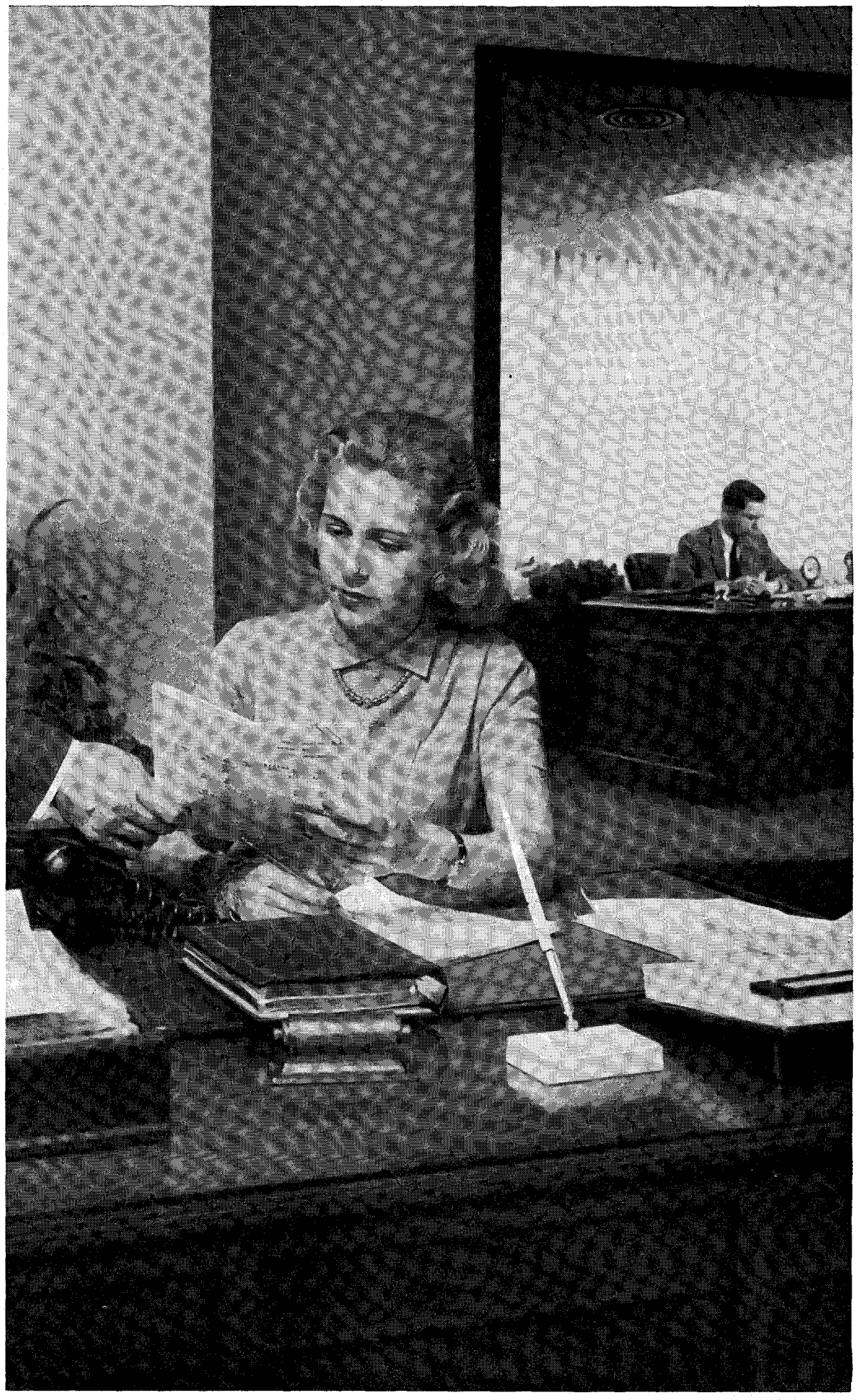
The 30th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a Secretary?

by

CLARE H. JENNINGS, CPS

President, The National
Secretaries Association (International)
(As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)



I overheard the comments quite by accident.

The high school juniors who passed me in the school corridor did not know me or that I was on my way to talk with them and their classmates, at the request of their career counselor, about my profession.

"This assembly is a waste of time—for me, anyway," said one. "What can she tell us?"

"Same here," said the other. "*Everybody* knows that all a secretary does is take dictation, type letters and file."

"Like so many other young people, you haven't the vaguest idea of what a secretary is and does," I said to myself as thoughts of the careers of friends flooded to mind.

I thought of the confidential secretary to a midwest Governor who travels widely all over her state, an indispensable part of her boss's staff.

I thought of the secretary to a department store executive in the Northwest, and of her daily dealings with experts in the exciting, competitive world of merchandising and fashion.

I thought of the secretary to the chief engineer of an oil company in the Southwest who is entrusted with running his office while he is on field trips, and who has a steno-typist assigned to take *her* dictation.

I thought of the efficient young mother of teenagers, secretary in a big Red Cross chapter in the South, and of her stimulating contacts with all elements of her community from mayor, newspaper editor and social leaders to those in need of Visiting Nurse Services.

I thought of secretaries in banks, business offices, insurance companies, law firms, police departments; in hospitals, weather bureaus, travel agencies, steel mills, research laboratories, farm cooperatives; in advertising offices, TV stations, universities, brokerage houses, and in countless other industries and professions—each involved with the inner workings of an important enterprise. I thought of the thousands of secretaries in big offices and small all over the country; of the special satisfactions they enjoy as essential members of the business team; and of how valuable a place secretaries have made for themselves in a comparatively short time.

Only a little more than fifty years ago, the young women who mastered a machine just coming into wide use and who ventured into the then almost entirely male world of business were known as "typewriters." Perhaps that is why many people still have the impression that

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a secretary's main task is a machine-like turning out of perfect letters from nine to five; and why so many others use the title "secretary" to mean anyone employed in any stenographic or clerical position in an office.

True, typing and shorthand are two of the basic skills of the secretary, but her duties cover a much wider field than the work of such valuable specialists as the typist, stenographer, file clerk and receptionist. The secretary, as we use the title today, often fills all of those positions. In addition, she is an assistant who knows many of the confidential matters of her office and of her employer's business dealings. She uses this knowledge to protect him from unnecessary interruptions, delays and confusions, and to clear decks for him in a score of other ways.

She knows which calls to route to him immediately, which to delay until she can supply him with needed reference material from her files, which she can best deal with herself.

She sits in on conferences when a trusted witness is needed. Her manner over the telephone and to visitors sets the mood of his office. She is his daytime hostess rather than a receptionist.

One secretary may handle a great volume of letters. Another does very little typing. Under any circumstances, there is little machine-like about their work. No machine has the tact to soothe the ruffled feelings of an important caller, who must cool his heels while an equally important one overstays his time. No machine has the judgment about what information may be released in a boss's absence, which requests must be smoothly side-tracked.

No machine can act as a boss's memory by combined use of intelligence, filed material and a carefully kept appointment book.

A secretary's career can have enormous personal rewards. Her working hours and conditions are pleasant. Her office is certain to be comfortable. In a big office, she has opportunity to meet many new friends. Her work puts her in touch with men and women of achievement in many fields. And no field of special interest is closed to the young woman who chooses secretaryship as a career.

Every young person does not have the temperament, talent, time or money to prepare for a career in one of the arts or professions, but the door is still wide open in all such areas—to the secretary.

I think of countless examples, among them:

Miss A. is not a musician, but she is a keen appreciator of music. As secretary to the program director of a radio station, she combines job and major personal interest.

Mrs. B.'s keenest interest in high school was sports. She could not afford college training as a physical education teacher and did not want to work with the young, anyway. She is now secretary to the director of an athletic club, where her knowledge of sports is of great value to her boss because she can talk the language of the coaches, equipment salesmen and members.

Miss C.'s chief interest is people and their problems. She is absorbed in her work as secretary to the personnel director of a manufacturing plant.

The training period can be brief

Not the least of the many advantages of my profession is that the ambitious girl can get a fast start.

As in every other profession, the more schooling a young person has, the better are chances at top spots and for rapid advancement. However, the girl who needs, or wants, to go to work immediately after high school can train herself for a secretary's responsibilities while gaining office experience as a typist, stenographer or clerk. High school will give her the fundamental tools: typing and shorthand. With these alone, she can get a job as a clerical worker or stenographer. If she is ambitious and persistent, she will pick up the extra skills from others in her office, or through night school or correspondence courses, and eventually become a fine secretary, though this will take some years since a secretary must have mature judgment as well as special knowledge.

Private business schools and colleges offer many different training programs at varying costs. Short courses of two to six months usually give the student about the same training that a high school course provides, though intensive coaching in typing and shorthand are of special value in some cases. Business colleges with highest ratings require as much as two years' attendance (one year for the student with two years of regular college) before granting a diploma, and fees can run as high as $800 a year for tuition.

Young people who have four years of college training in the technics of secretarial work and in the sciences and liberal arts, have a flying start, of course.

Nothing points more conclusively to the fact that secretaryship is now a recognized *profession* than that 209 colleges and universities are offering degrees in the field of secretarial studies, according to the U.S. Office of Education's last report. At the end of 1956, Bachelors Degrees were awarded to 1,236 women and to 42 men.

There is a special way by which the secretary, with or without a diploma or degree, can win acknowledged standing in her field. By passing the stiff, two-day written examination given annually in various parts of the United States and Canada by The Institute for Certifying Secretaries, she can qualify for the valued designation of Certified Professional Secretary. This program was established in 1951 under sponsorship of The National Secretaries Association.

Through experience and study, the secretary must be prepared to answer questions in this examination on such subjects as business law governing contracts, sales, insurance, negotiable instruments, property and so on; administration problems concerning prices, taxes, labor and governmental regulations, management controls; accounting knowledge concerning payrolls, income tax reports, budgets; and the more familiar secretarial skills, such as use of duplicating machine, buying of supplies and office equipment, dictation and transcription, and English usage.

The financial rewards can be sizable

As in every other field, salaries vary from one part of the country to another. In areas where a typist starts at from $150 to $200 a month, a girl with secretarial training starts at from $200 to $300. It is not easy to break through the ceiling of from $4,000 to $6,000 a year that many thousands of secretaries earn, but I know of several who draw $10,000. One young woman of 35, who is an officer of her company as well as secretary to the president, has an income topping $13,000.

Admittedly, such a large salary is rare—but it is possible. And one of the most tempting aspects of my profession is that secretaries are in such great demand that anyone not satisfied with her progress can move readily elsewhere.

It's a woman's career—in a man's world

In many professions, women are in constant competition *against* men. The secretary works *with* men. Ours is one of the very few professions where being a woman is of greatest advantage, rather than being a subtle handicap in reaching the top.

Some male secretaries make important places for themselves but, by and large, ours is a woman's profession. Employers value the feminine qualities of tact, intuition, imagination and manner that women bring to an office. They also know that the ambitious girl is apt to bend all efforts to reach the top as an executive secretary, while an ambitious young man is apt to have his eye on a transfer to management—though some girls use their secretarial jobs as springboards to other careers. I know of several who have become editors, account executives, heads of purchasing departments, branch managers, and the like.

These usually are young women who have found that their temperament is not that of the career secretary.

Success calls for special qualities

The girl who finds her greatest reward in being part of a team, rather than a solo star, shows the natural talent to work for and with others toward a joint goal that is essential to success as a secretary.

Loyalty, judgment, integrity and adaptability are high on the list of other requirements.

The girl who makes and keeps many friends, and who sticks up for them and for her family at all times, shows the loyalty in word and deed that a secretary must bring to her boss and her company.

Can your daughter accept sudden changes of plan amiably and without flurry? The secretary must be able to turn on a dime, occasionally, and work efficiently under heavy pressure when an emergency challenges her chief.

Is your daughter accurate? Her boss must be able to rely with total confidence on her reports. Neatness, good spelling, and promptness in completing school papers show the respect for detail and the reliability needed by a secretary.

Is your daughter adaptable? The secretary deals with all kinds of people. The girl who is liked by teachers and neighbors, as well as by many fellow students, shows the capacity to make her way in a big group—rather than stick with a clique—that is needed by the secretary.

Perhaps a prime requisite for success in my profession is approaching secretaryship as a chosen career—not as a stopgap before marriage, or as a stepping stone to other positions.

The girl who does so will gain experience in her working years that will serve her well, no matter what life brings, because she will have learned the secret of greatest happiness in all human relations: the more imaginatively, loyally and consistently she works for and with another person for his success, the more she benefits herself.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on a Secretarial Career is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology *and* Traffic Managing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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Sears new *Lady Kenmore*® adds Sta-Puf® automatically for *softer fluffier washes*

What a wonderful washday team . . . the all-new Lady Kenmore Washer and Sta-Puf Rinse! The remarkable Lady Kenmore includes an exclusive, new self-cleaning lint filter . . . an all-porcelain finish inside and out . . . and, a dispenser that adds Sta-Puf automatically to the final rinse cycle. For bringing back luxurious texture to all wash-hardened fabrics, just pour Sta-Puf into the dispenser, set the new "programized" dials, and Lady Kenmore does the rest automatically . . . no lint filter to clean, no washing speeds to remember, no water temperatures to worry about, no wondering which rinse is right.

And now—your towels come out almost double in fluffy thickness! Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere! Baby's diapers, blankets, and clothes become soft as his tender skin! Corduroys, blue jeans, and flatwork dry almost wrinkle-free, require little or no ironing! Yes, everything you wash becomes far lovelier to see and touch!

No matter *how* you wash—the marvelous new Lady Kenmore, your present conventional washer, or even handwashing—there's no other product, no other way to give your washables the fluffy softness that Sta-Puf rinses in.

SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

World's Largest Seller of Home Laundry Appliances . . . nationwide service.

FREE!

Generous 8-ounce sample of Sta-Puf, just for watching a demonstration of the Lady Kenmore. Go to your Sears retail store or catalog sales office today!

A. E. STALEY MFG. CO., Decatur, Illinois

Restores like-new softness to all wash-hardened fabrics!

Sta-Puf puts new life and springiness in every wash-matted fiber, gives soft, fluffy luxuriousness to sweaters and all other textured clothing and flatwork.

Visual proof of Sta-Puf's amazing action! Towels on the left were rinsed in clear water, those on the right in Sta-Puf. See how they've almost doubled in thickness.

Lady Kenmore Washer-Dryer Combination —washes *and* dries a 10-pound load in one continuous operation. Also adds Sta-Puf automatically in final rinse cycle.

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(*Continued from Page 89*) but I thought nothing of it. I picked the ice pick up, washed it and put it in the drawer."

"Did you at that time know there was an ice pick in the drawer?"

"Very frankly, Mr. Mason, I didn't. It came as a great surprise to me, after the police had asked me to produce the ice pick, when I opened the kitchen drawer and found that there were two of them."

"Is there any chance—now I want you to listen to this very carefully," Mason said, "and I want you to consider your answer very carefully—is there any chance, any possible chance that you got the ice picks confused?"

"Absolutely not!"

"How do you know you didn't?"

"Because there was no price tag on the other ice pick. I remember distinctly that the ice pick that Carl brought home with him had this price tag on it."

"You're positive?"

"I'm absolutely positive."

Mason nodded to the prosecutor. "Under the circumstances, I have no further questions and no objection to the ice pick being received in evidence."

"The ice pick will be received," Judge Bolton said.

"That concludes my direct examination of the witness, your honor," Calvert said.

"Cross-examine," Judge Bolton said to Perry Mason.

Mason regarded the witness thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "While I was talking with Carl Harrod didn't he admit that the light was dim and he couldn't be certain that it was the defendant who had stabbed him? Didn't he admit there was a possibility that Katherine Baylor had opened the door and stabbed him?"

"Just a moment! Just a moment!" Calvert shouted. "Don't answer that question, Miss Elliston! . . . Now then, your honor, I wish to interpose an objection on the ground that this is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial; that it is not proper cross-examination. It appears now conclusively that, at the time Mr. Mason was talking with Carl Harrod, Carl Harrod was only putting on an act. He was trying to collect damages. He had no idea that he was about to die. The whole theory of the law under which dying declarations are permitted to be received in evidence is that the law presumes that a person who is about to die, knowing that nothing he can say or do will give him any material advantage, is going to tell the truth."

"I understand the theory of the law in regard to dying declarations," Judge Bolton said dryly.

"Yes, your honor; I merely commented on it in order to show that there is a great difference between a true dying declaration, which is made when a person thinks he is going to die, and a spurious dying declaration, which is a part of a fraudulent scheme by which a person is trying to get damages."

"I understand all that," Judge Bolton said, "but let us suppose that a dying declaration is given the force of testimony under oath. If Carl Harrod had testified under oath, Mr. Mason would have been permitted to ask him if he hadn't made some different statement at a different time, wouldn't he?"

"Certainly, your honor, but that's a different situation. Mr. Mason would then be asking Carl Harrod himself, and Carl Harrod would have the opportunity to explain any seeming inconsistencies. Now he is asking a third party about some so-called contradictory statement that was made by Harrod. It seems to me that we are getting into the realm of hearsay."

"Nevertheless," Judge Bolton said, "I am interested in hearing the answer of the witness. I'd like to have the question answered. Did he make some such statement, Miss Elliston?"

"I don't think so, your honor. I know that Mr. Mason was trying to mix him up and ——"

"Now never mind what you think Mr. Mason was trying to do," Judge Bolton said sternly. "I want to know what Carl Harrod said."

"Well, Mr. Mason brought out the fact that the light was rather poor, and then asked Carl how he could be certain it had not been Katherine Baylor who had stabbed him."

"And what did Mr. Harrod say?"

"Well, he became indignant and said he didn't intend to have Mr. Mason cross-examine him; then he made some joking remark about thanks for putting a good idea into his head because he might get more from the Baylors than from Mr. Mason's client."

"He made that remark?" Judge Bolton asked.

"Something to that effect."

"Very well," Judge Bolton said to Mason. "Continue with your cross-examination, counselor."

"Did Carl Harrod telephone Mr. Baylor after I left, and in connection with the suggestion I had made?"

"He ——"

"Just a minute!" Calvert interrupted. "Refrain from answering if you will until I have an opportunity to put in an objection. . . . If the court please, I object to that question on the ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, that it calls for hearsay evidence, that it calls for a conclusion of the witness, that it assumes a fact not in evidence and that it is not proper cross-examination. I didn't go into any of these matters on direct examination. My direct examination was confined to the dying declaration, with sufficient factual background of what had gone before to explain the situation."

"Well, let's consider this as part of the factual background," Judge Bolton said.

"Moreover, your honor, it calls for a conclusion of the witness, and it's argumentative. She doesn't know who was on the other end of the line."

"Do you know whether Carl Harrod called up Mr. Harriman Baylor after Mr. Mason left?" Judge Bolton asked the witness.

"No, sir."

"Continue with your cross-examination, Mr. Mason," Judge Bolton said.

"Did he call up someone?"

"He used the telephone. Yes."

"Did you hear him call the other party by name over the telephone? Did you hear him address that party as Mr. Baylor?"

"Just a moment! Just a moment!" Calvert said. "If the court please, that is objected to on the ground that it isn't binding on the prosecution if a witness addresses someone by name over the telephone. I might call up your honor and say, 'Now listen, Mr. President ——' and that wouldn't mean I was talking to the President of the United States."

"I understand," Judge Bolton said, "but that objection goes to the weight rather than to the admissibility of the evidence. I feel all this is part of the *res gestae*. I think I'll hear the answer. Did he telephone (*Continued on Page 96*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Motorist Moe, having hit Veteran Joe with his car, drove him to the nearest United States Veterans' Hospital. There the physicians made Joe as good as new again without charging him a cent. Moe then said: "I'd gladly pay your hospital bills, but isn't it nice that there aren't any?" Joe, seeing no reason why Moe should benefit from a veteran's free hospitalization, sued him for the cost of his treatment.

"That free treatment was my privilege for having served my country, not Moe's," Joe argued. "Therefore he owes me, regardless of whether the cost of the treatment came out of my pocket."

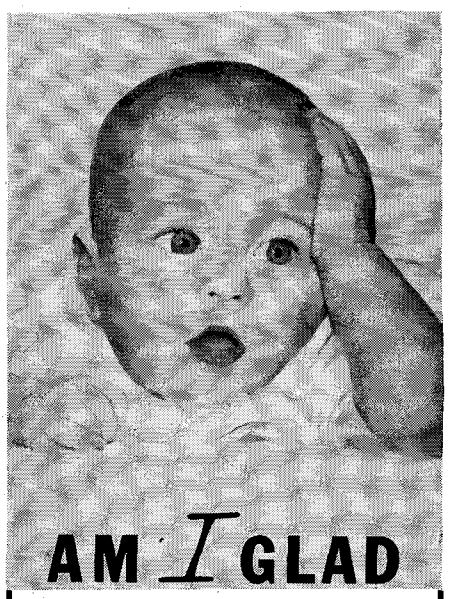
"All that the law requires is for me to repay him for what he spent," Moe countered. "If he spent nothing, obviously I owe him nothing."

If you were the judge, would you make Moe pay?

• •

Moe had to pay. The court said that free hospitalization was part of Joe's reward for having served his country rather than something for the benefit of a motorist who hit him with a car.

Based upon a 1954 U. S. Court of Appeals decision.



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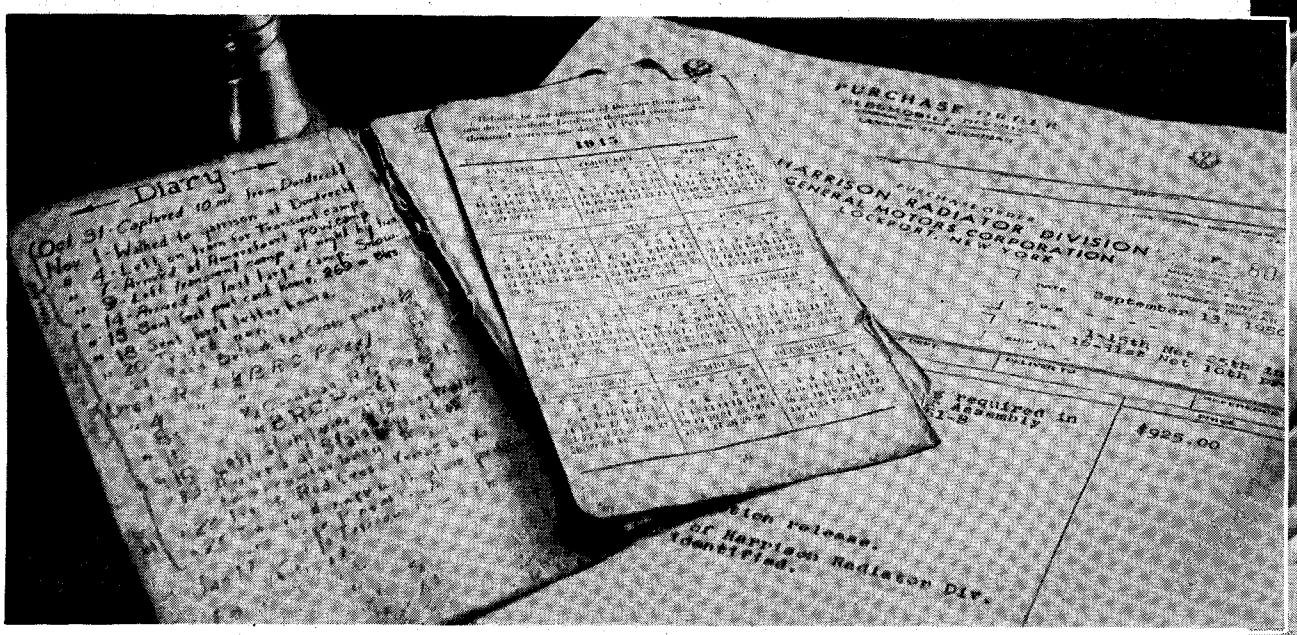
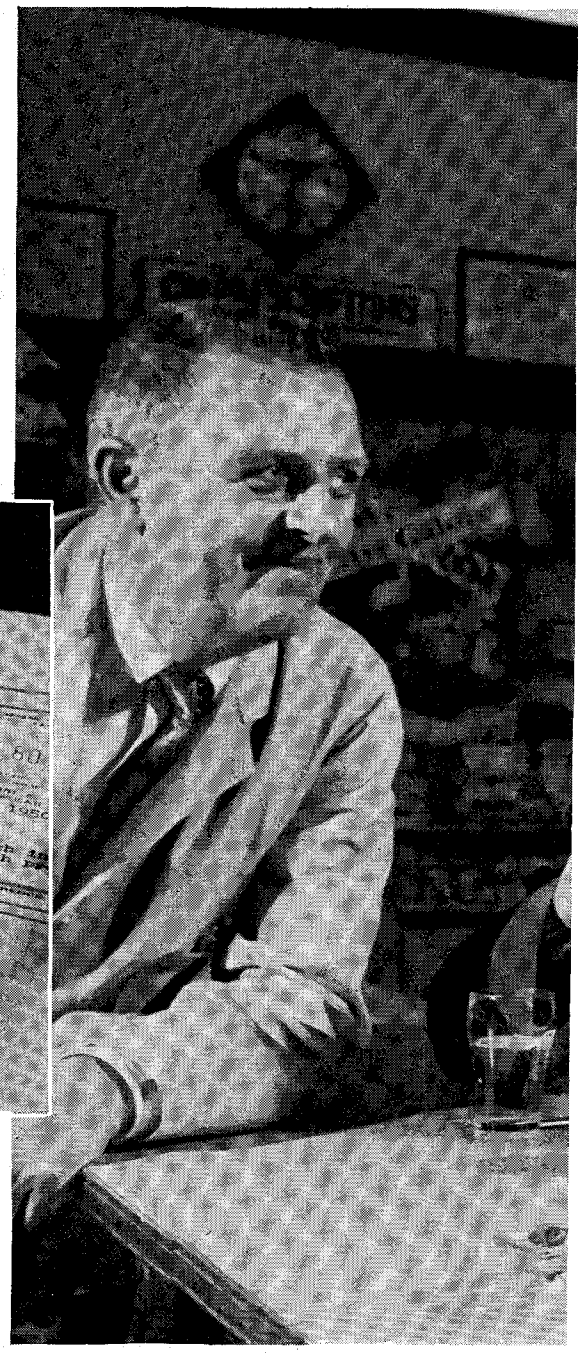
Portland, Michigan's

– *a GI story with a GM twist*





AMERICAN HISTORY – WALT SPRAGUE STYLE—From prisoner of war to boss of his own business, thanks greatly to his first orders from Oldsmobile and Harrison Radiator Divisions of General Motors.

MEET WALT SPRAGUE out in his little town of Portland, Michigan, today—and you'll meet a happy man.

For Walt's the boss of his own show—the Danby Manufacturing Company, out near the old branch-line depot. He's got himself a fine family, Peg and the two youngsters. Plus a brand-new house and car.

And, as we'll quickly show you, Walt's happiness is the spreading kind. For he pours some quarter of a million dollars of payroll money into Portland pockets.

The GI Chapter

It all started in a World War II prison camp. Walt vowed—if he ever got out and back to the States—he'd have no more bosses—he was going to run his own business his way.

So when Walt got back home, he and his dad opened up a small metal stamping plant in their farm's small barn—had the business going so well after three years they decided to start looking round for some out-of-town accounts. One of their new accounts was General Motors' Oldsmobile Division.

The GM Chapter

Oldsmobile liked the way Walt's outfit turned out the tiny clips that fasten brake fluid pipes to the car frame. Increased their orders—even recommended Walt's quality production to Harrison Radiator Division of General Motors.

Result: today the two GM Divisions, Oldsmobile and Harrison, make up about third of what has become nearly a millio dollar annual business.

An offbeat story? Not a bit of it. Lik many other folks and firms in every stat Walt, his fellow workers and their compan have shared in GM's success by filling GM needs with competitively priced qualit products delivered on time. Probably you friends, your town, or your part of the cour try are also sharing in this success.

GENERAL MOTORS
Good people to work for—
Good people to deal with

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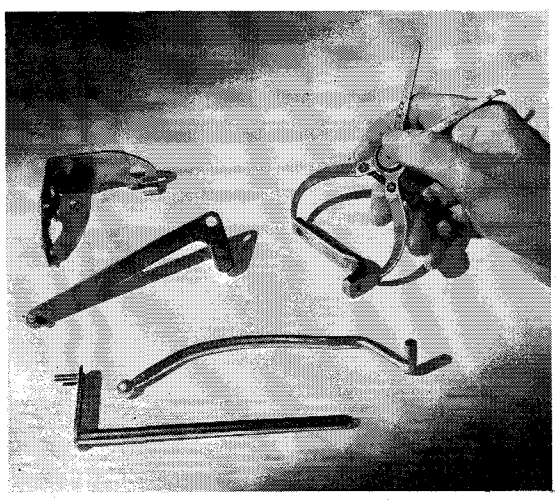
Happy Fellow

APPY FELLOW'S HAPPY FAMILY—Portland, Michigan's Mayor Fred Meade (l.)—the town druggist gets some unofficial Danby Manufacturing Company business from Walt Sprague (r.), Mrs. Walt and tle Susan and Dave. Walt is President of the company which supplies stampings to General Motors.

D AND DOGS—Walt's dad, Bill Sprague, in little homemade trailer truck he built to e their first orders—on the farm where they rted the business.



LITTLE PARTS THAT COUNT—Some of the stampings turned out by Danby Manufacturing for GM and other customers—parts that have helped make a big success of a small business.

GM
1908 · 1958

Michigan Small Business and General Motors

Almost 50¢ of every GM sales dollar goes to outside suppliers. Of the 26,000 companies from coast to coast supplying GM Divisions with goods and services—more than 6,000 are in GM's home state of Michigan. Of these, more than 4,500 are small firms—employing less than 100 persons—which, in total, have received as much as 350 million dollars in a year from General Motors.

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(*Continued from Page 93*) someone whom he addressed as Mr. Baylor?"

"Yes, he did."

"Thank you," Mason said, smiling. "That's all!"

"Just a moment," Calvert said. "I have some redirect examination. You heard him use the name 'Baylor.' You don't know whether he was talking with Mr. Baylor or Miss Baylor, do you?"

"I think he said 'Mister.'"

"All right, then you don't know whether he was talking with Harriman Baylor or with Forrester Baylor, his son?"

"No, sir, that I don't know."

"And you didn't hear him use the person's first name?"

"You mean at that conversation that took place after Mr. Mason left?"

"Yes."

"No, I didn't hear him use any given name."

"That's all," Calvert said.

"Just a minute," Mason said. "You referred specifically to the conversation he had after I left. Do you mean there were two conversations?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did the first conversation take place?"

"Very shortly after Carl returned to the apartment."

"And whom did he call then?"

"I don't know."

"Whom did he ask for?"

"He asked for Mr. Baylor."

"But you heard him call the person at the other end of the line 'Baylor' on both occasions?"

"Yes."

"He used the words 'Mr. Baylor'?"

"Yes."

"Then, as I understand it, he made one call immediately after returning home and before you knew he had been stabbed with an ice pick; and the second call at a later time, after I left. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," Mason said. "I think that's all. However, in view of this testimony, I do have one further question on cross-examination of Irma Karnes."

"I object to having counsel conduct his cross-examination piecemeal," Calvert said. "He had an opportunity to cross-examine Miss Karnes and he should have concluded his cross-examination."

"The conduct of the examination is entirely in the discretion of the court," Judge Bolton said. "It appears to the court, in view of the circumstances surrounding the testimony of this last witness, that we should attempt to get at the truth of the case." Judge Bolton turned to the bailiff. "Summon Miss Karnes to the witness stand," he said.

A few moments later Miss Karnes returned to the witness stand.

Mason turned to the bailiff. "I would like to have the bailiff bring Miss Della Street, my secretary, from the witness room, please."

The bailiff left the courtroom, returned a moment later with Della Street.

"Miss Karnes," Mason said, "permit me to introduce Della Street, my secretary."

"How do you do?" Miss Karnes said.

"Please look at her closely," Mason said. "Have you ever seen her before?"

"I don't think so."

"As a matter of fact," Mason said, "Miss Street was the one who bought the three ice picks from you on the evening of the second. It was Miss Street with whom you had the conversation concerning the markup in price."

Irma Karnes vehemently shook her head. "No, it wasn't!" she said; and added gratuitously, "I was told that you'd try to confuse me by running in a ringer, and I'm all prepared for that, Mr. Mason. I am not going to permit you to confuse me by any trick of substitution, Mr. Mason."

"You're absolutely positive that you never sold Miss Street anything?"

"To my best recollection I have never seen her before. I am quite certain I have never sold her anything."

"And when you were making change for the ice picks which Miss Street had purchased," Mason said, "do you remember one of the ice picks rolled off the counter and fell to the floor, and you stooped and picked it up?"

"That was when I was selling the ice picks to the defendant," the witness snapped. "She has told you about the incident, she has described it to you, and you are trying to rattle me on cross-examination. I am not going to be rattled, Mr. Mason. I know exactly what happened. I know that I sold these ice picks to the defendant in this case. I saw her. I recognized her, and I have studied her features too carefully to be confused."

Mason said angrily, "You've studied her features all right, but that careful study took place when the police let you have her under observation for a full ten minutes. You didn't make that careful study of her features when she was buying the ice picks."

"I carefully studied her features when she was buying the ice picks."

"Why?"

"Well, because—because I don't intend to be confused on cross-examination, Mr. Mason."

"You didn't know you were going to be cross-examined when you were selling the ice picks," Mason said.

President: "You're always talking into that Dictaphone machine of yours. Don't you do anything but write letters?"

Sales Mgr: "I haven't dictated a letter all morning..."

SM: . . . I happen to be recording some brilliant ideas. See? No note-scribbling—I just pick up the mike and think out loud. It's terrific.

P: Any more terrific than any other dictating machine?

SM: Sure—its Dictabelt record is why. It's the one thing that makes machine dictation really practical for me. Look, I'll snap one on, and . . .

P: Goes on pretty easy . . .

SM: See how it stays in sight? You can see the recording grooves as you dictate. Nothing's hidden. You can always find your place fast. You can't erase the belt accidentally or on purpose—so you never have to re-dictate, and . . .

P: Down, boy . . . hold on a minute. What about mistakes? Even you can make 'em, you know . . .

SM: Easy. I just press this button on the mike and dictate my corrections. I never even have to break my stride.

P: Not bad, but I bet it's expensive . . .

SM: Look, with the time it saves a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man, a TIME-MASTER will pay for itself in six months. With you, it'd probably be paid for the day you got it.

P: Ha! Say, could I hear it?

SM: Sure. Here's the mike. Press the button and talk.

P: The Sales Manager is a ne'er-do-well.

SM: Correction. The Sales Manager is a prince among men. Now press the playback.

TIME-MASTER: The Sales Manager is a ne'er-do-well. Correction.

The Sales Manager is a prince among men.

P: Great. How does your secretary like it?

SM: Frankly, she was against it until she saw how much easier it made her job.

P: Maybe I ought to try one . . .

SM: My Dictaphone man'll let you try one for free. I'll call him.

P: One more thing.

SM: What's that?

P: You're quite a salesman, you know that?

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"Well, nevertheless, I am positive that it was the defendant who purchased the ice picks."

"And not Miss Street here?" Mason asked.

"Definitely, positively not!" Irma Karnes snapped in tones of finality. "I had been warned about you, Mr. Mason. I was prepared for this."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

"Any redirect?" Judge Bolton asked.

"No questions at all," Calvert said, smiling. . . . "You are excused from further testimony, Miss Karnes, and permit me to thank you for making an excellent witness."

• •

Thirty-Fifth Spring

By Sister Mary Gilbert, S.N.J.M.

Weary of winter, too inert
for spring,
A restless, hybrid Middle-
march I sing:
When jonquils pierce the
frozen crust
I shake my head, knowing
they must.
Yet let it not be said that
earth is lost to me;
For all along the roots
where life was stored,
The warm sap courses free
and tardy shoots
Put out their timid green to
test the sun.
In other days I met spring
on the run
But now, grown wise, I
wink the first alarms,
Relax and wait while sun-
shine wraps the farms,
While woods awake to birds'
first faltering song
And streams shed ice,
knowing that after long
Rehearsal for the Maid's
debut,
I'll yawn a bit and stretch
my arms
And rise to kiss her too.

• •

Irma Karnes arose and strode from the witness stand, glowering at Mason as she passed by him.

"If the court please," Calvert said, "that is my case. I have no further evidence which I care to put on at this time."

Mason, on his feet, said, "In that case, your honor, I move the court dismiss the case against the defendant and discharge her from custody."

Judge Bolton shook his head. "The function of a preliminary examination is only to show that a crime has been committed and that there is reasonable ground for believing the defendant guilty of that crime. I think the prosecution has met that test. Frankly, the court wants to hear from the defendant in this case if she wishes to avoid being bound over to the higher court for a jury trial."

Mason said, "If the court please, may I have a fifteen-minute recess? I am frank to state that I don't know whether to put the defendant on the stand and try and get the case dismissed at this time, or to sit tight, let this court bind the defendant over for trial and make my defense in front of a jury."

"That is a frank statement," Judge Bolton said, "and under the circumstances the court will grant a fifteen-minute recess."

Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake gathered for a brief conference in one of the unused witness rooms.

"Well, that's it," Mason said. "The witness Karnes was told that I would try to run in a ringer, her mind was conditioned against entertaining any doubt as to her opinion and—and there we are."

"So what do you do?" Drake asked.

Mason said, "I can put Della Street on the stand. She can swear that she was the one that bought the ice picks. Judge Bolton will be impressed, but in order to do any good, I'm going to have to follow up by putting Mildred Crest on the stand."

"Then you'll be gambling your whole stack of chips," Paul Drake said.

Mason nodded.

"Can you afford to do that?" Paul Drake asked.

"No," Mason admitted. "However, Judge Bolton is interested now. If he has the right sort of reaction if I put Della on the stand, I'm going to go all the way. There are times when a lawyer has to gamble."

"Can you tell anything from Judge Bolton's facial expression?" Della Street asked.

"Not from his facial expression, but from the angle of his head. When he's interested he leans forward. When he's decided the defendant is guilty, he leans back in his chair. During the examination of the last witnesses he's been leaning slightly forward. I think I'll put Della on the stand and watch the way he leans. If it's forward, I'll shoot the works. Come on. Let's go back to court. I want to prepare Mildred for what's to come."

They returned to court. Mason leaned over to whisper to Mildred Crest.

"Mildred," he said, "if I don't put you on the stand, the judge is going to bind you over. Then we're going to have to make our fight in front of a jury."

She nodded.

"If I put you on the stand," Mason said, "there's a chance—just a ghost of a chance—that you can convince him that there's something screwy about this case, and, while he may not turn you loose, he's pretty apt to hold that the evidence concerning deliberate first-degree murder is not sufficient to support that charge. Then he may bind you over for manslaughter."

"That will be an advantage?" she asked.

"That will be a tremendous advantage," Mason explained.

"You don't seem to think too much of my chances of acquittal," she said.

"I'm talking about the worst that can happen," Mason said. "I'm painting the gloomy side of the picture for you. Now then, what do you want to do?"

"Whatever you tell me to do."

"I'm inclined to put you on the witness stand," Mason said, "but I warn you that it's going to be something of an ordeal."

"I'll tell the truth," she said.

"All right," Mason said, "here's the judge coming into the courtroom. Sit tight. Hold onto your chair. Here we go!"

Judge Bolton called court to order and said, "I note that the district attorney, Hamilton Burger, is now personally present in court."

Hamilton Burger, big-chested, arose with ponderous dignity. "May it please the court," he said, "a situation has developed which has been communicated to me during the recess of court. It is a situation in which I take a professional as well as an official interest. I note that counsel, in the cross-examination of the People's witness, Irma Karnes, brought his secretary, Della Street, forward and tried to make it appear that Miss Street was the one who had bought the ice pick which is marked in evidence as People's Exhibit Number Seven. I am assuming that counsel does not intend to go any farther with this insinuation. However, in the event Miss Street is put on the stand to testify that she bought that ice pick, I am going to conduct her cross-examination personally. I warn Miss Street and Perry Mason that I am then going to institute proceedings for perjury. I feel that it is only fair that I should warn counsel."

Mason turned to Hamilton Burger.

"Suppose it should appear that Irma Karnes was the one who was swearing falsely. Would you then prosecute her for perjury?"

"Irma Karnes," Hamilton Burger said, "is telling the truth. I have talked with her personally. There can be no question as to her positive identification."

Judge Bolton said, "I fail to see where this interchange between counsel affects the issue in any way as far as this court is

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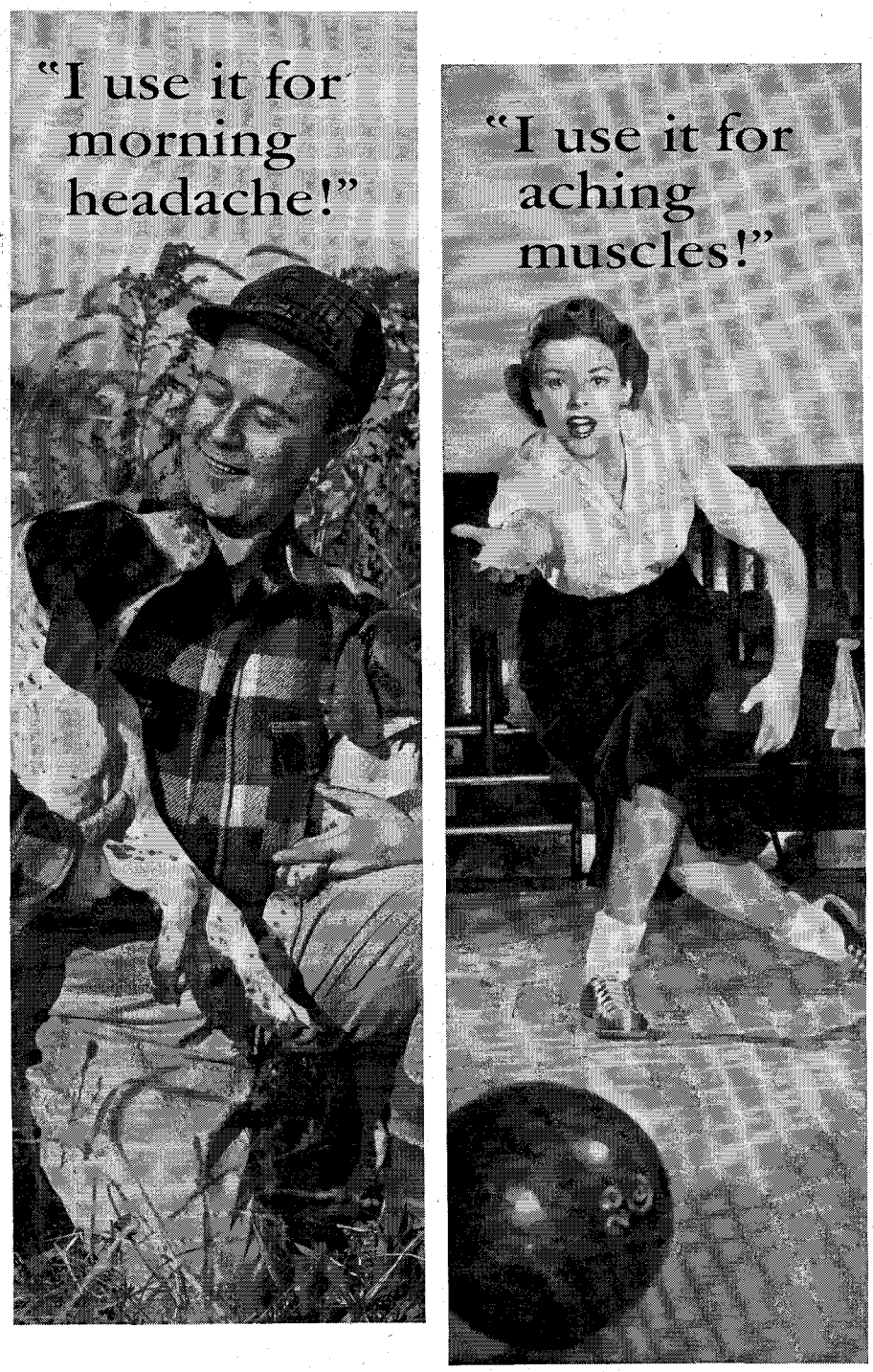

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concerned. Mr. Mason, you will proceed to put on the defense, in case you care to introduce your defense at this time; otherwise the matter will be submitted to the court and the court will make its ruling, binding the defendant over."

"I am going to accept the challenge of the prosecution," Mason said. "Della Street will take the stand."

Della Street came forward and was sworn.

"I am directing your attention to the second of this month," Mason said, "and am directing your attention to the testimony of the witness, Irma Karnes, as to the defendant having purchased three ice picks from her. Are you familiar, generally, with her testimony?"

"Yes," Della Street said.

"Will you describe any transaction which you had with Irma Karnes on the second of this month?"

Della Street said firmly, "I was in the apartment of Mildred Crest. I was with you. I was instructed by you to go to the Arcade Novelty and buy three ice picks identical in design and appearance with a certain ice pick which was there in the apartment. I went to the Arcade Novelty. I was waited on by Irma Karnes. I bought three ice picks. She told me that it had been necessary to raise the price during the evening; that if I had been earlier I could have had them three for a dollar. While she was ringing up the change, prior to putting them in the bag, one of the ice picks rolled and fell on the floor. She stooped and retrieved it."

"You may cross-examine," Perry Mason said.

Hamilton Burger rose ponderously. "Miss Street, you are in the employ of Perry Mason?"

"Yes, sir."

"And as such are loyal and devoted to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were with him when he interviewed Carl Harrod?"

"Yes, sir."

"I submit to you that, on the second day of this month, you did not purchase any ice pick at the Arcade Novelty Company, that you had never seen Irma Karnes until after the second of this month. I make that suggestion to you, Miss Street, as a means of giving you a last opportunity to tell the truth. You have now testified under oath and testified falsely. A record has been made of your testimony. You have now committed perjury. I am giving you one last opportunity to retract."

"My testimony is correct," Della Street said.

"That is all," Hamilton Burger announced.

Della Street glanced up at Perry Mason.

"No more questions, Miss Street," Perry Mason said.

Della, with her chin high, left the witness stand.

Mason glanced at Judge Bolton, carefully surveying the jurist's position on the bench.

"I am going to call the defendant, Mildred Crest, to the witness stand," Mason said.

A sudden, tense hush swept the courtroom.

Mildred Crest walked slowly to the witness stand, held up her right hand, took the oath, then sat down and faced Perry Mason.

"All right," Mason whispered to Mildred, "you're on your own now. Remember that your weapon isn't sex appeal, but sincerity. Go to it!"

Mason stood erect. "Mildred," he said, "I want to get the story of what happened on the twenty-second day of last month, the telephone conversation you had with Robert Joiner. However, for the moment, before we go into that, I think you had better tell the court about Robert Joiner. Who was he?"

"He was the man to whom I was engaged to be married," Mildred said.

"You were wearing his ring?"

"Yes."

"You had announced your engagement to your friends?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Go ahead and tell about the telephone conversation that you had on the afternoon of the twenty-second. After that, tell us everything you did on the twenty-second, as nearly as you can remember."

In a low, self-conscious voice, Mildred Crest started to talk. Gradually, as the sound of her own voice gave her a certain measure of reassurance, she raised her eyes to Judge Bolton, straightened herself somewhat, and talked more rapidly. Mason's questions, searching and sympathetic, prompted her whenever she slowed down, until finally she had told the story of the phone call, the automobile accident, the determination to take the identity of Fern Driscoll and the resulting complications, the meeting with Carl Harrod, the ice picks which were purchased by Katherine Baylor, the subsequent visit of Mason and Della Street, and the replacement of the two missing ice picks by Della Street.

Mason turned to the prosecuting attorney. "Cross-examine," he said.

Hamilton Burger rose. His voice seemed sympathetic, his manner restrained.

He said, "As I understand it, Miss Crest, you suffered a terrific emotional shock on the afternoon of the twenty-second."

"I did."

"You had no suspicion that your fiancé was embezzling money?"

"None whatever."

"So when you found he was an embezzler, you didn't want to have any part of him. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Yet," Hamilton Burger said, raising his voice slightly and introducing an element of sarcasm, "within a few short hours after you had repudiated your boy friend because of his dishonesty, you yourself became a thief."

"I did not!" she stormed.

"No?" Hamilton Burger asked in exaggerated surprise. "I perhaps misunderstood your testimony. I thought you said you took the purse of Fern Driscoll?"

"I did. But I took it for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Simply so I could take over her identity until I had found myself."

"But there was four thousand dollars in her purse. Did you need that four thousand dollars in order to establish your identity as that of Fern Driscoll?"

"No."

"Yet you took that money?"

"It was in the purse."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I put it in an envelope and marked on the envelope 'Property of Fern Driscoll.'"

"Indeed!" Hamilton Burger said. "And when did you do that?"

"That was before the police came to my apartment."

"Yes, yes," Hamilton Burger said, smiling. "How long before?"

"Not long before."

"That was after Mr. Mason and Della Street had been there?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you write on the envelope 'Property of Fern Driscoll' at the suggestion of Mr. Mason?"

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"Yes."

"Simply as window dressing so you could assume a position of virtuous integrity when you got on the witness stand?"

"I wasn't thinking of getting on the witness stand."

"No, no, you weren't," Hamilton Burger said, smiling, "but your attorney was, Miss Crest. You did this at the advice of your attorney."

"I don't know what my attorney was thinking of."

"You followed his advice?"

"Yes."

"And up to that time you had done nothing to mark this money as being the property of Fern Driscoll?"

"I had put it to one side as her property."

"Did you make any effort to find out who Fern Driscoll's heirs might be?"

"No."

"Did you communicate with the public administrator of San Diego County, where the accident took place, and tell him that you had some property belonging to Fern Driscoll?"

"No."

"You say you were holding the money as the property of Fern Driscoll?"

"Yes."

"Yet you yourself were taking over Fern Driscoll's identification as well as her property?"

"I went under the name of Fern Driscoll."

"You didn't know anything about Fern Driscoll's background?"

"No."

"You didn't know that she perhaps had loved ones who were anxiously awaiting some word from her?"

"I knew nothing about her."

"You didn't try to communicate with her loved ones? You didn't let them know that she was dead?"

"No."

"And you deliberately set fire to the automobile so as to aid you in your deception?"

"I did not."

"The fire started as the result of a match which you had struck?"

"Yes, but it was accidental."

"You knew there was gasoline in the car?"

"Yes."

"Notwithstanding that, you struck a match and held it over the gasoline fumes?"

"I was trying to see down into the car."

"And when the fumes didn't ignite, then you managed to drop the match so that the gasoline did ignite."

"The match burned my fingers."

"You have struck matches before?"

"Naturally."

"You know that if you hold them too long the flame will burn your fingers?"

"Yes."

"Therefore, you ordinarily blow out the match before the flame gets to your fingers?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you do that this time?"

"I had other things on my mind."

"I certainly agree with you on that," Hamilton Burger said sarcastically. "Now then," he went on, "after Katherine Baylor had left you ice picks so that you could defend yourself in case you were assaulted, you asked her where she had bought them, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And she told you?"

"Yes."

"So you immediately went down and bought three more ice picks so that, in case you stabbed Carl Harrod with an ice pick, you could establish your innocence in the eyes of the police by showing that you had exactly the same number of ice picks in your apartment that had been there when Miss Baylor had left?"

"I did not purchase any ice picks!"

"You not only took the four thousand dollars which didn't belong to you, yet don't consider yourself a thief, but you also bought three ice picks from the witness, Irma Karnes, and now lie about it and presumably don't consider that you're committing perjury?"

"I didn't buy the ice picks. Della Street bought those ice picks."

"How do you know?"

"I heard Mr. Mason instruct her to buy them."

"You have heard Irma Karnes state positively that you purchased those ice picks?"

"She is mistaken."

"You heard her make that statement?"

"Yes."

"You heard her state that she was positive?"

"Yes."

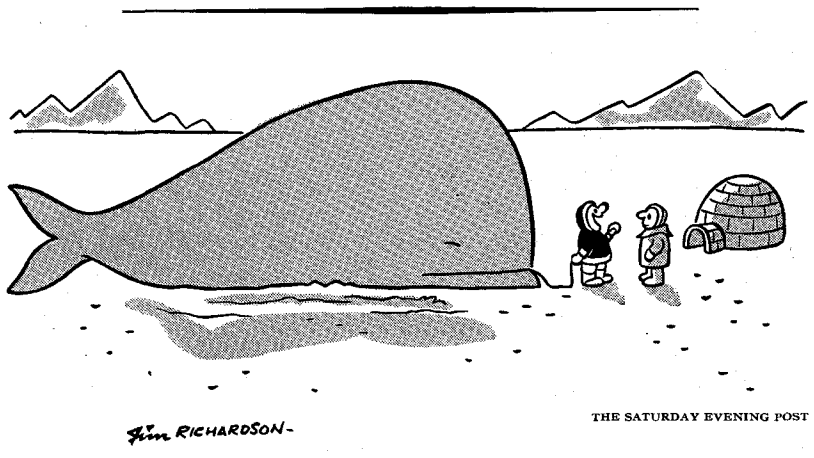
"And still, in the face of that testimony, in the face of the fact that you stabbed Carl Harrod in the chest with an ice pick which you yourself had bought from Irma Karnes, you wish to adhere to this story of your innocence, this fairy tale of having entered your apartment, of having picked up an ice pick and having some man rush at you so that he impaled his chest upon the ice pick?"

"That is the truth."

Hamilton Burger looked at the clock. "If the court please, I think I am about finished with the witness. However, it is approaching the hour of the evening adjournment and may I ask the court for a recess at this time with the understanding that my questioning tomorrow morning will not exceed a very few minutes?"

"Very well," Judge Bolton said. "We will continue the case until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. The defendant is remanded to custody."

TO BE CONCLUDED



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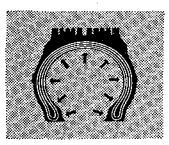

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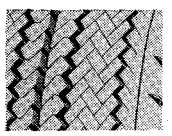

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Charlie Chaplin's Stormy Exile

(Continued from Page 45)

"I worked a year for that aggressive little genius, and all it cost me was a fortnight's nervous collapse and a miserable suit for my back pay. When Charlie was actually working, which wasn't often, he could be delightful. Most of the time he was just brooding and mooching about, and then he was a neurotic terror. I was just beaten down by his tantrums—his first-rate clowning, his second-rate manners and his sixth-rate philosophy."

Caught for a year in the field of Chaplin's howitzer fire, Isobel Deluz finally blew her own stack. One mad midsummer's day, after a heated argument over a bill Charlie tried to force her to pay herself, she cracked up and ran in panic down the hill from the Manoir de Ban. When I talked to her recently in Paris, time had mellowed the memory of the ordeal. It was like interviewing a happy survivor of the Blitz.

Thirty-eight, pert and natty, bright and with her own sense of humor, Isobel Deluz had already had twenty years' experience as secretary, including two years in London with film mogul Sir Alexander Korda, when she spotted Charlie's help-wanted ad in the Gazette de Lausanne. It was a bit of Chaplin luck to find, within twenty minutes' drive of Vevey, a British secretary, fluent in four languages, with script and film experience. He hired her pronto. She accepted the rather low salary of forty dollars a week—on the Swiss scale a stenog's beginning salary—because she was eager to work for a genius. Like most Europeans, then, she believed Charlie had got a raw deal in the U.S.A.

The logistics of Operation Chaplin by this summer of 1953, his first full year abroad, were in sprawling chaos. Part of the unique flavor of a Chaplin film is that Charlie insists on dreaming up the idea, writing the scenario, staging the sets, composing the music, scoring it, casting, directing and playing the lead. But in his Hollywood studio kingdom on La Brea Avenue, King Charles had the devoted help of his crack cameraman, Rolland Totheroh, his financial-wizard half brother, Syd, and his staff of skilled technicians. He also had his link and outlet with United Artists. Now, though, from his retreat in Switzerland, Charlie was to produce a picture, his eighty-fifth, but his first outside the United States, from absolute scratch. His isolation was brought home to him when, seized with the inspiration for the film that was to become A King in New York, he did not have even a secretary to harvest and record his thoughts. (Charlie cannot compose on a typewriter.)

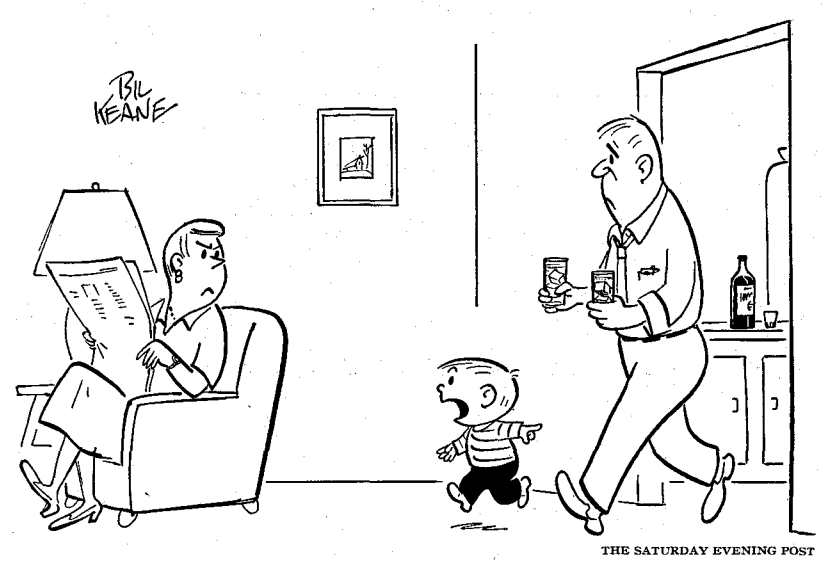
But Chaplin seemed happy at least in his choice of Manoir de Ban, the gleaming white villa high above Vevey, a showplace built into a picture-post-card panorama. He had now bought it, for an estimated $300,000, from its previous owner, a wealthy American. When Isobel Deluz arrived at Manoir de Ban one June day in 1953, she was shown to the library, and in a few minutes her boss-to-be arrived.

For those who know him only from his pictures, a first meeting with Chaplin is a tingling, electric experience. Today, the actor no longer resembles "the little fellow"—if he ever did. He has a mane-like shock of unruly, snowy hair, underlined by silver eyebrows. In his vibrant late sixties, he is as full of darting energy as a dragonfly. In his calmer moments he looks more and more like the poet William Butler Yeats. Chaplin is magnetic, tense, still simmering with the sacred fire. His small, dancing eyes are kingfisher-blue, and as cold as Alpine lakes. The tiny, freckled hands and the mincing feet are in constant movement.

Chaplin, dancing around the green sofa, was in rare good humor, full of himself and his hot projects. The letter Madame Deluz had brought from Korda he thrust into the pocket of his tattered beige suit without reading. He began to tell her, in staccato machine-gun dialogue, all about "The King," and all the "typing, typing, typing" that was needed, how he must have someone to translate to the Swiss servants, because he spoke no French and Oona very little. "Ah, Oona, you must like her, so sweet, so natural." When he spoke of Oona, his face lit up and his nervous tension seemed to ease.

Briskly, Madame Deluz was now hustled off to a quick typing-and-shorthand test. This was given not by Chaplin but by Jerry Epstein, a friend of Chaplin's son, Sydney, and an associate producer of Limelight. As yet, there was no office typewriter, so Oona's portable was borrowed. Armed with a stop watch, ebullient Jerry began dictating "philosophical passages from the works of Mr. Chaplin," beginning with Monsieur Verdoux's "A rose is like a beautiful thought," and "In the sunset of life one must have tenderness." He dictated so slowly it was a snap. Finally Jerry confessed: "What the hell, I don't know how to operate the stop watch anyway." She got the job.

Things were off to a volatile start, and for the first few weeks the Manoir de Ban was often a pleasant and inspiring funhouse. Taking dictation from Chaplin—"Isobel, I must get on with that script"—



"Daddy drank out of the little measuring glass!"

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was often wackier than the comedy scenes being created.

Isobel Deluz had orders to arm herself with two steno pads and five sharp pencils, and follow her rambling boss about whenever the work mood was on. Sometimes she had to guess whether the lines were for the old Shadow and Substance script, or the new "King" script, or just a gag that Chaplin had pulled out of nowhere—"Is that an El Greco? No, I think it's a Filipino. Write that down."

Somedays the seances were on the sun terrace or in the sun lounge. Then Charlie, seeking the sun like a salamander, would stroll off into the garden or through his twenty acres of woodland park. On other days the session might be in his secretary's office, adorned with an early Picasso, or down by the tennis court and swimming pool; it could be in his all-white Napoleonic bedroom, where a nude by his friend and neighbor, the Swiss painter, Theodore Bosshard, gazes across at an oil painting of Oona.

Chaplin's call to action usually took this form: "Come on, Isobel, old dear; life is short; there's lots to do. Are you ready?" Charlie begins work around eleven A.M., takes only a ten-minute lunch break, for yoghurt and coffee, and his inspiration is often postprandial. Mrs. Deluz recalls: "When the Muse of the Seventh Art took over, he would begin to prance around, talking at the top of his voice, repeating the same sentence over and over again, and then, when he was at the farthest corner of the room, with his back toward me, he would whisper something I could not hear, and bounce round with a 'That's it—that's it. Fine. Got it at last.' But I had not! Then he would fall into silent brooding, sometimes for half an hour on end, with a faraway look in his eyes. Or he would gesticulate madly, his mouth forming noiseless words. Every possible expression would cross his moving face—joy, sadness, courage, irony, tragedy, contempt."

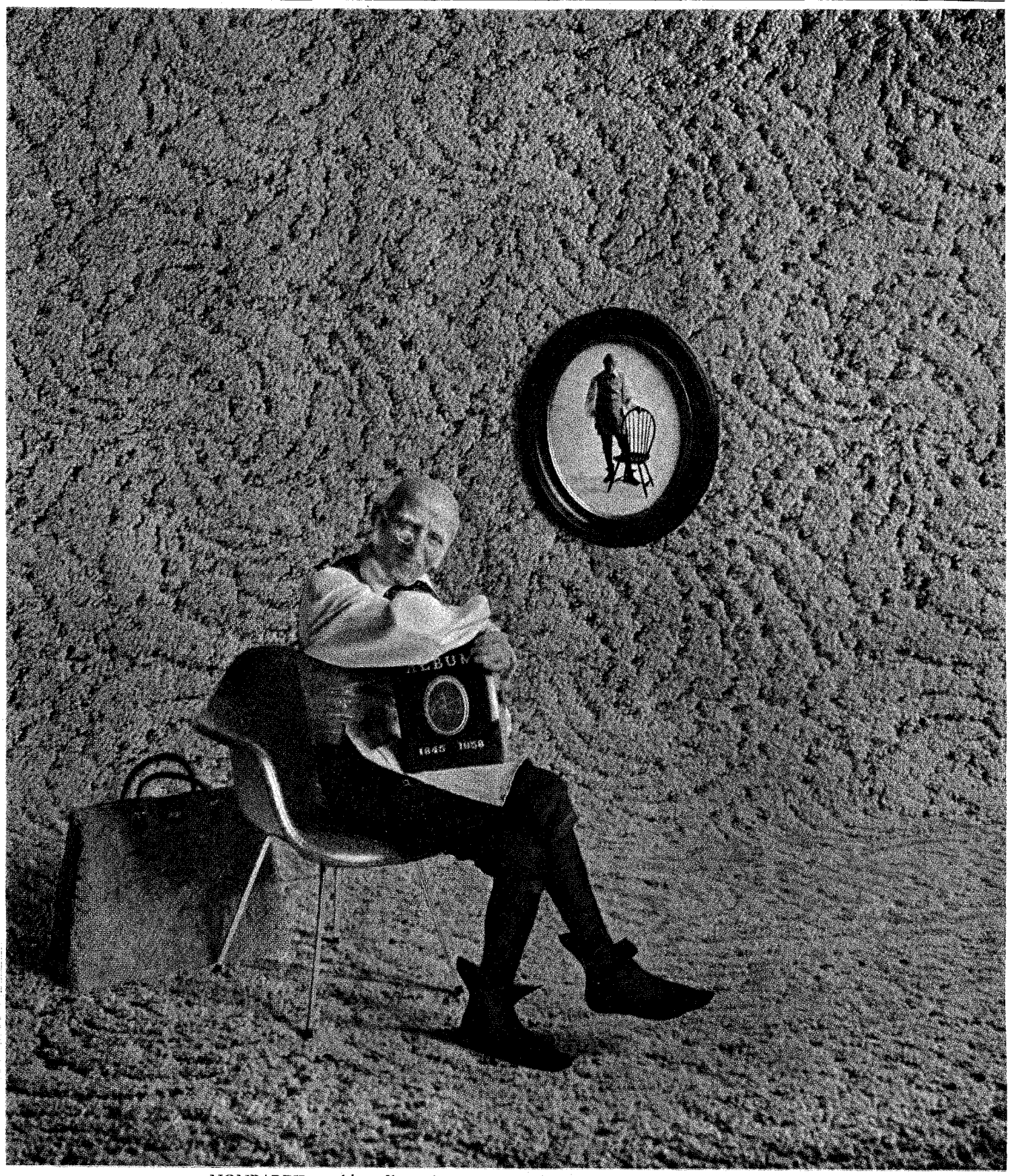
Once, when Chaplin had finished a most moving scene concerning the sad lot of the poor, so loaded with pathos that Isobel Deluz found herself reaching for her handkerchief, the great actor jumped up with a bland businesslike crack: "That's the tear-jerker stuff that really wows them at the box office." Her account continues:

"Chaplin was never fluent in his dictation and he seldom finished a sentence. He constantly flipped backwards and forwards in the text or jumped to another sequence. It would go this way:

"'I love—I love you.' (He lowers his eyes bashfully.) That's it, got it. Just like that. I—I love you.' Just make a note of that somewhere; may need it later on. Now, got those other pages? Good. All right—er (reading) good, that's it. I won't do any more today. Tennis pro's arrived. Must get some exercise or my figure will go west—my profession, you know. Tomorrow I want to finish that sequence—er—King and his ministers.' (He picks up his racket and hops briskly across the lawn toward the tennis courts.)"

Each afternoon there was a pleasant musical interlude around teatime. Floating down the wide stone stairs of the Manoir de Ban came haunting music, the ballet theme from Limelight. It came from a record player Oona had installed in an antique desk in her first-floor bedroom, whence, as mistress of the house, she directs a staff of eight servants. Oona's boudoir with its four-poster bed—designed by Chaplin—its bright chintz curtains and Marie Antoinette décor, is the command post from which the house is run. Oona herself turns on the player—a way of serenading Charlie with music he wrote himself.

It is revealing to see Oona, the black-Irish type with her elfin and crinkling eyes, through the friendly, feminine gaze of another woman. In public, Oona is shy, birdlike, and has learned well the trick of one-step-backward out of focus. In private, she is relaxed, efficient and maternal, even when she wears blue jeans. At the Manoir de Ban, when Chaplin provides the storm and stress, she brings back the sunshine. Most of the servants have been fired in rotation by Charlie, then rehired by Oona. Her quiet hobbies are buying dozens of Dior frocks she seldom wears, collecting gimmick lipsticks she seldom uses, and reading American magazines. She never wears a wedding ring. Like a character out of one of the plays of her father, Eugene O'Neill, introvert Oona gave up her youth, her friends, her father's love, and finally her country, to follow Charlie into this strange exile. Charlie needs Oona, because she is today the only human being who saves him from utter loneliness.



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Every Tuesday, the cook's day off, Oona takes over happily in her own kitchen. Often she is helped by Charlie, who is sent to fetch estragon from the herb garden. He usually comes back with parsley. Summers both go barefoot, Oona in a simple jumper or jeans, Charlie in shorts. The meal prepared, they adjourn to the table, clad just as they are, for a candlelight supper served by Raymond, the butler, in full soup-and-fish.

Learning her boss' foibles, tics and idiosyncrasies is the first instinct of any good secretary, and it wasn't long before Madame Deluz discovered the Great Man had a few:

Houseflies—"dangerous little bastards"—were a real Chaplin phobia. There had to be twenty fly swatters for the twenty rooms, and each room was draped with mosquito netting.

Next came dogs. Chaplin loves cats, and brought his Siamese named Monkey with him from Hollywood. But he loathes dogs so much that he plotted for weeks to have his child Geraldine's poodle Confetti kidnaped. Oona had given Confetti to the child for Christmas, but Charlie insisted: "Get rid of the beast. He makes too much noise walking."

Flowers were a third gripe—most of all, rose geraniums, that remind him of California. He would have no flowers in the house in the daytime because they "ate all the oxygen in the air." Nor could he work in a room where a cigarette had been smoked. He gave up smoking several years ago.

Charlie dreads catching a cold, and during rainy spells stays in bed for days on end, refusing to shave, munching vitamin pills. Every summer now he goes to the Côte d'Azur, and one cold winter he fled as far south as Morocco. He hates the telephone and usually will not answer it.

Children, too, are high on the list of aversions, rather awkward for a man who has six lusty ones romping about the house. The Russian director, Serge Eisenstein, a great admirer of Chaplin, many years ago quoted him as saying: "You remember the scene in Easy Street where I scatter food from a box to poor children as if they were chickens? I did this because I despise them. I don't like children." Until his Swiss architect implored him not to do it, Charlie had serious plans to move his own children out of the house. He wanted to build a separate lodge next to the Manoir de Ban, linked by a Hollywood-style passage "hung with old masters." The architect's strong objections were aesthetic. Oona's were human.

But most of all, Charlie hated paying bills. Oona managed the current domestic accounts, but Charles kept his eagle eye on all other bills, convinced the Swiss were out to take him at every turn. "Who do they think I am, a Rockefeller?" was his favorite moan. (Swiss bankers estimate Chaplin's private fortune at $30,000,000 not including royalties, old rights and TV futures.) He does take one telephone call a day, to talk business with his broker. Madame Deluz was caught in the middle when bills came due:

"After a few weeks, I noticed that Chaplin's black moods and fits of temper came, almost without exception, when there was a question of payments to be made. I would hesitate for several days before reminding him when they fell due, knowing that from the moment he realized he would have to sign a check, the rest of that day would be nerve-racking."

Isobel Deluz, in addition to being private secretary, social secretary, press secretary and script girl, now found herself the linguistic buffer between Charlie and all the French-speaking Swiss he was convinced were out to chisel him. One month the electric bill was higher than usual. Charlie was sure someone had tampered with the meters.

"They're trying to rob me; they think I won't notice. I shall report them to the authorities. I shall go to another company. Get them up here. It's your job to see they don't monkey with my meters." Flabbergasted, service men of the Compagnie Fribourgeoise d'Electricité came to take a reading, found Oona had bought a new washing machine and Charlie had ordered electric heaters for every room.

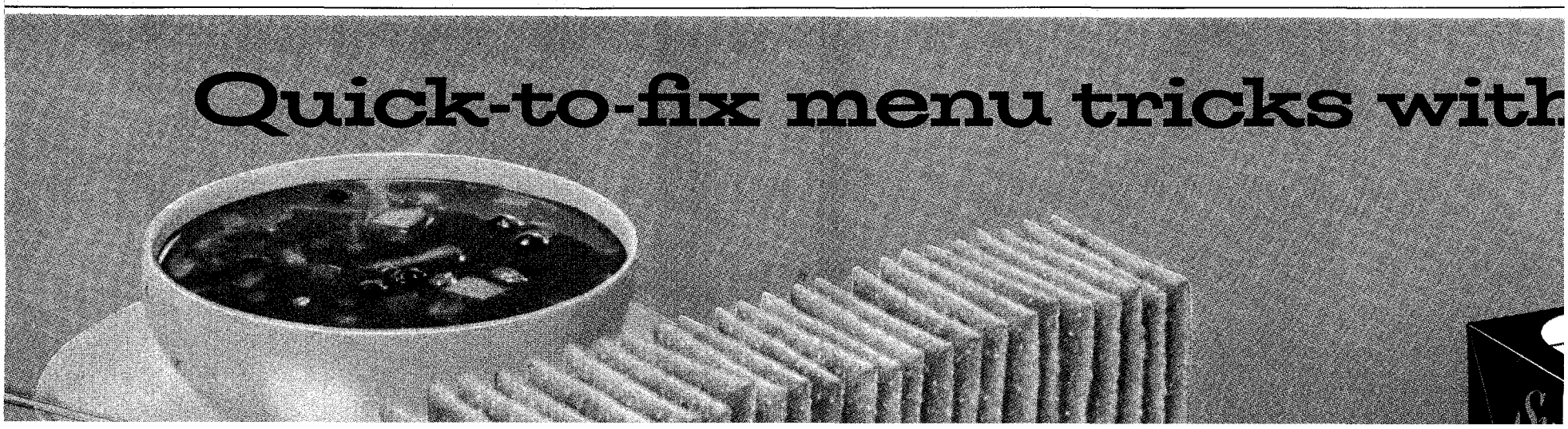
Sorting out the still hefty Chaplin fan mail was another one of Madame Deluz's chores. Incoming mail was always scooped up by Chaplin himself, except for manuscripts, which were always returned to the senders unopened. He then took the haul to his bedroom, or Oona's, or the library. Letters could thus get lost for weeks. Sometimes Oona retrieved the letters and planked them on Madame Deluz's little walnut desk. Charlie gets not only the usual film-star mash mail, but hundreds of epistles a week from political and religious crackpots, world savers, bleeding hearts, poison pens, inventors, blackmailers, nymphomaniacs and the just plain lonely. The letters that try to put the bite on Chaplin as an easy touch are rather pathetic, and a sure waste of good postage. An old lady in Dijon needs coal, a young couple in Venice desire a motor scooter, a wife in Cologne wants him to finance her divorce, an English gentlewoman is running a pet home in Stoke on Trent. From Japan, there is an eager-beaver businessman who keeps trying to get Chaplin to finance his big deal to put atomic power in cans. To his film fans, Charlie still sends out an autographed picture—taken in 1939—provided return postage is enclosed.

If Charlie's fan mail is both cosmopolitan and bizarre, it is at least easier to handle than the screwballs who call in person: a woman who lent him a half crown behind the Palace Theater in London forty years ago; a bespatted French wine salesman from Burgundy who "usually calls only on royalty"; a tramp sporting a knobby little Malacca cane, small bowler, toothbrush mustache and baggy pants, a perfect Charlot looking for a handout.

Isobel Deluz doubled with Georges, the fat chauffeur, as discreet bouncers. Nor were all such doorbell apparitions harmless. One day a strange doll with the exotic handle "Jasmine" wandered through the always-open, wrought-iron gates. She said she had come to find her long-lost father, "whom she had finally traced, after thirty-five years, to Mr. Chaplin's household." Madame Deluz was petrified, sensing that another scandal might be in the cards. She had all the proofs, Jasmine said, in a little parcel. With tears in her eyes, she told how her dying mother had told her, "If you ever want to know who your father is, just ask Mr. Chaplin." Finally Isobel finessed loquacious Jasmine out the door. When Charlie heard about this weird incident, Madame Deluz reports:

"He literally danced with frenzied excitement; he rushed around in circles shrieking, 'These paranoiacs! They have guns! Where is she? Gun in her bag probably! I'll show her! They have guns! I've had 'em in Hollywood, trying to get into the house! They're mad!' He searched high and low for her while I prayed that our peaceful Swiss countryside would not turn into a Hollywood version of a *crime passionnel*."

The doldrums of a Swiss midwinter had arrived. By February, work had



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badly bogged down, but finally Charlie brought the Shadow and Substance script to the casting stage, and now spent several evenings laying out, all over the house, some hundred still photos of young London actresses—possible leading ladies. Finally he lighted on one, fifteen-year-old Janet Scott, and decided to put the show on the road for London. The day before departure—she was to meet him directly at the airport—Isobel Deluz had a foreboding and asked her boss if she should bring along the carbon copy of the script. "Oh, no," said Chaplin airily. "I must work on it a bit tonight." Isobel consoled herself: "He might forget his spectacles, his necktie or his wife, but he would never forget that script."

Next day, a Tuesday, scene Geneva International Airport. Public pandemonium as Charlie discovers, twenty minutes before take-off time, that he has forgotten the script. It's in the car. No, it's in the library. No, on third thought, he left it in the drawing room. Isobel Deluz arrives, to be hustled to a telephone booth to make frantic distress calls back to Vevey. The script is finally located by Raymond, the butler—in the lavatory. Charlie is having kittens, he wants to hold up the plane, cancel the flight, send Isobel back.

Finally, Oona and Madame Deluz calm him down, give special orders to Georges, the chauffeur, on how to retrieve the manuscript. He is to pack it carefully, and send it next day, airmail, special delivery, registered, to the Chaplin suite at the Savoy in London. At the last minute the show is air-borne.

Arriving in London, Charlie was calmed down, mellowed by the familiar scenes of his youth. As they drove into town in the special Savoy Daimler, Madame Deluz recalls that Chaplin was happier and more relaxed than she had ever seen him. But it was not only nostalgia for his cockney past that buoyed up the little fellow. He and Oona were about to spring a carefully contrived drama, dreamed up, directed and staged by Charlie Chaplin, with his wife, Oona, as leading lady. No sooner had the Chaplins reached the Savoy than he summoned the press and cinema critics to a scrumptious cocktail party in his suite—"I have a surprise for you boys."

Chaplin had chosen a very plush setting, and the assembled press as a megaphone to the world, to put across a most shabby act. Charlie, who has often called reporters liars by profession, is an actor by profession. Now he prompted his wife, Oona: "Show them it, honey."

Oona, proudly waving a new blue-and-gold British passport, kept cooing, "Isn't it lovely? Isn't it cute? Isn't it just ducky?"

Charlie beamed. Reporters there present agree on precisely what he said: "This is the moment of my life of which I am proudest. My wife has become a British subject at her own request, without having let me know."

What's wrong with this tableau? The moment of Chaplin's life of which he is proudest was a tawdry falsehood, that's what is wrong. Chaplin himself had masterminded every detail of this passport shift. "Oona's *coup d'état*," as the Chaplins both called it, was cooked up at least a fortnight in advance, at the Manoir de Ban. Charlie himself supervised the paperwork in liaison with the British consul general in Geneva. The signature as legal witness, for Oona and the other children, was that of Madame Deluz.

For forty years, in Hollywood, Charlie had insisted on retaining his British citizenship. Many applauded this action. It seemed to be at least one loyalty in the man—a loyalty to the land of his birth. But Oona's American passport could be torn up the second it suited Chaplin's interest. He was also alienizing his four American-born children, making them citizens of a country they had seldom even seen. (Geraldine, now thirteen; Michael-John, twelve; Josephine, nine; and Victoria, six. The Swiss-born Chaplin children are Eugene, four, and Jane-Cecile, the baby who will be just a year old this May.)

Two days after the London press conference, Lincoln's birthday, Oona trooped down to the American Embassy to swear herself out "absolutely and entirely." Back at the Savoy, Charlie was in a stomping tizzy again. The script had not come in. A platoon of Savoy bellhops was alerted, day and night, to check every Greater London post office. There were calls to Switzerland, to Paris, to all English coastal towns. Friday, still no script, and now real panic. The Postmaster General was called away from a formal dinner, there were midnight messages to Swissair, to all airports. Finally, on Saturday morning, the script landed in Isobel Deluz's now-trembling hands. Swiss chauffeur Georges, economy-conscious, had sent it as third-class printed matter.

Elated, Madame Deluz rushed to Charlie's suite. She found him in his dressing gown, looking helpless.

"Here's the ——" she burst out, but got no further.

"Can't find my other sock," he interrupted, disappearing, to appear a few seconds later holding out a pair of dark blue trousers: "This all right, you think, Isobel? Couldn't say no. The Coldstream Guards, you know." And he started a brisk military march about the room. "St. James's Palace, did you say? Awful bore, shan't make a speech. Coldstream Guards, h'm'm. When was I due? Five minutes ago? Must be getting along."

"Mr. Chaplin, the script's arrived!"

Either he didn't hear her or was already facing the Coldstream Guards, for he braced his shoulders, twirled an invisible walking stick, cocked his hat at the liftman and hopped into the lift.

"The script!" she now shouted. "It's arrived!"

"Oh, has it? Well, see about it tomorrow."

The London junket ended a week later. At the Savoy, Charlie gave Janet Scott a dramatic tryout for the role of leading lady, seemed sure he had discovered another star—"so malleable"—then suddenly packed up for Switzerland, with

Anyone for Nothing?

By Laurence Eisenlohr

I'm wary of the hostesses
Whose entertainment aims
To give me mental exercise
With pad-and-pencil games.

Ah, let me have an evening out
That's witless and relaxed.
I do not care, in private homes,
To be amusement-taxed.

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vague promises of returning in the spring. Back in the Manoir de Ban, a fortnight went by, work was in the doldrums and Chaplin in a morbid blue funk. Age and exile, winter and Switzerland were now eating into him.

One gloomy morning as his secretary entered the library, he mumbled, "That play . . . overrated subject . . . been used too much. Don't believe in this Joan of Arc business anyway. . . . Write a letter to the management of the Savoy, will you? About those kippers. They weren't fresh. I shall go to the Dorchester next time."

To those familiar with the Chaplin legend, the dark period known as "The Let-Down" now begins. The creative process grinds to an absolute halt and Chaplin mooches about in a kind of black night of the soul. Now for several months of a rainy spring not a lick of work will be done on the "King" script, as Chaplin throws an endless series of tantrums, most of them touched off by work being done at the Manoir de Ban. He had ordered a servants' lodge, a summer pavilion, a tennis court and a swimming pool. As the work began, Charlie began showing the architect how to architect and the contractor how to build. "I've been building swimming pools for thirty years"—or pavilions or tennis courts. All the Swiss—and every day Madame Deluz had to translate his abuse into tactful French—were either cheats or stumblebums. "And tell them I won't pay for it."

Chaplin's throwing his weight around began inside the Manoir de Ban itself. His balanced period-piece house is in pure Empire style, with careful emphasis on classic angularity. Antique and gewgaw-loving Charlie had already supplied a rococo touch by adding Chippendale chairs, Napoleonic figurines, Jap puppets, Chelsea china and Persian rugs—arriving at what the Swiss call the "Chaplin-cum-antique-cum-Hollywood style." Now, suddenly, he wanted to lower all the ceilings.

The architect talked him out of this idea by stressing how it would ruin the cash value of his property. Except in the library. Here Charlie had bought an eighteenth-century folding library ladder, but with it he could not reach the topmost shelf, which formed a harmonious line with the tops of the doors, windows and the panel over the mantelpiece. Charlie insisted the shelf be filled with paneling, and, when told this would destroy the perfect Empire line, roared, "The devil with that noise! From now on we are going to have a pure Chaplin line!"

Outside, down at the bottom of the garden, Charlie would now be waiting each morning for the workers to arrive, and the daily routine would begin. Work must be halted, the architect must be summoned, the contractor must be scolded, the bill down-graded, either because the deep end of the pool was at the wrong end—which it wasn't—or because the pavilion might collapse in a high wind and kill the children, or because he had been cheated on materials.

Madame Deluz, caught between the hammer of Chaplin's absurd orders and the anvil of Swiss common sense, was always in the middle as translator:

"As a chorus to these flaps, which went on for weeks, the workmen, their picks and shovels neglected at their feet, would stand behind Chaplin, grin and wink at each other, point a finger to their foreheads, raise their eyes to the heavens, and repeat his refrain: 'I've been building—for thirty years.' They called him Old Windbags."

Isobel Deluz now realized she had had about as much as she could take. The tip-toeing servants became nervous and snapping. The Chaplin kids—"Daddy's in an awful fuss again"—took to playing on the far side of the house. Even Oona could not calm Charlie on these days. The only hope was that the outdoor work would end and Charlie could get back to scenario work. But some inner demon drove him to block progress of the work. When the red-asphalt surface of his fine new tennis court was almost dry, needing only a good, sunny day to set properly, Charlie played on it and ruined the surface. Enraged at his own folly, he ordered it to be covered over—with concrete.

It was just at this period—the early days of June, 1954—that Chaplin was awarded the peace prize by the Communist World Peace Council. He took a few days off to compose a quiet little paean to the brotherhood of man: "Let us therefore return to that which is healthy and natural in mankind, to that spirit of goodwill which is the source of all inspiration, of all that is creative, beautiful and noble in life." Peace broke out for a moment at the Manoir de Ban, but only for a moment.

One of his most hilarious foibles is that Charlie can never get it through his head that a meter is thirty-nine inches. For Charlie a meter is always a foot and a centimeter an inch. This concept can make living in Europe difficult. Charlie would spend hours wearing out the office carpet measuring in feet while his secretary measured in meters. Stopping in the middle of the room, Chaplin would then yell that "they" had it all wrong: "The pool won't even be wide enough for Eugene" (then nine months old). He would not pay, he would call in another builder. When it was explained that there were more than three feet in a meter, that the pool was a good deal wider than the room, he would say, "Oh!" sheepishly; then return half an hour later with a yardstick and start all over again, measuring in feet.

This swimming pool produced the final blow-off. Charlie had ordered it by visiting a finished one nearby and requesting a replica. The original pool had granite slabs for supporting walls and a path. It was a rainy day when similar slabs arrived at the Manoir de Ban, and a morbid thought now rushed through Chaplin's brain:

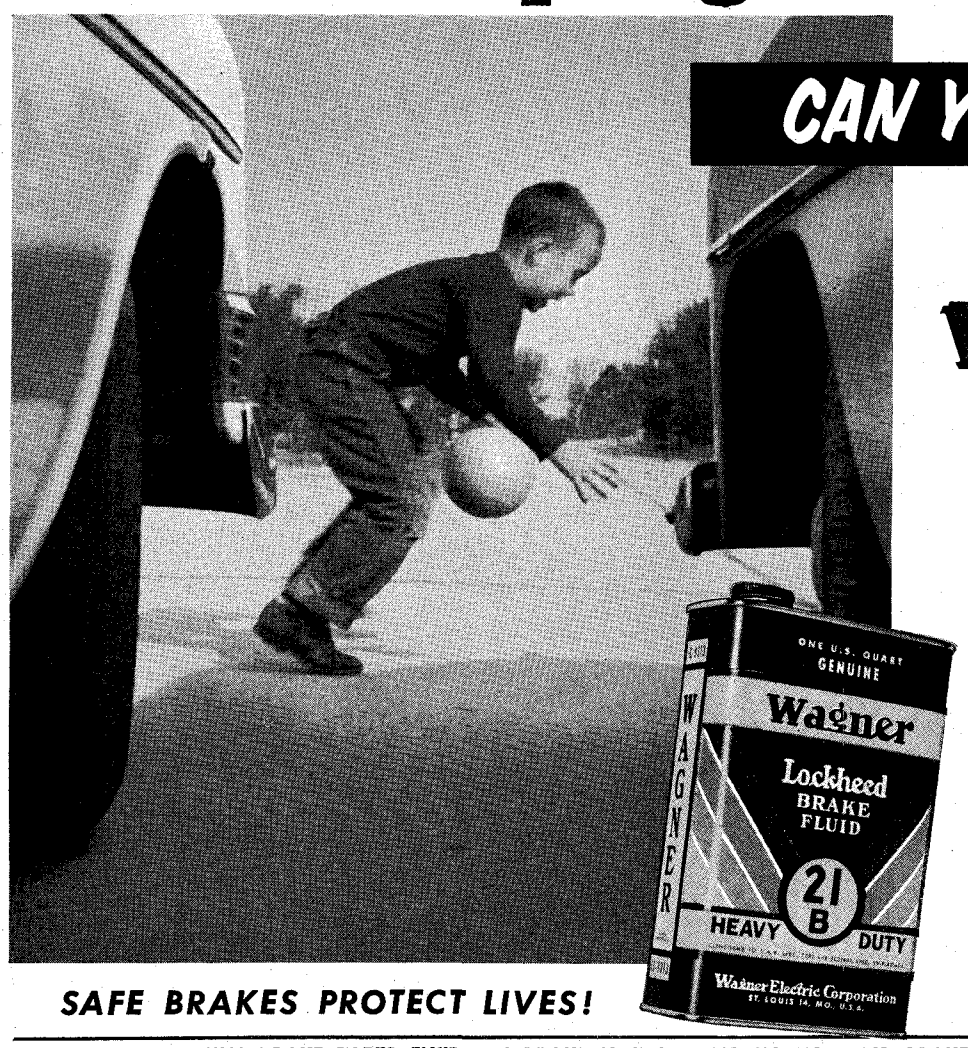
"Tombstones! They're ghastly. I won't have them. Must put in green-slate ones. Awful, depressing, like a funeral. I don't want to feel I'm going to a funeral when I walk around my pool. I've been building swimming pools for thirty years. Don't swim myself. . . . I see. . . . A funeral . . . cemetery slabs. I won't have my children swimming in a graveyard."

Soon he convinced himself he had been swindled. Pursuing Madame Deluz in a rage, he insisted that the slabs be changed and that she foot the bill. She had "fiddled" the statement with the contractor, he said. This time something snapped in Isobel Deluz. She was at the telephone, trying to rouse the contractor. Chaplin was shouting at her. Suddenly she dropped the phone, turned on her tormentor boss and let rip. Then she fled. Chaplin, for once, was speechless.

The next time Isobel Deluz saw her boss was many months later, in the Vevey courtroom. She sued for three months' back wages and vacation pay, and won her case. The bemused citizens of Vevey got a good look at Chaplin the Great Litigator, which was to stand them in good stead when, the next year, Charlie got around to suing the whole township.

Editors' Note—This is the second of three articles on the adventures and misadventures of Charlie Chaplin in Europe. The last will appear next week.

It's Spring! Children are playing!



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Time is Running Out on Us

(Continued from Page 31)

aggressor requires an overwhelming superiority of force.

To prevent any return blow, the aggressor has to achieve an immediate, total knockout of his enemy's entire structure of nuclear striking power. Nothing less will do; yet these complex structures present a nightmarish multiplicity of targets spread out over very great areas. For example, the American Strategic Air Command has no fewer than 400 air bases in the NATO nations, plus many more in other regions of the world. Simply to score a one-blow knockout of this SAC air-base system, A- and H-weapons would have to be delivered to all these many hundreds of targets with great accuracy and the most careful timing. This would require literally thousands of co-ordinated air sorties and/or missile firings, all within the space of a few hours at the longest.

RULE III: The problem of retaliation is relatively easy; and retaliation will succeed if a quite modest force survives the aggressor's first blow.

This is because the aim of retaliation is merely to destroy the aggressor. It is ironically easier nowadays to destroy another nation than to destroy that nation's power to hit back in its death agony. The difference lies in the number of targets, plus one other critical fact. In order to forestall a return blow, one must rely exclusively on the restricted but instantaneous killing powers of fire and blast. But in order to destroy another nation, one can also rely on the far slower and far wider killing power of radioactive fall-out. Thus only about fifty high-megatonnage H-bombs, exploded at altitude above the great cities, would pretty effectively end the national existence of the Soviet Union. A proportionally small number of air sorties and/or missile firings would be enough to do the job.

RULE IV: For these reasons, the certainty that a modest retaliatory force will survive the first blow is a certain deterrent of nuclear aggression.

Such are the rules. To clarify the argument, I have simplified considerably, but only by omitting important additional features of the aggressor's problem. He has other very grave questions to answer before he dare attack, such as the question about the effect of great numbers of explosions of his own A- and H-weapons on the world air, which his own people breathe. If the other side is well prepared, moreover, there are certain questions which the aggressor actually cannot answer.

One such is the time-space question, as some experts call it. This question arises when the other side possesses a widely dispersed structure of nuclear striking power linked to a fully effective warning system. The air bases of the American Strategic Air Command, for instance, are dispersed from Turkey to Okinawa and from Greenland to Texas. Our DEW line, in Northern Canada, also provides good early warning of attacking aircraft for all the SAC air bases in the United States. Until they have built up an operational stock of intercontinental missiles, the Soviets must therefore choose between two equally disagreeable alternatives if they wish to strike the first blow. They can try to destroy all SAC's air bases simultaneously, sending the air sorties destined for the Texas bases across the DEW line very early. But the whole world-wide structure of SAC's striking power will thus be warned to retaliate, before any of it can be knocked out. Or the Soviets can aim for a simultaneous crossing of all SAC's warning lines, with a staggered destruction of SAC's air bases. The air bases in the United States will thus be warned to retaliate in good time; and in this case the DEW line's warning will be sternly, unmistakably confirmed by the earlier destruction of SAC's more advanced bases.

Perhaps the most disquieting single feature of the Soviet success in missile development is the fact that their intercontinental missiles may shortly provide the Soviet war planners with a satisfactory answer to this time-space question. The existing DEW line cannot "see" high-flying missiles. But radars can be built that will also give warning against missiles. The DEW line's full effectiveness can be restored by all-out effort. The strong deterrent power of the time-space question can thus be prolonged into the period that now lies ahead, despite the far narrower time margins of missile firings.

In sum, if you study the working of the strange rules of nuclear warfare, two points stand out above all others. One is an ugly point. Structures of nuclear striking power and systems of warning must be continuously maintained and continuously modernized, at constantly increasing expense. There is no escaping this vicious circle of military investment except by international agreement. If one side scamps the needed investments, the other side may acquire the kind of superiority that will make aggression a safe bet.

But the other point that stands out is at least not ugly, although it is decidedly bizarre. If needed investments are not scamped, neither side can use this hideous power that costs such enormous sums. In this case, the whole purpose of one side's investments—and it is a perfectly adequate purpose—is simply to prevent the other side's investments from producing any positive result.

For just these lunatic-logical reasons, it was criminal folly for the Eisenhower Administration's budget-firsters to scamp America's nuclear investments in the last

NEXT WEEK

In Color:

The Land That Time Forgot

A Report From New Guinea's Valley of Cannibals

By Robert C. Ruark

ORDEALS OF EXECUTION NIGHT:

The Governor's Toughest Decision

By Averell Harriman

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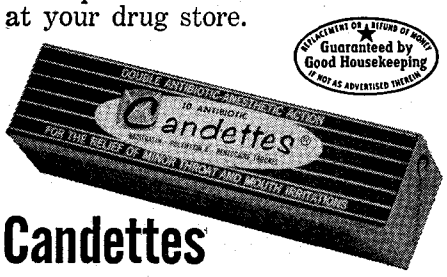

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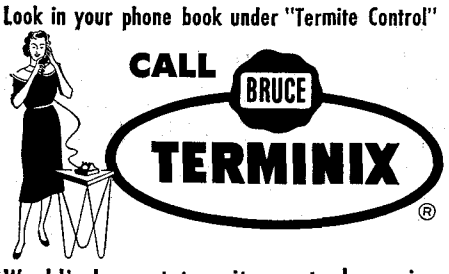

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five years. Nevertheless, as of today, the damage does not seem to be irreparable. As of today, the situation seems to be that neither party in the struggle for the world can dare to strike the first blow with nuclear weapons.

It is only too easy to prove that the American Strategic Air Command has now lost its former ability to solve the nuclear aggressor's problem.

On the one hand, the Soviet structure of nuclear striking power has been immensely amplified. In the first Eisenhower years, the Kremlin built up an impressive new force of long-range jet aircraft. In the last two years, the Soviets have added a large operational stock of intermediate-range missiles. They are now building an operational stock of intercontinental missiles. Concurrently, Soviet air bases have been multiplied; missile emplacements have been added to the air bases. These are massive extensions of the target system that SAC would have to knock out in one blow. Yet they have not been matched by any comparable increase of SAC's striking power.

On the contrary, the feckless failure to modernize SAC has left a full two thirds of SAC's total striking power squarely dependent on the overseas bases owned by our allies. All our European allies are now intensely conscious of the threat of Soviet intermediate-range missiles. If only because SAC's aircraft would take so long to cover the distance between the Soviet warning lines and the Soviet missile emplacements, SAC cannot any longer guarantee our allies against Soviet nuclear retaliation. Our allies, therefore, will certainly refuse to provoke their own destruction by permitting SAC to strike a first blow.

In these ways, SAC has been gradually but irremediably transformed into a purely defensive force. SAC 's sole role today, SAC's sole capability in the present, is to guard the United States and the West against Soviet nuclear attack.

As for the Soviets, it is only too easy to show how horribly near they came to solving what I have called the nuclear aggressor's problem. The fact sticks out a mile from the first decision taken by the SAC staff, after the hard lesson of the Sputniks.

This was the decision to keep a substantial proportion of SAC's aircraft always in the air, with H-bombs always aboard, beyond reach of Soviet surprise attack. This decision has given rise to much ignorant clamor, especially in Great Britain, about American "nuclear aggressiveness." But SAC's aircraft always in the air are the very opposite of aggressive. They are far too few to strike the first blow. In fact, the only possible purpose of this somewhat desperate and hastily improvised expedient is to maintain a certain deterrent of Soviet aggression.

For the future, it must be added, SAC's emergency expedient cannot always be counted on to deter aggression by making retaliation sure. Another of the unpleasant truths known to our Intelligence, but not yet admitted to the American people, is the loss of the American lead in two additional major fields of military technology. The Soviets are already building new radars considerably superior to our radars of the DEW line. They have also put into production an antiaircraft missile with a nuclear warhead, whereas our own nuclear AA missile is at best nearing the testing stage. This combination of greatly improved radars and nuclear AA missiles will neutralize the threat of SAC's aircraft always in the air.

Partly for this reason, the American Government is now anxiously trying to strengthen the West's retaliatory power with intermediate-range missiles emplaced overseas. And we are now making greater efforts to produce antimissile radars, and to move forward the production date of the American intercontinental missiles.

Even after both sides are able to menace each other with intercontinental missiles, however, there will be other ghastly stages when antimissile missiles and satellites with bombs on board come into successive use. Unless there is agreement upon a wholly new kind of coexistence, neither side in the world struggle can ever afford to relax its vigilance and slacken its efforts. It will be fatal to repeat the folly of the five years before the Sputniks waked us up. Which was the reason, of course, why Allen Dulles reportedly wound up his session with the congressional leaders with the heartfelt exclamation, "Thank God for the Sputniks."

At this point, I can imagine the impatient reader muttering angrily, "Well, if the Soviets really can't use their striking power against us, then what the devil have they gained by spending so many billions of rubles to strengthen their striking power, and what was all this talk of mortal peril that you began with?" If I may be temporarily cryptic, I would reply that both the Soviet gain and our own peril lie in a change in the meaning of two words. These are two words I have been using rather loosely—"retaliation" and "deterrent."

In brief, SAC was still a sword, not a shield, in the years when the American Strategic Air Command first began to be described as "the great deterrent." Again, Secretary of State Dulles was not even dreaming about Soviet nuclear aggression when he issued his famous warning that we would meet Communist aggression with "massive retaliation... by means and at places of our own choosing." The context of this warning was the first Formosa crisis, caused by a threat to Formosa and its outlying islands by the Chinese Communists, who did not even possess tactical A-weapons. In sum, Dulles was enunciating a new strategic theory. He was saying that rather than fight any more limited wars, on the Korean pattern, we would unleash SAC if sufficiently provoked to do so. This Dulles theory has remained the alleged basis of American world strategy to this day.

Politically, the Dulles warning was singularly maladroit. Militarily, the Dulles theory at least had a basis in fact while the superiority of American nuclear striking power still endured.

Even while we had an absolute atomic monopoly, of course, our freedom of nuclear action was restricted by the character of our Government and by our need to obtain the agreement of our allies. The Kremlin gauged these restrictions most carefully. The shrewdness of Soviet judgment of risks was proved at Berlin, in Korea and elsewhere. But some kinds of risk were always avoided. The Red Army was never employed, for instance, even in a local military action. Certain critical and tempting areas of political action also were left strictly alone. Both kinds of risks were considered excessive.

Today, however, although the Secretary of State was still talking about "retaliation" in his most recent speech to the National Press Club, the Dulles theory of American world strategy has become as phony as a seven-dollar bill. The trouble is that the meanings of the two key words, "deterrent" and "retaliation," have greatly shriveled and shrunk in the Eisenhower years. The United States cannot any longer strike the first blow in a nuclear war, even if our allies unexpectedly concur, without inviting the annihilation of the United States and the West. Therefore we and our allies are not going to begin a nuclear war simply because we are displeased by Soviet pressure tactics in the Middle East, or because the Chinese Communists have suddenly seized the island of Quemoy. Hereafter, there is no real possibility of nuclear retaliation against non-nuclear action. Hereafter, nothing but one side's use of nuclear weapons will induce the other side to use these weapons. This calls for very careful rethinking of the highly dubious idea of "graduated deterrents" and "tactical A-bombs," by the way.

Fortunately for the West, there is still some fuzziness in the line of demarcation between the two kinds of military power which I have been trying to trace. A big frontal attack, such as a Red Army onslaught upon Western Europe, would unleash emotions of unpredictable violence. It would also precipitate immediate "tactical" use of nuclear weapons. Such a major political-military explosion would therefore be highly likely to lead on to a full-scale nuclear war. For just this reason, the extreme provocation of a frontal attack will almost certainly be avoided. But with this sole exception, the great growth of the Soviet structure of nuclear striking power has now given the Soviets a wholly new freedom. They are now free to undertake almost any kind of adventure except a nuclear adventure. Herein, ironically, lies the Soviet gain from their heavy nuclear investments.

In order to see the peril to us of this new Soviet freedom of adventure, one need only turn to the problem of the Middle East. Joseph Stalin was always convinced that Western interests in the Middle East were really too vital, and that playing around in the Middle East was really too risky. From the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Azerbaijan in 1946, until the death of Stalin, "Hands off the Middle East" always remained the Kremlin rule.

Within only two years after Stalin's pompous funeral, however, three things had happened that changed the Kremlin rule. The gambler, Nikita Khrushchev, had attained a key position as a Soviet policy-maker. Soviet nuclear striking power had already begun to be reinforced with long-range jet aircraft as good as SAC's, causing a new growth of confidence. And President Eisenhower and Sir Anthony Eden had gone to the famous Summit meeting with the singular ambition of convincing their implacable enemies that they were religiously dedicated to peace-at-any-price.

The first Soviet-Egyptian contacts took place just before the dreadful good-will rally at Geneva, but they were wholly tentative. Immediately after the Geneva rally, however, Dmitri Shepilov hurried to Cairo to sign the Soviet-Czech-Egyptian arms deal. That was how Soviet intervention in the Middle East began.

The risks had been recalculated. Always, since then, Soviet Middle Eastern policy has been marked by a continuous recalculation of risks. When the Eisenhower doctrine was proclaimed after the Suez crisis, for instance, the Kremlin at first supposed that the doctrine had real military meaning. Hence there was a period of pull-back. The Kremlin remained glumly passive while King Hussein trounced the pro-Soviet forces in little Jordan, and while the West's friends won the stormy Lebanese elections.

But this period of pull-back ended in late July of 1957, with the shrewd Soviet intervention that produced the left-wing *coup d'état* in Syria in August. And now the Kremlin is clearly thinking about taking an altogether novel kind of risk in the Middle East.

The mark of this possible intention is simply a Kremlin promise secretly given to the Egyptians a few months ago. Spe-

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cifically, the Soviets promised that they would soon openly support the Arab drive to force Israel back to the so-called "United Nations frontiers of 1947"—which would lop off huge chunks of Israel's present territory. If you know the complex Middle Eastern situation, you can begin with this secret promise; and step by step, in an almost Euclidean manner, you can deduce the new Soviet intention as you might deduce the next theorem in geometry.

The purpose of the Kremlin's promise is to force the anti-Communist, pro-Western Arab governments to accept Kremlin championship against the hated Israelis. If the promise is kept, this result is sure. Equally surely, the secondary result will be subsequent replacement of the pro-Western Arab governments with pro-Soviet regimes on the Egyptian-Syrian model. Thus the Soviets hope to win the great game for the Arab lands.

But another result of Soviet support for the Arab demands will be to threaten Israel with imminent destruction as a viable state. The suicidally brave, militarily brilliant Israelis will almost automatically respond to this threat by seeking a showdown fight with the Arabs.

In such a conflict the Israelis can defeat all the Arab armies put together, and the first to be destroyed will be the Soviets' Egyptian-Syrian friends. As the Suez fighting proved, mere shipments of Soviet arms will make little difference. Nothing less than Red Army units—no doubt disguised as "Moslem volunteers"—can be surely counted on to rescue the Arabs.

For just these reasons, the Soviets have thus far refrained from backing the Arabs against Israel, although this maneuver is the quickest way to a great Soviet triumph and Western defeat in the Middle East.

But now, as the promise to the Egyptians indicates, the Soviets are at least considering backing the Arabs. Therefore, the Soviets must also be considering the unavoidable parallel decision, to be ready to send Red Army units to rescue the Arabs, if this need arises.

Such is the proof that the Kremlin is now thinking about taking the one kind of risk the Kremlin has never taken, in all the troubled years since the Japanese surrender. The proof is in turn confirmed by other signs, such as the evidence of just-in-case preparation of a skeleton base for Red Army parachute forces in Syria.

But enough has now been said about the Middle East to prove the main point I have been trying to make, that the Soviets have gained a wide new freedom of non-nuclear adventure by their gain in nuclear striking power. The West will hardly risk nuclear annihilation because half a dozen Red Army parachute brigades have plummeted into Syria by "invitation" of the new Egyptian-Syrian government. The same rule applies, furthermore, to a good many other critical and dangerous points that used to be effectively protected by SAC's deterrent power. One such is that same island of Quemoy which caused Secretary Dulles to issue his original warning of "massive retaliation."

The story does not end, either, with this enhanced danger of local military actions that the West is presently unprepared to counter. The whole theme and aim of Soviet policy, ever since the end of the Second World War, has been to achieve a decisive upset of the world balance of power. One means to this end has been the tremendous build-up of Soviet nuclear striking power. The Middle Eastern maneuver, if finally undertaken, will be another means to the same end. Its purpose will be to cut the oil jugular of the British and Western Europeans, and so to deal a perhaps mortal economic blow to the military strength of NATO. All the other local actions which the Kremlin may order, at Quemoy or elsewhere, will also be aimed to upset the power balance.

Already, moreover, the Soviets are actively using their new nuclear striking power in still another way, but once more with the same end in view. They are brandishing their missiles and their H-bombs at our allies on the other side of the Atlantic, in just the manner of Adolf Hitler brandishing his *Panzers* and his *Luftwaffe* in the middle '30's. Like Hitler, they are seeking to promote fear, disunity and a general tendency to run for cover. Like Hitler again, they are alternating their threats with honeyed words and invitations to negotiate. As anyone can see who reads the newspapers, these tactics are already having far-reaching effects upon the western alliance. No doubt Nikita Khrushchev was already planning just these tactics when he told me gleefully that "America's allies will not always want American bases on their soil, when they begin to realize that these bases are nothing but invitations to H-bombs."

"Elsie has a comeback for everything."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In sum, the western alliance is now entering a new period of acute danger, in a mood that is increasingly flabby and maudlin, with less and less unity and firmness, and with little preparation for the unprecedented tests that probably lie ahead. The leaders of the United States alone can make the needed preparations for these tests. But thus far they have not seen fit to do so. Such is our melancholy situation, and such was the cause of Khrushchev's happy grin.

In this situation, I do not greatly fear the ultimate horror of a nuclear holocaust, for the reasons I have already given. We seem to have waked up just in time to ward off that particular kind of danger—unless, to be sure, one of the great machines of nuclear striking power suffers from some purely accidental malfunction which will cause a holocaust. But as long as the western nations are armed only with the weapons neither side can use, there are other things to fear besides nuclear war. The danger now is a long series of successful Soviet encroachments, a continual process of western enfeeblement, a more and more drastic tilt in the world power balance in favor of the Kremlin.

At the end of such a process, one can foresee the United States and the surviving western allies reduced to the mere status of endlessly beleaguered, endlessly beset and desperately guarded islands in a Soviet-dominated world. In such guarded, beleaguered islands, the freedom which alone gives meaning to our way of life is highly unlikely to endure for very long.

Such are my conclusions at the end of my first year on the weary road as a permanent foreign correspondent. They sound, I am afraid, like one long, harsh cry of despair. Yet I do not think we need to despair. We need, rather, to make the taxing intellectual effort to understand the new world situation, in all its unfamiliar complexity. We need to re-examine every western position from Berlin to Seoul, deciding how every vital position may best be defended. We need to make the taxing military-fiscal effort to provide mobile, rapidly transportable and conventionally armed forces, whose mere existence will automatically discourage local military actions by the Soviets and their satellites. Finally, above all and at all costs, western unity must be restored; for it is western unity the Kremlin most respects and fears.

We are in a last-chance situation, for there is not much time left. But if we can only do all the difficult and painful things I have listed without undue delay, we may yet fulfill our task as the history-appointed guardians of the last, best hope of freedom. And once the Soviets are convinced that they cannot solve their own problems by the simple expedient of destroying the West, I also think they will be ready to consider better avenues of escape from the nuclear nightmare in which they, too, now live. THE END

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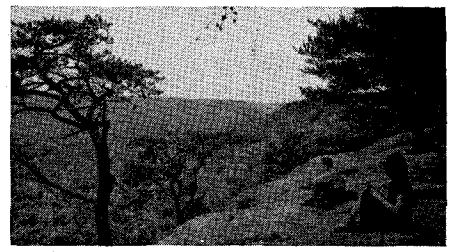

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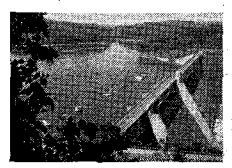

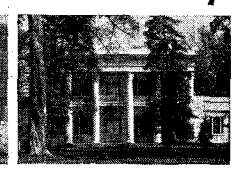

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Those Little Foreign Cars

(Continued from Page 33)

demand for Scotch whisky? It is hardly believable that in only a couple of years hosts of Americans have stopped trying to keep up with the Joneses, automotively. But have a substantial number done so and are they now viewing the automobile in a new light—as necessary transport and nothing more?

Perhaps the newly expressed yearning is for easier parking. Perhaps swimming pools and winter vacations are grabbing formerly available car money. Perhaps this demand for a smaller automotive package is snobbery in reverse, a sneer at American showcase cars.

If you happen to know why Americans bought more than 200,000 imported cars last year, you are wiser than Detroit. The American industry, with an exception—American Motors Corporation—to be noted later, is now engaged in scrutinizing the small European economy car much as the first python must have examined the first porcupine—with surprise, repugnance and a degree of dismay. American manufacturers have not even settled on a properly disapproving name for the little competitors. They call them motorized sidecars, almost-cars or, in more formal descriptions, austerity cars of low performance and high noise level.

Importers, however, are not at all uncertain about what to call American cars. My medium-priced Detroit car was blocked off in a parking lot at the American headquarters of a leading offshore company. An official undertook to help me get free. He held up a hand. "Just a minute," he said; "I'll move this one and then you can get that hunk of 'Detroit iron' out of here." He had a point. He also missed a point. The parking area, containing nothing but automobiles four feet shorter than American cars, was as overcrowded as any lot anywhere.

The cars which have stirred this American interest are thus far most familiar in coastal states, but the market penetration is daily taking them farther inland. They differ sharply among themselves, which makes it no easier to decide who buys them and why. For example, a substantial number of the economy models sell at, give or take a hundred dollars, the price at which the cheapest, equally unequipped two-door sedans of the American big three are available. The cost of mechanical maintenance is not necessarily less and may be more, although the availability of maintenance is almost sure to be less.

The economy appeal of these top models of economy imports must therefore rest on reduced gas consumption. They do save gas—sometimes a lot of it. This commendable attribute, however, is frequently misstated. It is not true that little foreign cars pass gas stations where American cars have to stop. They may stop more often rather than less, since their gas tanks are mostly less than half American size and their mileage per gallon is not that much better. Assuming that the European car gets twice as many miles per gallon, the saving on an annual total of 10,000 miles is perhaps $100. Some surveys put it at less than that.

The range of economy-car imports is from real bugs, which are comparatively rare thus far, to types which differ from American low-priced cars only in much lower horsepower, much less length and inside room, and the fact that they are addicted to style lines reminiscent of 1940. The tiny ones are often as cute as dolls. Not yet known here, but probably coming, is a one-passenger Brutsch Mopetta which has a handle on the front so that the owner may lift it onto the stoop for parking. The front of an Isetta is a door—the only door—and it looks as if any minute a Western Union messenger would pop through. Fiat calls its 500 series "the legs of Europe" and the cars are about the size of Primo Carnera's shanks. A dull-looking Swedish product called the SAAB contains surprises like a three-cylinder, outboard-type engine and front-wheel drive.

At the larger end of the economy range are such cars as the British Ford Zephyrs and Zodiacs, the Swedish Volvo and General Motors' Opel and Vauxhall. At a distance, all these have a fairly normal appearance. At closer range, they look like American models of a few years back that have been lightly squashed from all sides at once. They are relatively fast, although low-powered, and the price discount in relation to American lowest-priced lines is not much, if any.

The imported foreign car is by no means new. There was a distinct flurry of importations in immediate postwar years. It subsided in the face of revived American production and then resumed in 1955. Even at those times in history when importations run at low ebb there are two ever-present sources of demand. There is and always will be a thin but persistent interest in novelty cars and miniatures. There probably will always be a special interest in sports cars, racing and nonracing. As a comedian said, every man should have a challenge, and for the man who fails to dominate his wife or hit a golf ball correctly, there is always the manual gear shift of a sports car. He can whip that, and he gets to wear a cap while doing it.

But the real surprise in the rise of importations is that so many Americans are willing to buy and operate automobiles which carry little prestige, offer no driving challenge and are rapidly losing the distinction of rarity. This is a contradiction of what the American industry believes will sell new automobiles every year—change in style, change in glitter, more power, more comfort, larger dimensions.

The clearest example of the contradiction is the German Volkswagen, an imported car which was the first on the American scene to attempt national distribution and a service coverage of thin but national extent. The Volkswagen has no style, never did have, and I am informed that it will make no style change for at least four more seasons. The visible difference between a 1957 and a 1958 Volkswagen is a few inches of rear window. The car is almost four feet shorter than any Plymouth, Ford or Chevrolet. It has about a fifth as much horsepower. A strong head wind will slow it up as much as ten miles per hour, and a stiff hill requires a dropback of one or more gears. It carries, with a little pinching, four people. But it has something no American car can boast—a waiting list of customers.

"I'm resigning my teaching job to accept a better-paying position."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Compared with American low-priced cars, the five leading imports at the end of the year—none in the real midget class—are shorter by three to four feet, carry one or two fewer passengers, possess a fraction of the power and about half the weight, and cost an average of $1592 at ports of entry. This adds up to a smaller package at a smaller price, and it has its merits. The small automotive package will get you down to the local drugstore for a package of cigarettes with no need for revving up a couple of hundred American horses for the simple errand. It will take you to the commuter station in the morning, maneuvering well through traffic, and parking in the chinks of the parking area. It will sit there all day eroding a smaller investment at what thus far has been a slower rate of depreciation.

Ernest Breech, a Missourian who is board chairman of the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, Michigan, disposes of these merits thus: "The facts of the European so-called economy car are inescapably simple. Purchase of a less comfortable automobile of lower performance is a cut in the buyer's automotive standard of living." Agreed, but the number of dealers in this country selling Ford of England products, particularly Anglia and Prefect, approximately doubled in 1957, and sales tripled in the first ten months of the year.

It appears that a number of Americans are willing to accept the lower automotive standard of living. It is predicted that more will be willing to do so in 1958 and more again in 1959. Complacent importers freely state that the potential market in this country is huge. One spokesman says, "We are not even competing with Detroit. They simply walked away from a big market and we walked in."

The potential size of this economy market is precisely what interests American manufacturers, and for all the confident predictions, there are three major potential limits on the future of the imported economy car. One is the fact that if the market for imports ever reaches the size of a medium division of a big-three company, say a half million a year, Detroit will consider building its own entrants in the small-car field. American Motors is already committed to this course with its 1958 revival of the original 100-inch-wheelbase Rambler. Studebaker-Packard sells a stripped model for less than $1800. Two of the big-three companies are already testing the size of the market with cars produced by their European affiliates. Ford and General Motors are conducting this test, moreover, with thousands of sales outlets, whereas no importer numbers his dealers in more than hundreds. Chrysler has made no move, but has been studying the field intensively for many months.

It is possible that Detroit will eventually conclude that American manufacturing costs are too high for production of economy cars to compete with European-made models. Volkswagen has already concluded this, abandoning plans for an American factory. Detroit has long had small cars in its designing rooms which have remained (*Continued on Page 110*)

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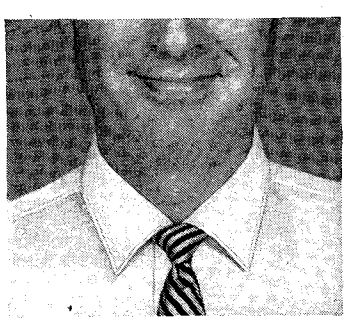

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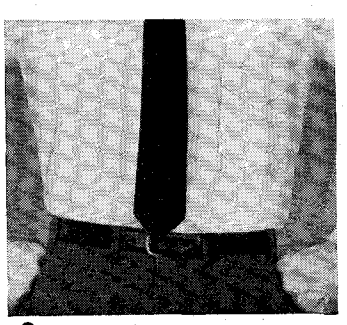

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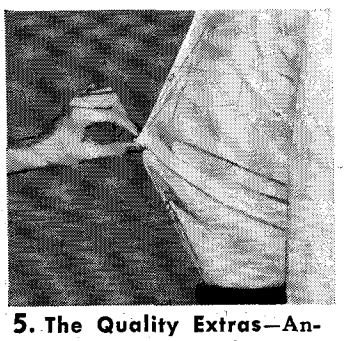

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(*Continued from Page 108*) designers' dreams because of manufacturing costs. But if this impossibility develops, it will focus attention on labor costs—roughly two and one half times as much here as in Europe. And American labor, which has made no complaint so far, may be expected to look for protection from declining job totals attributable to imports. Tariff on imports at present is 9 per cent on home-factory selling price.

A third potential ceiling on economy-car imports is the simple matter of ability to produce. If all the facilities of the top six producers of imported cars were to be devoted to making cars only for the American market, which would be impossible, the total would still be less than either Ford or Chevrolet customarily turns out in a year. Representatives of European manufacturers pretty much agree that in view of present production facilities in Europe, plus all projected expansions, the combined annual total that could be made available to the American market by 1960 would not exceed 400,000 automobiles, less than a year of Buicks. Volkswagen has to make cars for Germans and other established world customers, Renault must supply Frenchmen, Fiat must build for Italians. In 1957 the United States passed Australia as the largest overseas market for the British Motor Corporation, but B.M.C. still must sell most of its cars at home.

There are other sticky little questions. How many European economy-car sales are one-shot sales, made to satisfy curiosity? There is the case of the West Coast man who sold his after three months. "It was nice for parking, but I couldn't get used to being passed on the hills and it worried me not to have enough reserve power to pass somebody else in a jam." But Mr. and Mrs. S., in an Eastern state had an opposite experience. They bought two Renault Dauphines, at $1695 each. He is happily commuting eighty miles a day, she runs around the neighborhood doing social work, and together they estimate they save enough on gas to pay their monthly household electric bill of thirty dollars or so.

How will the economy imports stand up in the used-car markets when and if they become abundant there? So far, this has been no general problem, but one dealer in domestic cars had this to say: "I've taken in a few, but I wholesale them right away. Some of them are built on the metric system, and we've got too many tools around here now for me to add a bunch of centimeter wrenches so I can fix 'em up to retail."

A more abstract question is this: What will happen to the intellectual appeal of the imported car when they become more numerous than intellectuals? Detroit manufacturers suspect that a good many purchases of imported economy cars are made easy by a certain freedom from loss of face. Purchase of the cheapest American car tells the neighbors that the buyer has paid as little as possible for transportation. Purchase of a foreign make, while it may be dictated by a saving in money, does not proclaim the fact directly. There is always a chance that the neighbors will think the decision was made for intellectual reasons, as a mild form of eccentricity or because there may be something sporty about driving an offbeat vehicle.

On the other hand, there are owners, particularly the young and supple, who like to squash into a little car and who enjoy the sensation of having their noses down on the highway rushing underneath, an experience that makes forty m.p.h. seem like eighty. There are salesmen who don't like this at all, but who travel on a flat mileage allotment from their companies and are willing to stoop a little to clear an extra cent a mile on their travel money. There are dozens of these minor factors that research people have turned up without settling on any one overriding reason for the interest in the small cars.

In lumping all American manufacturers under the implication that they have nothing to offer in a car of low price and small dimensions, we have made one omission. The late George Mason, who was president of Nash, which became American Motors, long ago decided that the American market would someday require a small, economical, purely functional vehicle. Those Detroiters who remember Mason's pursuit of this belief in early postwar years may recall his playpen in the Nash back yard on Plymouth Road. He had collected every foreign idea he could find and had built experimental models ranging from two-wheel scooters up to near-normal cars. The portly, cigar-smoking manufacturer thoroughly enjoyed demonstrating every one of his little pets.

The production result of his beliefs arrived in 1950 as a 100-inch-wheelbase Rambler station wagon of neat design.

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Definitely Diabolical

No form of mental cruelty
Can ruin married life
Quite like a man's unwillingness
To argue with his wife.

Hal Chadwick

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It was a compromise between American taste for room and comfort and the relative bleakness of 90-inch wheelbase European economy cars. But from its birth it bucked an era of swiftly growing girth and power in American low-priced cars and buyers with plenty of money. Hence it aroused little more interest than did foreign economy cars before 1956.

Upon George Mason's death the American Motors presidency fell to exuberant young George Romney, who not only held fast to his predecessor's beliefs but has now aimed all of A.M.C. at two market areas which he describes as the small and the compact markets which are empty of American competition. Romney has three entries with which he hopes to populate the emptiness extending from wheelbase lengths of eighty-five inches up to the shortest of the big three products, 116 inches. Smallest of these is the Metropolitan, 85-inch wheelbase, made for A.M.C. by British Motor Corporation of England. Next is the 100-inch-wheelbase Rambler, revived in 1958 lines and selling for less than $1800. Third is the conventional Rambler of 108-inch wheelbase.

Unlike other manufacturers, Romney is cheered by the sharp growth of foreign economy cars, taking it as vindication of his own and George Mason's beliefs. The company's recent experience bears him out. A.M.C. is now operating in the black after a long merger reshuffle. Rambler sales set a new record in 1957. So did sales of the British-built Metropolitan. When the final registration figures are in, Metropolitan will land in the first half dozen among imports.

It has often been said that one restraint on imported cars is lack of available shipping space. This is a factor that may well be overstated, at least for the Atlantic Coast. It is to be assumed that importers will find cargo room if there is a strong reason for them to do so. Fiat now has two ships of its own to serve its needs, and Renault has recently chartered six vessels of 1000-car capacity each. Assuming that importers will get their products here, a question which will be answered in the next couple of years is not altogether how the American industry will fare in the economy-car invasion, but also how the foreigners will make out in competition with one another.

Volkswagen, until 1957, had never really been assaulted by foreign competition. Then Renault jumped into this market with a comparatively stylish Dauphine, and has plans for more than doubling its American offerings in 1958 and doubling again in 1959. Volkswagen, with 18 per cent of its production already coming into the United States, can hardly squeeze out much more without hurting its home and other world customers. Nor can British Motor Corporation, which in total has been a relatively heavy supplier here through the Morris Minor, the Austin A-35 and an assortment of sports cars. But Fiat, a late starter, now threatens to expand its American business greatly by way of its 600's, which have appeared in volume only in the last few months, and the 500's only now beginning to appear here.

This growing competition, plus increased bids by Volvo, Triumph, SAAB, Isetta and others, will make an interesting sideshow on the American automotive scene. Meanwhile American manufacturers are showing no signs of stampeding. The G.M. trial of the market in 1958 will be based on only 25,000 imported Opels and Vauxhalls. Ford will bring in a few more than that from Ford of England, and another Ford cousin, Simca, has one economy size which has been increasing its sales. It can hardly be said, however, that the number of cars apportioned to individual dealers of either Ford or G.M. will be much more than trial size.

None of the American big three will even contemplate producing a new economy car here for a market in which the individual company cannot see sales for itself of at least 200,000 cars. That means that in the foreseeable future such action is doubtful. Tex Colbert, of Chrysler; R. S. McNamara, of Ford; and E. N. Cole, of Chevrolet, have all said recently that the indicated market for economy cars here would have to go substantially higher before their respective companies would be tempted to launch an American small car. Chrysler, however, may at any moment form a tie-up with a European company for a product with which it can make its own market test.

Flat statements about the causes of the small-car invasion are to be taken with extreme skepticism. There are too many paradoxes. Volkswagen has long proclaimed itself the worker's car, inexpensive, durable, cheap in operation. But do low-income Americans buy it? Not at all. Surveys show that Volkswagen ownership here lies with medium-income people. And if Americans want cheaper automobiles, why do they tend to buy the top model of the brand they select? Since 1955, for example, the proportion of Chevrolet buyers choosing V-8 engines over the less costly and more economical 6's has been growing steadily and is now about 2 to 1 for the nation.

None of the low-priced American three find their heavy volume in their lowest lines. However, to add a little more confusion, a recent Michigan tabulation showed an increase in the number of new-car buyers who chose new cars in lower price brackets than the used cars they traded in. If this sort of thing becomes widespread, it will not only be highly significant for the American industry but will constitute what the industry regards as unnatural backwardness. It is a Detroit maxim that moral, upright American citizens trade up, not down.

A bit of potential pressure on the American industry that may have been overlooked is the possible effect of a decline in exports which has paralleled the rise in imports. In large part, the falling sales of American cars abroad is chargeable to shortages of American dollars, which, incidentally, is one of the compelling reasons why Europeans want to sell cars here. But if American manufacturers reach the conclusion that they must have cheaper automobiles to offer abroad in order to sustain sales, that fact will weigh in any decision on whether or not to produce cheaper cars for the home market.

Detroit believes that any buyer who must have an automobile for less than $2000 can make an excellent buy in our used-car markets at any time. Or he can buy a new American big-three model under $2000 by choosing his time and dealer. These days, automobiles are available under list price whenever a dealer is overstocked, and at season ends. But the industry also has some consciousness of the gas-mileage problem and promises are being made about it.

The mad horsepower race is over, it is admitted, and makers will now divert further refinements of power plants to things like economy in gas consumption. Estimates are that the next season will see a 20-per-cent improvement in mileage per gallon of gas, and more after that.

This is progress. It will hold customers. If it comes true, it will add to another developing advantage for American automobiles, the promise that major growth in private-car use will come in distance travel and vacationing, as countrywide road networks spread. This is the area in which the small economy cars are weakest, for the simple reason that they have considerably less space for carrying passengers, luggage, camping gear, fishing poles and souvenirs. Owners of small foreign cars readily concede that they are best as second cars for city use. For over-the-highway and suburban use by large families, they fail to outshine an American station wagon.

One possible exception is the Volkswagen Transporter series of commercial buses, which are comparatively roomy sausage-shaped carryalls. They comprise about 15 per cent of Volkswagen sales and have appeared in several metropolitan areas as toters of commuter pools as large as nine passengers. This is a function which, except for savings on gas consumption, can be and is duplicated by American station wagons, particularly since the best of the Transporters, the Micro-Bus De Luxe, is a $2576 vehicle. Renault offers no wagons here, and B.M.C. does not push its Austin wagon. Others on the market, such as the cunning little Fiat Multipla and the British Ford Squire, do not compare in space with American wagons.

But whether they flourish or fade, in the end all these visitors from abroad which take up less room and perhaps save a few dollars may have a salutary effect on the American industry. Our automobile manufacturers have always taken great pride in accurately judging what the American citizen wants. We can allow them a little leeway for mistakes in exercising this judgment, but it looks as if they made 200,000 mistakes in 1957 and may make 300,000 this year. How now, Detroit? THE END

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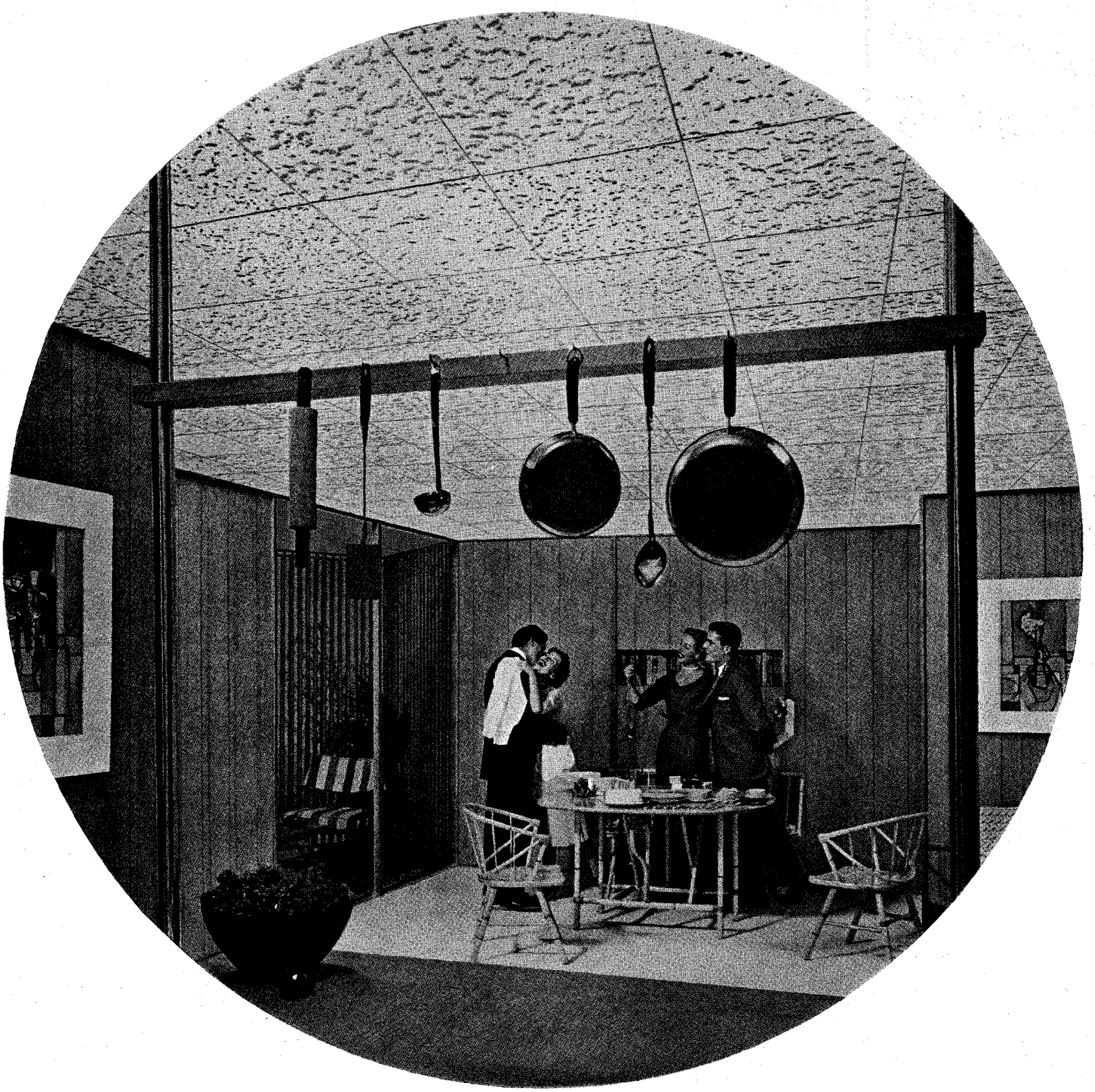

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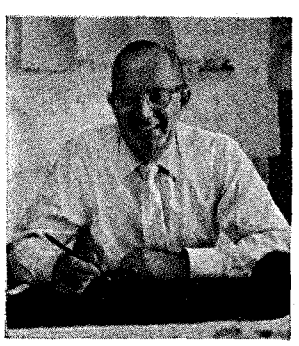

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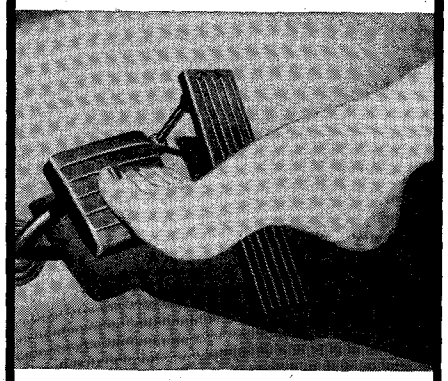

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Inside the Rackets (Continued from Page 30)

Nolan walked over. He remembered the big beefy face. "Well, Sergeant Campoli! Good to see you. You haven't lost a pound."

"I eat good," Campoli said. He looked Nolan over from head to foot. "I guess you don't miss too many meals."

Nolan grinned. "I do all right." Campoli had been good to him several times, years ago. A patient, honest cop. "I'm surprised you recognized me. It's been a long time."

"You could wear a potato sack over your head and I'd know you by the size. What are you doin'?"

"Keeping out of trouble," Nolan said.

Campoli nodded. "You always did. Bad trouble, that is. You stayin' long?"

Nolan shook his head. "Just driving through."

"O.K., Nolan," Campoli said. "Take care of yourself. And a correction. It's Captain Campoli, not sergeant. I ain't anchored."

Nolan said, "Good. I'm glad to hear it." He waved briefly as the car pulled away. It had been nice to see Campoli. A good man.

He passed Horton's Clothing Store and remembered the infrequent and embarrassing visits he had made there. You always got the cheapest thing in the house. And at the moment, Nolan knew, the jacket and slacks he wore cost more than four of the best suits Horton had in stock.

He stopped in front of Gray's Drugstore, and now the memories were strong. He wondered if it was still the mecca of Barclay's youth. He had not been a customer at Gray's. Mainly it had been the money involved and the never-quite-right clothes. There had come a time when the clothes were acceptable and he could afford to spend an occasional dollar or two, but then there had been the other things. He wondered how often in the past he had thought of going in there, of being a part of the communal clannishness and sharing the unquestioning acceptance, and had not dared.

He continued on Main, searching his mind for some pleasant recollection of his life in Barclay. There weren't many. He had been so young when his mother died that he had no memory of her. His father, a kind and gentle and completely ineffectual man, had raised him and Harry with the help of occasional female relatives from another city. His father had thought to find all the answers in a bottle until death had stopped his pitiful questioning.

Then there had been Harry. Well, there wasn't much you could say about Harry except that he'd been weak. In trouble all the time. When Nolan had been fifteen, Harry had been caught one night robbing the register in Gray's. That had capped his previous small excursions beyond the law and they had sent him away. It was too bad about Harry.

He was in front of one of the big, new buildings near Clark Street when the girl said, "Hello, Mike Nolan."

She was tall and slender and her face and figure were lovely. Her mouth was generous with her smile, and there was something about the gray eyes that Nolan particularly liked. He said, "Hello." It was Old Home Week, all right. First Campoli, and now this girl.

The girl's smile became a grin. "It's a little upsetting. Once I was madly in love with you and now you don't even know me."

"Then I'm more of a fool than I thought. I'm sorry."

"I'm Helen Swanson. Pete Swanson is my father."

Nolan went back into the years. It was hard to believe, but finally he had it. "You were the little girl who lived next to the Robinsons. Where are your pigtails? Where's the brace for your front teeth?"

She smiled. "We managed to get rid of those." Her appraising glance was swift and inclusive. "You've changed quite a bit yourself."

He thought of the clothes he'd worn ten years ago. He nodded. "I've learned to keep my shoes shined. How is your father?" He vaguely remembered Mr. Swanson.

The smile left her face. "He's—all right. Hasn't changed much at all."

Nolan could sense the difference in her tone. "He was a builder? Road construction? Something like that."

She nodded. "A little of both. The business grew. He's been—successful." And again there was that note of hesitation. He wondered at it, then forgot about it.

"Are you here for a visit?" the girl asked. "Going to stay for a while?"

He shook his head. "I was driving to Chicago and thought I'd detour for a short look. I'm leaving this afternoon."

The girl said, "Oh." There was no expression in the word. She put out her hand. "Well, it's been nice to see you again, Mike Nolan."

He took the hand, but said, "I'm not in that much of a hurry. Where are you going? I'll walk along with you."

She was going to the bank, three blocks away, and during the pleasant walk Nolan learned that she had gone to business college from high school and was secretary in a real-estate firm and liked her job. She lived at home with her parents.

They left the bank and walked back to her office. Nolan was just a bit surprised to hear himself say, "How about dinner tonight? I have a car. There must be someplace out of town that would be nice. I've forgotten. I guess I never knew."

She said, "I thought you were leaving."

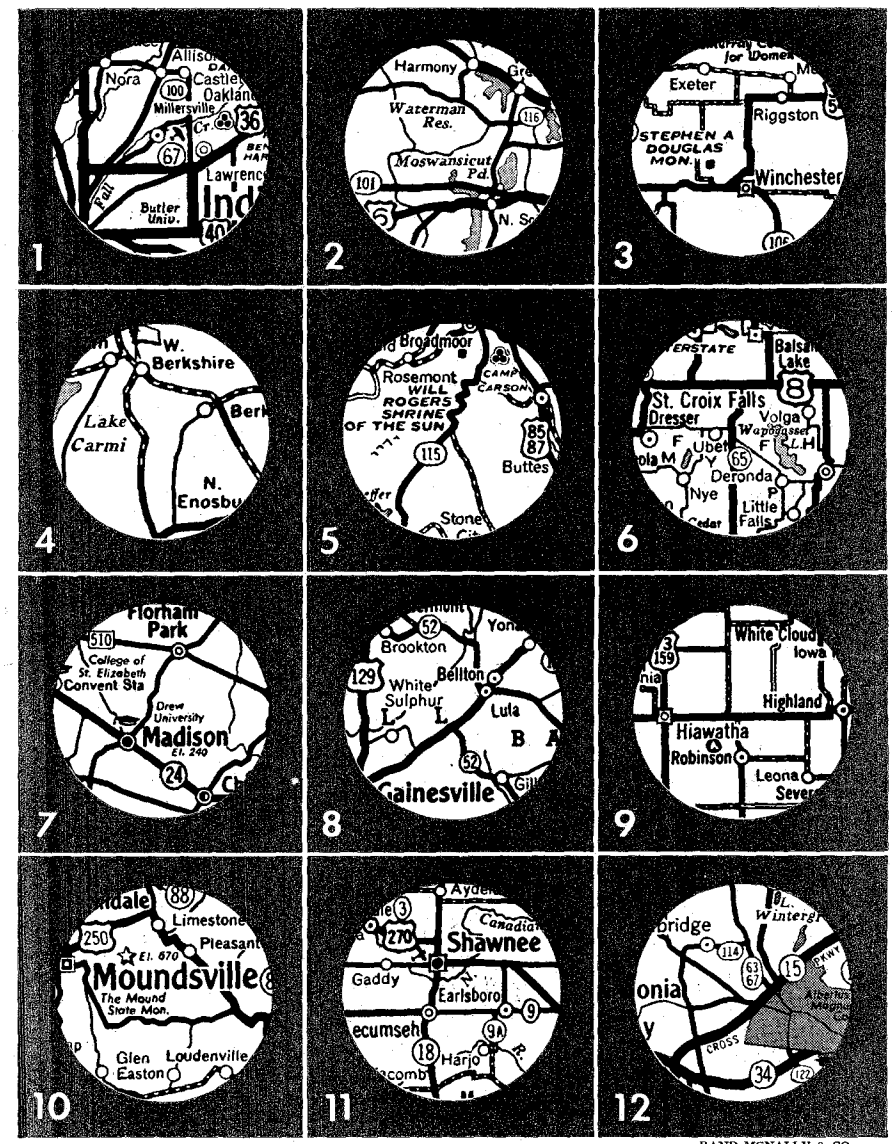
"It's just that I'm not in a rush. As a matter of fact, I'd rather start early in the morning than drive tonight."

She looked at him for a moment, considering, and then she smiled. "All right. There are several places that are nice."

"Call for you at six or so?"

"Say six-thirty. It's the same house on Orchard."

She went into the building and Nolan stood there for a moment and wondered at his impulse. You didn't stay over in a town you didn't like merely because some girl who had been ten when you'd been sixteen had grown up to have lovely honest eyes. He shrugged and walked away.



Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(Answers on Page 116)

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He got his car from the municipal lot and parked it in back of the Regent Hotel, took his bag from the trunk compartment and went in and got a room. It was a nice room, and he stood at the window and looked out at the town.

This was where he had learned to wear the protective armor of toughness which he had never liked, but which had seemed necessary. If things had been different he'd probably still be here in the valley, he thought. A decent job, a nice wife and home, a couple of kids. Hunting in the hills in the fall, fishing in the spring, maybe golf at the Ridge Club. And he laughed silently at himself. That would have been some difference. He looked at his watch and went to the phone and called Chicago.

He got the number and spoke to Fillmer, and then Sexton was on the line. "I won't be in until tomorrow," Nolan said. "I'm staying in Barclay tonight."

"Where is that?"

Nolan told him. "I was born here."

"All right. How did things go in Denver?"

"Just as I told you over the phone. Everything is fine."

"O.K., kid. I'll see you tomorrow and you can fill me in."

Nolan replaced the phone and went to the window again and thought about Johnny Sexton, that short, heavy man with the gentle voice and the granite eyes.

Nolan had been in the marines two years when the Korean thing erupted, and what with one thing and another, it was six years before he got his discharge with nowhere to go. Not back to Barclay, certainly. He had drifted. There had been lumbering, and driving wheat combines, working on the big construction jobs. Then he had met a fellow from his old outfit and somehow he had hooked up with Sexton.

He had known what he was walking into. There was nothing technically illegal about it, and after what he had become accustomed to, it didn't seem as if anyone was really being abused. "And all you're doing is keeping the muscle under control, making it behave," Sexton had said. "After all, everybody makes out better in the end." *You could debate that,* Nolan thought, *but why bother?* In the two years he had been working for Sexton, no one had been hurt, but he knew it was only a matter of time. He had thought of quitting, but had put it off and put it off. He had been careless about a lot of things.

He showered and shaved and put on fresh linen and a lightweight suit, then took a book from his bag and tried to read. But he found himself thinking about the girl and wondering if something like her might have happened to him if he had come back to Barclay. But that was impossible, the way things had been.

In a little while he went down to the bar and had a drink. It was just after six and the room was crowded, and Nolan looked at the well-dressed respectability he had never been close to when he lived here. He envied them. They belonged to something. They were not committed, as he had been all his life, to the endless paths of loneliness. He went out and got the car and drove to the Swanson house.

The girl was waiting on the porch, her eyes warm and her smile nice. "Where are we going?"

"There's a nice place about ten miles out. Turn left on Main."

The evening was soft and a lazy little stream ran down beside the terrace of the Forest Inn. They gave their order and the girl said, "Well, what do you think of the old home town?"

"It's grown. I'd get lost if I weren't careful. The real-estate business must be good."

"It is. I don't suppose the town has ever been this prosperous."

"Which means that the construction line should be booming."

She nodded, but a frown crossed her face. "Daddy employs twice as many men as he ever did. Last year he bought eight new trucks."

Then she looked at him and smiled. "But what about you? What have you been doing?"

"I've been here and there," Nolan said. "Doing this and that. Right now I'm on the road for a Chicago outfit."

"Are you doing well?"

He thought about that. "Fair, let's say." Then he said, "What's wrong with your father's business?"

Her eyes were alarmed and questioning. "What do you mean?"

Nolan shrugged. "Nothing at all. Except that twice, now, you've let me see you're worried about it. Or about him."

She turned and looked at the little stream for a moment or two, then her eyes came back to him. "I don't know what the trouble is. For the last month or two he's been acting strangely. He's nervous and irritable, not at all like himself. Last week I heard him talking to someone on the phone, and he seemed—well, almost frightened." She frowned. "It has to do with something called the Contractors' Association. I think daddy doesn't want to join. I really don't know very much about it."

Nolan thought he might know something about it. The title had a familiar ring.

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The girl said, "Let's forget about it. Aren't you going to ask me to dance?"

The girl danced well. She looked up at him and said, "When you were in high school I could never understand why someone as big as you didn't play football. You would have been my real hero, then."

Nolan remembered those days without difficulty. From the time he was ten he had worked every afternoon after school because pop had never been able to hold any one job for very long. In the years the girl referred to, he had been big, all right. Big enough to work every afternoon down at the freight station.

He said, "I guess I just never got around to it."

The essence of the girl came to him, sweet and clean and warm, and suddenly he wanted to belong here, to this town, to this girl, to these circumstances that had been denied him in the young years. He wanted the assurance of familiar surroundings and the positive knowledge that he was part of them. But he knew that he had probably gone too far offshore ever to possess these things he desired.

The girl came closer to him, singing softly to the music. This was the way it should be, he knew, and the bitterness welled up in him for a moment, then subsided. He was disappointed when the music ended.

The dinner was good and Nolan found himself relaxed and laughing at the things the girl said. She was alert, a fine mimic, and she possessed an eagerness, an aliveness, with which he was unfamiliar. They danced several times and he knew he had never enjoyed an evening so much. He was sorry when the girl said, "We'd better go. Tomorrow is a working day."

On the way back to Barclay it seemed natural to park on one of the bluffs and watch the lights of the river traffic. During the evening Nolan had become aware of the strange communion that existed between him and this girl. It was an indefinable sympathy that had touched the hours with gentle fingers, but it could become strong, he knew. He felt that the girl had sensed it too. He kissed her once, and her mouth was sweet and tender under his own. She said, "Mike ——" and he kissed her again softly and released her. He had been gone a great distance and for a very long while, and now he found confusion within himself.

They drove the rest of the way in silence, and when he walked with her up to the house, he realized that he was holding her hand. He became aware of someone sitting on the porch, and when the figure arose, he recognized Pete Swanson.

The girl said, "Hello, daddy. This is Mike Nolan. He used to live in town."

Swanson nodded. He was a big man—almost as big as Nolan. "I remember Nolan," he said. They shook hands.

There was an awkward moment of silence, then the girl said, "Well, I'd better be getting in. . . . Thank you, Mike. I had a lovely evening."

She extended her hand and Nolan took it. "I enjoyed it very much. Thank you, Helen."

She held his hand for a moment, then smiled and went into the house.

Nolan said, "Well, good night, Mr. Swanson," and started down the steps wondering now how necessary it was for him to get back to Chicago. It wouldn't hurt anyone if he stayed here for a couple of days.

On the porch, the man said, "I wouldn't have thought you'd be anxious to come back to this town," and Nolan turned.

"I was driving to Chicago and I thought I'd take a look. Not a ghost in the place."

"I heard about your brother," Swanson said. "I'm sorry."

Nolan had been in Korea when they had told him Harry had been killed in a jewelry-store holdup. He said, "Harry never had anything, and he wasn't tough enough to do without." Harry had just been mouth-tough. He had been older than Nolan, but not very strong. He would get into trouble and Nolan would have to do the fighting. It had been rugged.

"What are you doing here with Helen?" Swanson asked, and Nolan faced it again—the nonacceptance, the bad-family taint.

"I met her on the street. I asked her to dinner."

"All right," Swanson said. "I shouldn't have asked it like that."

"Forget it," Nolan said. He turned once more to go, then came back. It might have been the fine evening. It might have been the fresh taste of the girl's mouth. It might have been the expression he had seen in the eyes of other people in other places. He said, "I understand you're having trouble with your business."

Swanson looked at him, but said nothing.

"Maybe I can help you. It might be something I know a little bit about." He waited, but the man didn't speak. "Who is the Contractors' Association?" Nolan spoke from experience through the man's silence. "Why don't you team up, Mr. Swanson? You and the other contractors. No one can do a thing to you if you just say 'no' and make it stick. You just get together and stay together and talk to the law. If there's a Contractors' Association, it's a good bet that there are other associations—businessmen's, and so on. There'd be quite a number of you if you stuck together. Too many for someone to shove. It's stupid to be pushed around when you don't have to be."

He had seen it work. He knew that Johnny Sexton wouldn't like him giving up trade secrets like this. But tonight he didn't care very much what Sexton thought.

Swanson had been listening to him, all right. "I've thought of that. I've talked with others and they say they'll stick. But what do you go to the police with? You lose a truck and a driver on a bad curve. Whose fault is it? What can you prove?"

"You've got to stay with it," Nolan said.

"Sure. And did you ever have someone tell you that your daughter was a very pretty girl, and have your heart stand still, the way it was said?"

So that's the way it was. Sexton never operated like that. He used the smart angles. Tell a man his income tax was liable to be investigated. Tell him how a pending zoning law could put him out of business. Things like that. This was crude. And more effective. Nolan thought of holding the girl in his arms to the music, and of the lovely moment on the bluff. He felt as if the night had suddenly grown cold.

He said again, "You've got to stay with it."

Swanson came erect. His voice was harder. "I guess you're right. If only ——"

Nolan said, "Good night, Mr. Swanson," and went out to the car.

He drove for a few blocks before he made up his mind, and when he had decided, he wondered just why he was putting his nose into this thing. For the girl? For her father, whom he hardly knew? For some reason of his own, obscure to himself, but which might have to do with putting a little polish on the name of Nolan? Well, for the girl was good enough. He'd settle for that.

He wondered if Lou Mahoney was still in town. There was an easy way to find out. He headed for the river and Union Street. Mahoney's was where it had always been, and the bowling alleys and pool tables didn't seem to have changed much. Nolan had earned many a tough dollar here, setting up pins as a kid. Later, it had been somewhere to come when the more polite places hadn't been anxious to have him.

Lou hadn't added a pound to his lean frame. The flat eyes almost smiled. "Mike Nolan." His hand was surprisingly strong. "You look good, kid. You look like you got it made."

"Things go all right, Lou. Where can we talk?" Lou knew everything there was to know and he didn't like to waste time.

Mahoney led the way to a small office. He closed the door, took a bottle and glasses from a shelf and poured two drinks. He raised his glass. "Luck, kid." They drank and Mahoney said, "What's on your mind?"

"The Contractors' Association."

The thin man looked at him for a moment. "The Contractors, eh? That's a five-hundred-dollar-a-month-dues outfit. Not to be confused with the Businessmen's Association or the Merchants' Association or the Retailers' Association. I could name you a few more."

"All right. Who runs them?"

"A guy named Eddie Jarnak."

"Jarnak." The name rang a bell, and suddenly there was a face and a personality to go with the name. "You mean that muscle punk who was around here years ago?"

"It's big muscle now, kid. He's rough as a heavy file. Got quite an outfit."

Nolan nodded. There were a lot of things to be considered. He hadn't committed himself to anything yet. He could just go back to the hotel, get a good night's sleep, drive to Chicago in the morning and forget about the whole thing. But he couldn't forget about the girl, or how the evening had been, or the half-formed thoughts that had come to him on the terrace and on the ride back to town.

Mahoney said, "Why all the questions?"

"The guy is bothering some friends of mine."

"Friends?" Mahoney said. "You've got friends in this place?" He poured himself a drink. "Kid, if I was you, I'd just keep traveling. Why should you stick your neck out for anyone in this town? Why?"

It was a question he hadn't quite answered for himself. "Where can I find Jarnak, if I want to see him? Not tonight. Tomorrow."

"He's got offices in the Wilson Building. Products, Inc. But be very careful, boy."

Nolan nodded. He finished his drink. "I thank you, Lou."

Mahoney frowned. "Maybe I didn't do you any favor, boy."

In the morning he had breakfast before he worked his angle. He called Chicago and told his story. "Swanson is an old friend, Johnny. I want him left strictly alone."

There was a pause, then Sexton said, "No soap, kid. You know I never interfere."

Nolan didn't like to say it. "For a favor, Johnny."

"No. Because then this guy could come to me for something. Forget it. Come on back."

Nolan cradled the phone. A few words from Sexton would have done it. He wouldn't get them now. "Come on back," Sexton had said. It was the reasonable thing to do. Forget it. Forget the corny dream, the house-in-the-suburbs, kiddies-on-the-doorstep department. Go back to what you knew. Don't be a slob and try to fight this town again.

He went to the window and looked out on Barclay for ten minutes and didn't see a thing. Then he went to his bag, took out the gun and shoulder holster and strapped them on. He left the hotel and walked to the Wilson Building. It was almost eleven o'clock.

Products, Inc., was on the fifth floor. He gave the girl at the reception desk his name. "I'd like to see Mr. Jarnak. It's about the Swanson Construction Company."

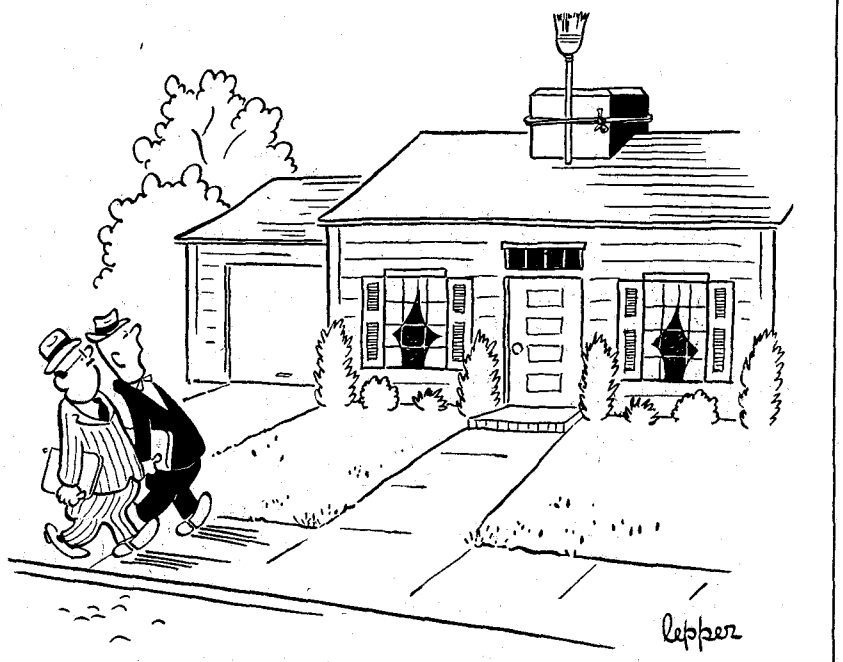
She spoke into a phone; then looked at him in some surprise and indicated a door. "Go right in."

The room was large and nicely furnished. In a far corner a man sat behind a desk. Another lounged near a window. Nolan went up to the desk. He remembered the man well now.

He said, "You're Jarnak."

The man's eyes were cold, set like dark marbles in the wide-boned Slavic face. He was big, even sitting down. He nodded. "What can I do for you?"

Nolan hadn't thought the thing out all the way. "Lay (*Continued on Page 116*)



"Looks like Ethel has finished her house cleaning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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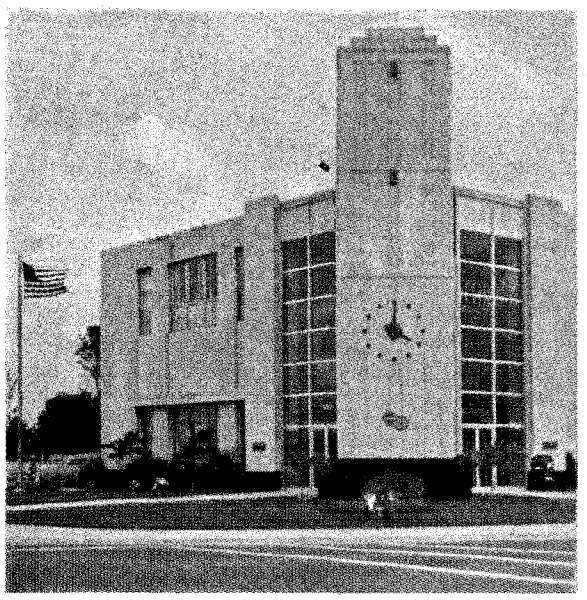
What an Insured Savings and Loan Association can mean to you:



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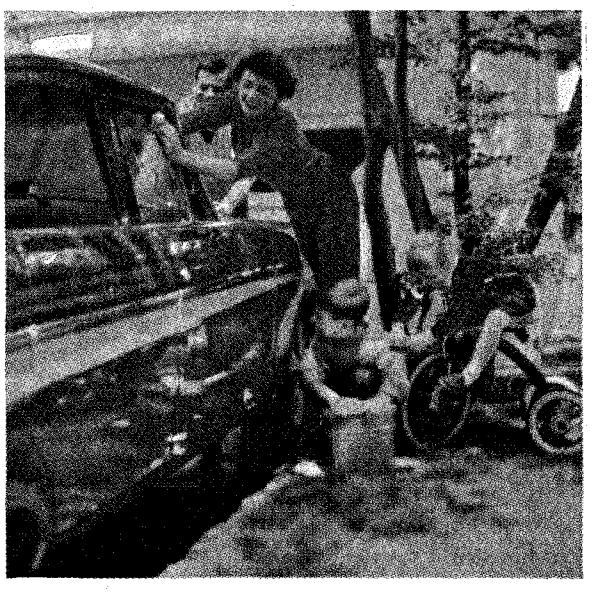
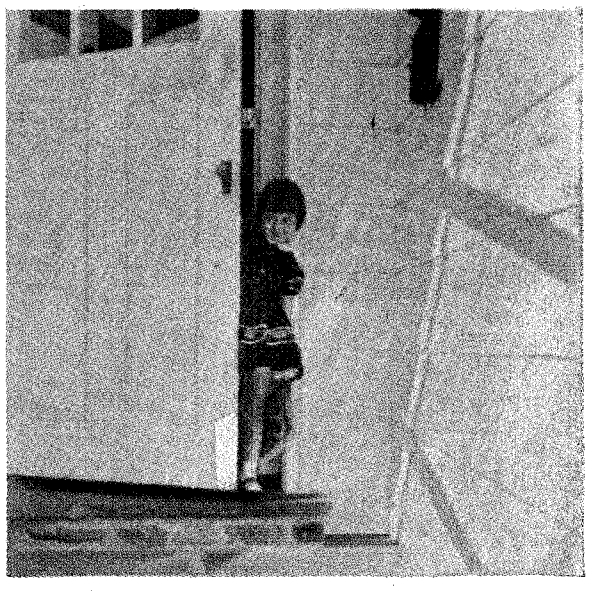
3. Because they know their money is carefully managed. The returns on savings are excellent . . .

4. And each account is insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, an agency of the U. S. Government.



5. When you save at an Insured Savings and Loan Association, your money's ready to buy things you want when you want them.



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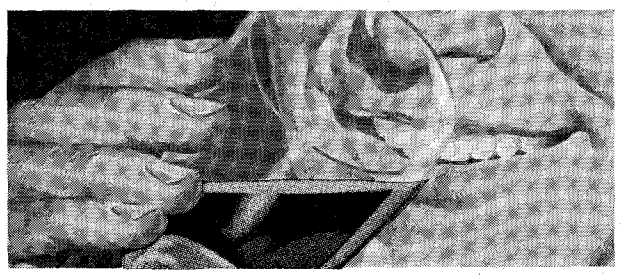
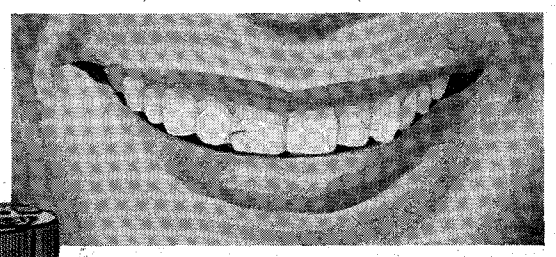


...and your mouth feels clean



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GUMS—Lavoris' astringent action tones gums . . . helps keep them firm and resistant.

Take a tip from your dentist—use Lavoris, the sparkling red mouthwash that tastes good . . . does good!

(*Continued from Page 114*)

off Swanson. If he doesn't want to join your outfit, he doesn't join. No muscle."

The cold eyes didn't leave him. "Who sent you up here?"

"No one. I'm not trying to cut your racket. I'm not law. I'm not interested in anyone but Swanson."

Jarnak eyed him for a long moment, then made a motion with his head to the man at the window. "Tommy, throw this slob out of here."

The man moved away from the window.

Nolan said, "Him?"

"Persuade him," Jarnak said, and the man's hand moved to his hip.

Nolan said, "No," and the gun was in his hand. "Just rest easy."

Jarnak glared at the man near the window, who shook his head. "Not me. I never saw it that fast."

"Sit down," Nolan told the man. It was awkward getting a gun out when it was between you and a chair. The man sat down. Nolan slipped his gun into the holster.

"All right," Jarnak said. "Who you work for?"

"Johnny Sexton."

The man behind the desk nodded. "Could be. Suppose I check."

Nolan said, "Sure." He had thought of this, and of what Sexton would say. Sexton didn't change his mind very often. All right. He had bought it and the package had to be opened sooner or later.

Jarnak picked up the phone and asked for a Chicago number. He spoke briefly, then cradled the phone for a moment and called the number Nolan knew so well. Looking at Nolan, he asked a few questions, then listened. The trace of a smile touched his face. He finally said, "O.K., Sexton," and put the phone down.

His eyes had never left Nolan. "O.K., so you work for Sexton. But this is on your own time. He says you talked with him about this and he gave you the big no."

Nolan said, "That's right." And now he had to go all the way. Well, it wasn't the first time.

Jarnak said, "Get out of here."

Nolan leaned his hands on the desk. "No. Not out of here or out of the town. You push too hard. I knew you when you were rolling drunks, down on Union Street. You never did a day's work in your life. You were a punk then and you're a punk now."

Jarnak's breath was expelled in a sigh. "Get out."

"Frighten me," Nolan said. "Scare me to death. Why, I've worked with the big people. I wouldn't even hire you to walk a dog. Why don't you go back to rolling drunks?"

He was suddenly enjoying himself too much as he realized what he was dealing with. The man on the right scaled an ash tray with vicious force, and Nolan saw it from the corner of his eye just in time to throw his arm up. It slammed against his shoulder as Jarnak came storming out from behind the desk.

Nolan took care of the man he knew had the gun. He beat him to his knees with a clubbing right hand, then brought the edge of the hand down on the side of the neck. He turned and took Jarnak's first punch high on the head. It spun him and he reached out and grabbed and punched hard. Jarnak went away from him and Nolan followed. He took Jarnak's knee on his turned thigh, and the man pulled at him. Nolan hit him twice on the side of the head, turned his eyes aside from the taloned fingers and brought his knee up. Jarnak fell across the desk. Nolan heard the sound behind him and twisted away from the descending gun. He caught the arm over his shoulder, bent and heaved, and felt the arm go as the gun exploded and the man went over his back and crashed into the wall. Jarnak was off the desk and his punch ripped Nolan's mouth. Nolan hit him three times, with care, and Jarnak fell on his face.

Nolan found the gun, took out the clip, ejected a shell from the chamber and threw the gun on the floor. The man with the broken arm was crouched on the floor, holding the arm and cursing. Jarnak was trying to sit up.

"You're all through," Nolan told him. "Wait until someone gets a look at you. It might take a couple of weeks, but you're out of business. Maybe if you had laid off Swanson, it would have been enough. I don't know. But now you're through. I'm no retailer or merchant. I know every trick you've got in the barrel. And these soft touches are going to back up on you, starting today." He had sensed that when he'd watched Swanson straighten up on the porch last night. A few calls from that big man and the town would come alive.

Jarnak cursed him bitterly. "They'll find you in the river. You and your big mouth."

"I don't think so. No gutless drunk roller will ever tap me out. And if you're thinking of calling in some talent, you'd better not tell them who the mark is. They might not come." He went to the door. He felt good, really good, for the first time in a long while. He said, "So long, Jarnak."

In the reception room he met Campoli. Nolan said, "You turn up fast."

"Routine. Someone yelled that the building was being torn down. And Lou Mahoney did happen to mention that you might be around here this morning. My, you look pretty."

Nolan mopped at his mouth with a handkerchief. It was like Lou. He said, "There are some characters in there. It might be interesting to talk to them long enough for a newspaper photographer to get up here and take a couple of pictures. People could see how tough they are."

Campoli pursed his lips. "It's an idea." Then he said, "You leavin' us?"

Nolan feigned surprise. "Me? This is my home town. See you later, sarge."

"Captain," Campoli said. "How long does it take ——"

Nolan walked out. "Why?" Lou Mahoney had asked. "Why should you stick your neck out?" Nolan knew the answer to that. He had always known it. If you wanted something, you worked for it and earned it. It wasn't too late to find some of the things he had missed.

He had to call Swanson and tell him about this. He had to call Sexton and tell him he was quitting. There would be no fuss about that. And then, he guessed, he would call the girl. Yes, he would certainly call the girl. THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 112)

1. Ind.	2. R. I.	3. Ill.
4. Vt.	5. Colo.	6. Wis.
7. N. J.	8. Ga.	9. Kan.
10. W. Va.	11. Okla.	12. Conn.

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Good-by, New York (Continued from Page 37)

"I love to think of you sitting here when you were a little boy," Helen said. "I think that's charming."

"I never saw the scoreboard," I said. "They tore it down years ago. Then that housing project moved in and, after that, all you could see, sitting up here, was the left fielder."

Helen smiled at me. "I know how you feel, Joe. It's a childhood idyll. And you'd like to think that someday you'll have a son and you'd like to bring him here where you sat as a small boy and where your father sat. But, of course, the Giants aren't here any more; they're in San Francisco."

Helen leaned over and kissed me. "You'll have to make your boy a Yankee fan," she said. "You'll have to be a Yankee fan too."

A cold chill went down my spine. That's Helen for you, a beautiful, sensitive girl, and plenty of brains behind those big brown eyes, but she says things sometimes that make a man cringe.

"How could I be a Yankee fan?" I said. "I have allegiance. I have loyalties. I was born a Giant fan."

"I don't know much about baseball, although you've taken me to a few games," she said. "But aren't the Yankees a better team?"

I pounded my fist on the rock. "What do I care they're a better team?" I said. "They're in the wrong league. I can't change my loyalty like that. I love you, don't I? Suppose I see a girl on the street, say a redhead, prettier than you. Am I going to not love you any more, going to love that redhead?"

"You're always staring at them," Helen said. "So if you feel that way about redheads, go right ahead."

That's a woman for you; now we're not arguing baseball any more, we're arguing do I love her. It's very difficult sometimes to have an intelligent conversation with a woman.

The way she acted, it was like some tailor shop moved three thousand miles away, so, O.K., you find someplace else to get your pants pressed. She can't understand how I feel; how there's a great big hole in my life. Root for the Yankees, she says; it's just a game, she says!

She walked away from the bluff and we argued for six blocks. And when we kiss and make up, she thinks it's all over.

I can't explain it to her; it's like a foreign language if I try to tell her about my memories—about Bobby Thomson's playoff home run in '51, about Sal the Barber, and Mel Ott leaning back on that left foot at the plate, and Bill Terry and Carl Hubbell and Joe Moore, and the stories I heard from my father about Lindstrom and Stonewall Jackson and Frisch and John McGraw and all the rest of the names down through the years.

We had an apartment to look at, a sublease, and the super showed us through, and Helen went into ecstasy. I went into the bedroom and I could see the Polo Grounds. Standing there, looking out the window at the deserted stadium, I knew suddenly for me it was "good-by, New York."

Helen came rushing in. "Oh, Joe," she said, "it's exactly what we've been looking for, and we can afford it."

"I don't like the view," I said.

"Why, it's a lovely view," she said. "We couldn't begin to afford it, except it's a sublet."

The super, behind her, said, "A newly married man, you'll be looking at your wife. There's people been here all day and more coming——"

So I had to put down a deposit to hold it for twenty-four hours. Helen was a little miffed that I didn't sign the contract then and there. We went to Pizza Heaven and Helen chattered about the apartment, and when we were eating spumoni, I decided to level with her.

"Helen," I said, "tomorrow when I'm at work, you go pick up that deposit."

She stared at me. "You don't like the apartment? Why not?"

"The Giants are in San Francisco," I said.

"What does that have to do with us?" Helen said.

"I can't stand looking out of that apartment at the Polo Grounds," I said. "It would kill me."

"Sometimes I just don't understand you," Helen said. "We have to find a place to live. Do you want to go over to Brooklyn?"

"Fat chance," I said. "Helen, I want to go to San Francisco. The Giants are in San Francisco and I want to go there."

She thought it was a joke. "You're a New Yorker," she said. "I can't even get you to take me to Atlantic City in the summer."

"I know," I said. "I was born in this town; it's always been my town. But not any more."

"That's the craziest idea I ever heard," Helen said, and she wouldn't eat her spumoni or drink her coffee, and we went home without saying one word to each other.

In her apartment hallway we bumped into the next-door dentist. "What do you think about the Giants leaving?" Helen said to him. (*Continued on Page 120*)

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(*Continued from Page 117*) "Are you thinking of moving your practice to San Francisco, Harold?"

"Give up all I've worked for?" Harold said. "For a game that in a civilized society would be for children? I'd be insane."

Helen just looked at me. Then she took me by the hand and pulled me into her apartment.

"What's wrong? What did you fight about?" her mother said. For an old dame she had eyes like Willie Mays.

"Joseph has just informed me he wants to go west and be a pioneer," Helen said. "We're supposed to be married in a few weeks, and he has a notion he wants to live in San Francisco."

"Well," her mother said, "far be it from me to be a buttinski, but I never did think Joseph was ready to settle down in one place and raise a family. I kept my suspicions to myself; not one single word did I say ——"

"I'm ready to settle down in one place," I said. "San Francisco is the place."

Her mother took a deep breath, pushing her bosom out six inches, but before she could begin the barrage, Helen said, "Mother, this is my problem and I want to talk to Joe alone."

Her mother went in the bedroom and slammed the door, and Helen acted as though the apartment was a mental clinic and I was the Number One patient. She put me in the big chair, and brought me a can of beer.

"Now, Joseph," she said, "we'll talk this out. You do love me, I suppose. . . . Stay in the chair," she added, as I started toward her. "I accept that. I believe you do love me. Now what do you want out of life? What does anyone want out of life? You want a wife, a family, a good job. All this is waiting for you here."

"I can have it all in California plus the Giants."

"Suppose the Giants don't like San Francisco and move somewhere else?"

"Then we'll move somewhere else. But I think they'll like San Francisco. And San Francisco will like them. Willie Mays they'll make the mayor."

"It's utterly impossible," Helen said. "You have to see that, Joe."

I got up out of the chair. "Helen," I said, "I don't believe in male tyranny. I believe women have equal rights. But I say this, Helen: One thing hasn't changed. The wife goes where the husband goes. That's the way it has to be, otherwise a man has no self-respect."

"But there has to be a reason," Helen said. "Listen to me, Joe. If you came in here tonight and said you couldn't stand the shop, you wanted to be a forest ranger, you were going to live in a cabin in the Rocky Mountains, I wouldn't say a word, not one single word. I'd pack my trunk and live in that cabin in the Rocky Mountains, and be a good wife to you. Because there'd be a reason; you'd be following your job. But you have a good job you like and you're giving up everything for a baseball game. Now you go home and think about that. No, don't kiss me good night, don't mix us up with sex."

So home I went, unkissed. And thought about the times I'd taken Helen to ball games and she brought her knitting. I could see her point of view. By straining, I could even see her mother's point of view.

In the morning I went to work. The service manager was a pretty good fellow, but a Yankee fan.

"Well," he says, "I got my tickets for the opener at the Stadium. You commuting to the Giant home opener by jet plane?"

I hadn't missed an opener since I had the mumps when I was seven. I thought of all the times in school I'd gone in to the principal and told him I needed the afternoon off to go to my grandmother's funeral. I remembered the principal asking me was the funeral going to be held at the Polo Grounds. He was a Giant fan; he understood.

"You're well rid of those Giants," the service manager said.

"You have any work for me to do today," I said, "or do we just stand around and yak?"

"I never saw you so ambitious," he said. "Maybe this summer at least you'll listen to motors with both ears instead of having one tuned in on the ball game."

"Maybe you don't like the way I work," I said. "Maybe you have another mechanic you think is better."

So that made him sore. "I don't think you couldn't be replaced," he says, and one word led to another, and five minutes later I was walking out of the shop.

He came running after me. "Now look, Joe," he said," maybe I needled you, but you were pretty lippy, you have to admit. We can talk this over ——"

"No hard feelings," I said, and shook hands with him. "I was quitting, anyway. Like Horace Greeley said, go west, young man. All I need is a covered wagon."

He stood there open-mouthed and I was pretty astonished myself, but I kept on walking. I went to the bank and drew all my money out. I got some in cash and some in travelers' checks and took my Government bonds out of the vault, all six hundred dollars' worth.

Across the street from the bank was a used-car lot and a character with a derby hat started giving me the hard sell. I let him rave and finally had him pull a car out of line and put it up on the hoist. I went over it, drove it around the block, and came back and named my price.

"First place," I said, "I'm a mechanic. I know what this heap is worth. Second place, I'm leaving for San Francisco in the morning and I have no time to haggle. Just say yes or no."

I put the bills on the desk, one beside the other, and the salesman pulled over the contract form.

A little later I drove over to Helen's apartment. I went up and rang the bell, and I didn't feel so good, thinking of a way to tell Helen I quit my job.

She opened the door and stared at me. "Joseph," she cried, "what are you doing here in the middle of the day? Why aren't you at work? You look pale."

I felt pale. She took me inside and sat me in the big chair. I thought to myself that sometimes it is kinder to lie to those you love than to tell the truth.

"I'm all right," I said. "At the clinic they told me it's nothing that can't be remedied. A sinus condition."

Her mother came in from the kitchen. "The best thing is hot cloths," she said. "You take steaming hot cloths ——"

"The doctor says it's the climate," I said. "What they call smaze. A condition that prevails in New York, compounded of smoke and haze. He said a different climate would straighten me out in no time."

I might have known Helen would tumble. She backed off from me and stood there tapping one foot. "He suggested maybe, Toledo, Ohio?"

"Well, that's the right direction," I said. "But farther west, the farther the better."

"That's what I thought," Helen said. "Now, Joe, you stop this nonsense and go right back to work."

I decided to switch techniques. If the squeeze play doesn't work, swing for the fence. Women like to be swept off their feet anyway; they may not admit it, but they like to be dominated by a red-blooded he-man.

"I can't go back to work," I said. "I quit."

"Well," Helen said, "that's a lovely thing for a girl to hear just before her wedding day, I must say."

"Never mind that," I said. "Synchronize your watch. We're leaving at six in the morning. Pack your suitcases. You can even bring your mother."

"Well, thank you!" her mother said, and went into the bedroom and slammed the door. I could hear her throwing things around inside, but I didn't think she was packing.

"Get cracking," I said to Helen. "I'll help you pack. Don't worry about anything. I can get a job in San Francisco. You think because it's out west they don't need mechanics? You think everybody's riding a horse in San Francisco?"

"What I did think," Helen said, "was that you loved me. Now I find you love the Giants more. For heaven's sake, you never even met a Giant."

"I shook hands with Mel Ott once," I said. "He hit a home run and I was sitting in the right-field stands and I caught the ball. I met him outside the clubhouse and he autographed the ball and shook my hand. Don't tell me I never met a Giant."

"Well," Helen said, "as long as you love them so much, I hope you'll be very happy with them." She yanked off her ring and threw it at me.

"If you loved me," I said, "you'd come to San Francisco. If you really loved me, you'd even come to Siberia."

"I wish the Giants had gone there," Helen said. "If they were the Siberian Giants maybe you'd have sense enough to stay in New York where you belong."

She began to cry. I started to put my arms around her and comfort her, and the next thing I knew, I, the dominating male, was out in the hallway and Helen had informed me that east was east and west was west and never the twain would meet.

I got some road maps and laid out my trip and went home and packed. Two suitcases accommodated all my earthly possessions. I put them in the trunk and went to Pizza Heaven for dinner. Afterwards I drove over to the Polo Grounds, deserted now, the lights out, the loudspeakers dead, no crowd pouring up out of the subway, nobody hawking score cards. I went up to the bluff and nobody was up there.

Finally from a bar I telephoned Helen. "I'm leaving," I said. "Please come ——"

She hung up on me. I went out and sat in my car and looked at the lights of my town, New York. A great town, but not my town any longer, and there was no reason to wait until morning to leave. Nobody was going to say good-by to me, nobody would miss me. I started the motor and headed for the George Washington Bridge to New Jersey and all points west.

There's nothing much to say about the trip. The Indians were peaceful. I blew a tire in Kansas and broke the fan belt in Utah. I sent Helen a post card every night, asking her to write me care of General Delivery, San Francisco.

And finally, one afternoon, I drove across the Bay Bridge into my new home town. Fog was swirling in and the hills of San Francisco scared me more than the mountains I'd come across. Then I got into the downtown-traffic snarl and felt right at home. One thing, though, I figured it should be a good town for mechanics, with those hills. The brake-relining business alone should be terrific.

I found a hotel, and the next morning bright and early I was at the post office. There was a note from Helen—four lines wishing me and the Giants the best of luck. No tear stains on the letter. It was probably all for the best, she said. I stood there, the lonesomest man in California, and then threw the letter in the wastebasket and went out looking for a job.

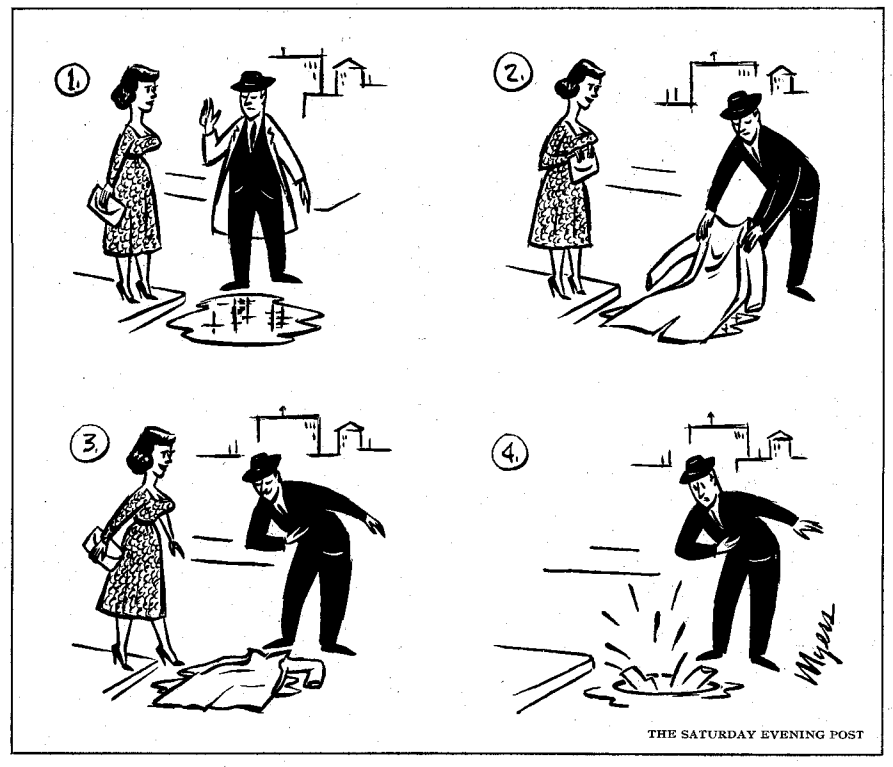
I hit one garage after another and, dog-tired about four P.M., I wandered into a carburetor-and-electric shop. An old guy had his feet off the floor and his head in a motor.

"I'm busy. You'll have to wait," he growled without looking at me.

I liked the looks of the shop, a specialty place, not just a fender-banging joint.

I watched the old guy, and the phone in his office rang. He muttered to himself, and finally went to answer it, paying me no attention.

I shucked off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and when he came back, I was fiddling with the carburetor. I started the motor and he stood back and watched me. I turned it off and went back to work. Finally I (*Continued on Page 122*)



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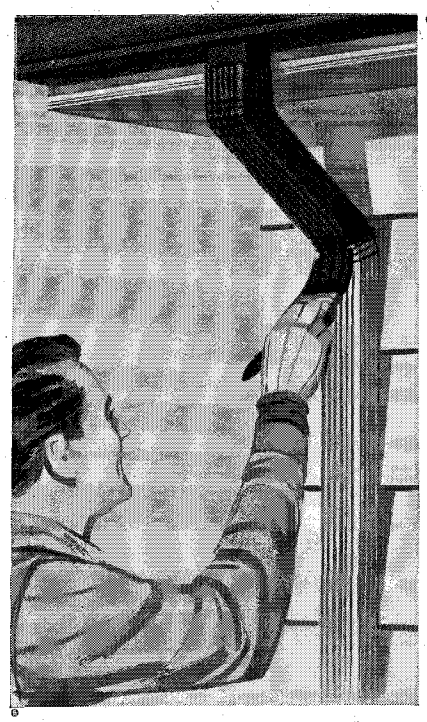

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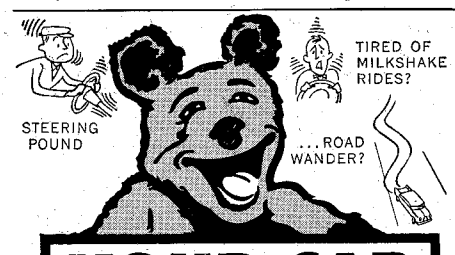

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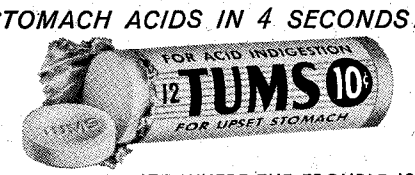

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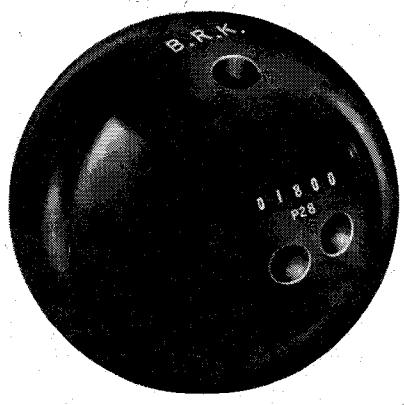

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(*Continued from Page 120*) started the car again, and this time I got the kind of music I wanted to hear.

I looked at the old guy and he grinned at me. "You looking for a job?" he said. "When can you start work?"

"I'm working," I said, and he found me a pair of coveralls and I was in business. And when we closed the shop for the day, he gave me a steer on a room to let.

It was fine, and not many days after that, one afternoon I was sitting in the ball park watching the San Francisco Giants, and by rights I should have been a happy man.

The truth is it was no good. It was a bust. Willie Mays was on hand, and all the others, and, after all, the Polo Grounds with those short foul lines was no ideal ball park. I didn't miss the Polo Grounds. I should have been happy as a clam, but the fact is I sat on my hands, and in the seventh inning, with the Giants rallying, I got up and walked out of the park. Never even looked back when the crowd yelled.

The next morning, at work, I said to my boss, "I'm leaving."

He walked around the car he was working on for a couple minutes. He threw a wrench at the wall.

"I get me a good mechanic," he said finally, "a man who comes to work on time and sober, and doesn't watch the clock all day. I guess it was too much to expect he'd stay. Is it the money?"

"The money's fine," I said. "I'm just a New York guy."

"Give San Francisco a chance," he said. "It's a better town."

"Maybe, but it's not New York," I said. "I got a girl back there. If she hasn't married a dentist, maybe I still have a chance."

"Women," he said, and looked around the shop helplessly. We had a lot of work lined up.

"I'll hang on until you find a man," I said.

A few days later I went out to the ball park for the last time. I hadn't been replaced, but I felt the old guy wouldn't find a new man until I actually left.

I got a score card and a bag of peanuts and sat back of first where I always sit. I watched batting practice and put a peanut in my mouth and turned and saw a girl walking up and down the aisles as though she'd lost something. There was something familiar about the way she walked, and she turned and we looked at each other suddenly, and it was Helen.

She looked surprised and then mad. The peanut got stuck in my throat and an usher had to pound me on the back. The guy in the next seat gave me a sip of beer, and I was all right.

"What's the idea, changing your seat?" Helen said. "I've been out here every day for a week looking for you. You always used to sit along first base."

"This is first base," I said.

"It is?" Helen said. "Then I've been in the wrong section. What a week I've had. Trying to find you in the ball park. Calling up every garage in town."

I held both her hands, ignoring the advice around us to sit down.

"I was leaving tomorrow," I said. "Going back to New York. I discovered something, Helen. I love the Giants. All my life I've been in love with the Giants, and I always will be. It's my nature, I'm a Giant fan."

"I know," Helen said.

"But I love you more," I said. "I love you more than I love the Giants, Helen, and we'll go back to New York."

"Why do you think I flew out?" Helen said. "I discovered something too. I have to share you with the Giants. That's all right, Joe. A lot of women have to share their husbands with something worse than a ball team. At least I'll know where you are nights. We'll live right here, Joe."

"We'll get married," I said. "We'll call your mother tonight ——"

"She's in town," Helen said. "She's probably at the Cliff House watching the seals. She's crazy about the seals and Fisherman's Wharf. She's in love with San Francisco and says she's never going to leave."

The Giant pitcher had taken his last warm-up. The catcher threw down to second and the ball game was about to begin.

Suddenly it was like the old days in the Polo Grounds. Helen stirred next to me and fumbled in her big purse. Everything was wonderful and the only sadness I felt was that Helen was going to start knitting. She didn't know first base from third base, and if Willie Mays ran out of the county to make the catch of the century, Helen wouldn't even see it; she'd be doing knit one, purl one.

Then she brought up a score card and pencil from the purse.

"Joe," she said, giving me an ever-loving look, "teach me how to keep score."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Glamorous Stranger

(Continued from Page 35)

road. The late Mr. Winthrop Hobbs, a retired Boston broker, had amused himself running the place as a dairy farm, and now his widow's new hired man, Johann, was rebuilding the herd. Johann was an Austrian, thirty-six years old, who in his youth had been drafted into the German *Wehrmacht* and then, captured by the Russians, had spent ten years as a Soviet slave laborer. Priscilla Hobbs had got him, sight unseen, and quite reasonably—the widow was a frugal woman—from the International Rescue Committee in New York, of whose existence she had heard while listening to the radio at the Lymington Beauty Parlor.

He was a personable fellow, with no mark of pathos or tragedy on him. Tall and blond—he was almost as fair as Lucy Hobbs—he had the lean hardness of an athlete in training. And to the widow's great satisfaction, soon after acquiring her new hand, she was able to tell the ladies at the beauty parlor that she now had an Austrian nobleman tending her cows. This high-toned fact Priscilla herself had discovered on the day of Johann's arrival, as she and Lucy were helping him get settled in the gardener's cottage he was to occupy. His baggage had consisted of only a cheap pasteboard suitcase and a long bundle wrapped in oilcloth which he had untied while the two women curiously watched. From this bundle he'd taken two swords—long, fine-bladed weapons with jeweled pommels and ornate hilts.

"What on earth ——" the widow had said, and Johann had said, "They're rapiers. Dueling swords. A matched pair." His tone had been matter-of-fact. "They were made in Spain—by Hernandez of Toledo—for one of my seventeenth-century ancestors."

"Ancestors? Seventeenth century?" Priscilla had said, and Lucy had asked, staring at the new hired man, "Just who are you, please?"

He had looked at the girl—and as a historian I must record that this look probably constituted the first emotional contact between them—and said, "In America I am Johann Trautmann. That is all I wish to be and that is how I asked the committee, my sponsors, to represent me to you. I am determined, Miss Hobbs—and Mrs. Hobbs—to be a real American."

"Well, fine," Lucy had said. "But who were you in your own country?"

Still looking at her, he'd answered, "Johann Franz Friedrich Alfred Georg Trautmann, Baron von Altmark."

"A baron!" Priscilla Hobbs had said, suddenly delighted; and Johann had shrugged and said, "Nothing is left of that but the swords. They were turned over to me just before I left for America by my father's old caretaker, Josef. Actually he'd taken them away from his son, who had stolen them. But you ladies can't be interested in such personal details, so I ——"

"Yes, we can be," Lucy had said. "Can't we, mamma?"

"Yes," the widow'd said; and to Johann, "Go on."

"Well, Josef, our family caretaker, had a worthless son, Ernst, who was about my age. Ernst stole the swords from my father's country house, where they had always hung over the mantel in the great salon—the drawing room. This was when war came to the Tyrol. Our house was in the mountains there and it was half destroyed by bombs. American bombs. But that had to be, and it was all quite long ago." Here he had stopped and smiled at Lucy. "One thing more. Then, please, I'd like to forget all this tiresome past history."

"What's the one thing more?"

"Ernst Otto, the caretaker's son, came to America several years ago. He's in New York now. I met him there, at a restaurant—the Café Habsburg—where many of my countrymen go to eat. Ernst was shocked to see me, because he'd thought the Russians had finished me. So I bought him a drink, and then he confessed he'd been impersonating me."

"Impersonating you?" This from Lucy.

"Yes. He'd been passing himself off as the Baron von Altmark. He'd done it, he said, just to impress his American friends and he begged me not to expose him. So I said I'd do nothing if he'd agree to give up his foolish masquerade. After all, Ernst was no crook—he'd only stolen the swords hoping to trade them for food—and I'd no further use for my title. But of course I couldn't have another man using it." Johann had been looking steadily at Lucy, but now he turned, with a small formal bow, to the widow. "I tell you all this, Mrs. Hobbs, because I want you to know everything about me. But especially I want you to know that I mean to become a good American. A real American."

"That's twice you've said that," Lucy had put in. "Just what do you mean by a real American?"

"Oh," he'd said, "I mean I want to succeed on my own account, without help from my ancestors."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed in making this farm pay its way," Priscilla Hobbs had said. "I'm sick and tired of it costing more than I can afford."

"I'll do my best," Johann had promised.

Ironically, he was well qualified to run the place successfully. For, as a prisoner of the Russians, he had spent ten years at hard labor on a large collective dairy farm in the Ukraine. Yet Lucy Hobbs had had a suspicion on that very first day—a strong hunch, she told my wife Jane—that the ex-Baron von Altmark wasn't going to be content with a career as a dairy farmer in America.

All this happened early in the summer, and then, on a Saturday night in August there was a dance at the yacht club that Jane and I attended. During the course of the evening, as we sat on the porch watching the dancers, my wife said to me, "Go cut in on Lucy Hobbs. She looks lovely, but distracted. I think it's because Harold Humphrey's monopolizing her."

Spotting Lucy and Harold, I tapped him on the shoulder. He turned to me his round, moonlike face, dazed with love, and grudgingly released to me his flushed and faintly smiling partner. Lucy's little smile seemed to be frozen on her lips, and though she danced lightly, there was a tension in her hand clutching mine.

So I said, "Hope I didn't interrupt anything important."

"Important? With Harold? Well, yes, I guess you did. But I'm glad you cut in, just the same."

I said through the blare of band music, "Something's happened to you, baby. You're all tightened up."

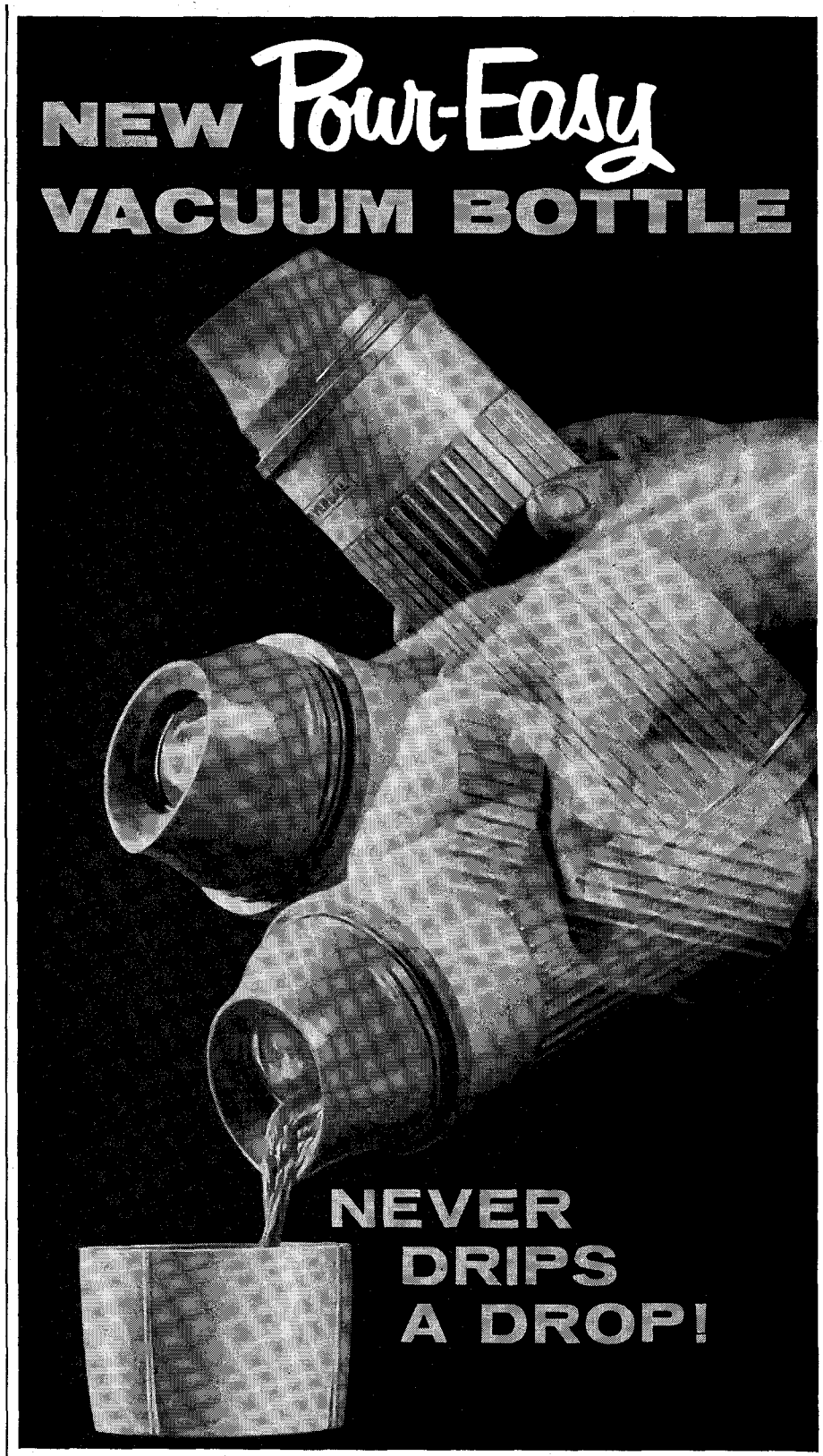
"I've just been offered a yachting cap."

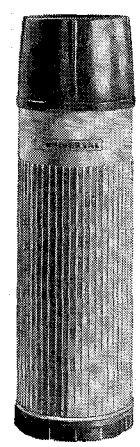
"A what?"

"With Harold Humphrey under it."

"Oh," I said.

"Somehow I always think of him with that cap on. You know, the gold-braided one he wears all the time? Oh, yes, look! He's got it on now! Sitting out there talking to Jane!" Lucy giggled and nodded over my shoulder.





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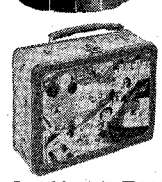

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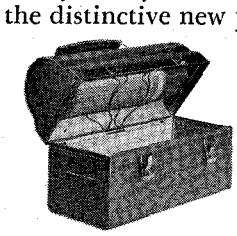

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I looked around and saw, through a door opening on the porch, Harold Humphrey sitting at our table. He had on his gold-braided cap and was in earnest conversation with my wife. Harold was a man of medium build and medium weight, with medium brown hair and a brow of medium height. But he had sailed into Lymington harbor that summer in a white ketch of more than medium size, and, having met Lucy Hobbs at a previous club party, had kept his yacht anchored under the breakwater ever since. By now, of course, everyone knew that Harold was in love with Lucy and that her mother hoped she'd marry him. A nice man with several million dollars and his name in the New York Social Register was *per se* a desirable son-in-law. So the widow kept hoping; and now the proposal had been made and Lucy was smothering her giggles against my shoulder.

"Stop it," I said. "Does the yacht go with the cap?"

"Oh, yes. Everything goes with it, including Harold."

"Well?"

"I don't know," the girl said. "I told him I wasn't sure. I asked for time. Because, you see, something else has happened to me too."

"What else?"

"What do you think?" She lifted her face from my shoulder. She looked warm and a little raffish and suddenly very young and beautiful. She said, "I've been hit by what you writers are always writing about. Love, I think you call it. Isn't it love that's supposed to happen to a girl?"

"Yes," I said. "Do you want to tell papa about it?"

"Yes," she said. "Let's go outside where we can talk."

So we went out and walked down the club dock and sat on a bench facing the harbor. Lucy stared out across the water as she said, "I can't help it; I'm in love. I've tried not to give in to it, but the first time he looked at me—that first day in the gardener's cottage—I went all funny inside. So I'm obsessed—or call it nuts—about Johann."

"Johann?" I was surprised. "Johann?" I repeated. "Your farm hand?"

"He's really our farm manager," Lucy said, and then laughed. "Not that it matters! Because I'd feel the same way about him if he were nothing or nobody. And the awful thing is, he feels the same way about me."

"Why is that so awful?"

"Because —— You know what Johann's really nuts about?"

"Tell me."

"Being an American."

"You mean, becoming a citizen?"

"More than that! He's utterly possessed to be what he calls a real American, and that means—guess what?—making a million dollars!"

"What an old-fashioned notion!" I said.

"Oh, it isn't just the money. It's the power that goes with it. Johann says Americans are the most powerful people on earth today, and he's figured out it's because we're all rich. I keep telling him it isn't true, but it's no use. I've begged him to stay here—we could have a really good life running the farm—a useful life, too—and actually he loves it. But oh, no, he's got to be somebody important, and so he's been trying to get some foreign-car agency in New York. He keeps writing letters to New York, and just the other day a letter came saying he could have the agency. So then he asked me to marry him, but ——"

"Johann asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, but not really. Not now, I mean. What he wants is for us to be engaged till he makes that damned million or is on the way to it—and the Lord only knows how long that will be!"

"But, Lucy, if you love him, aren't you willing to wait?"

"Look," she said, "I'm twenty-seven years old. How much time can I afford to spend, waiting? Oh, I'd decided to do it—I told Johann I'd wait for him—because he's so positive he'll succeed! But now Harold's come through with an offer, and he's a perfectly good man. A perfectly good, kind, nice-looking man and —— You don't suppose he wears his yachting cap to bed, do you?"

"Lucy, you're a frivolous young woman!"

"I know it, and I shouldn't be. Because I know life isn't a joke or a romantic romp either."

"What will happen," I asked, "when you tell Johann about Harold? Or won't you tell him?"

"Oh, yes, I will. But it won't change Johann! He's so sure about everything. He's got it all worked out—we're engaged and that's that. But a real American doesn't take a wife till he can support her, so next week Johann's going to New York and start making money, while I sit here and wait and wait and ——"

"Lucy!"

"Yes?"

"Does Harold know about Johann?"

"Yes, he does. I told him tonight, when he first asked me to marry him. We were out on the porch—it was just before the dance you cut in on—and Harold proposed to me, and I told him everything about Johann."

"And what did Harold say?"

"He was surprisingly understanding. Said he thought Johann was a handsome-looking man—he'd met him at our place, of course—and he could see why any woman might be attracted to him. But Harold said I'd be crazy to marry him, that it would never work out and that anyway he thought Johann was a phony. I jumped on him for that, because, of course, he isn't a phony—Johann, I mean—so Harold went back to arguing his own case. Then the music started and he took off his cap and we danced and —— You know the rest."

"Yes," I said. "But what are you going to do? Which man will you choose?"

Lucy said, "How much choice have I got? I feel as if I were caught between two forces—one a kind of dream and the other terribly real. When that happens, which wins?"

"Usually the reality," I said.

"Yes," she said, "I think so too." And she sighed audibly as she looked out across the dark water toward the dim white shape of Harold Humphrey's yacht.

When Jane and I got home that night we exchanged information. I told her what I'd learned from Lucy, and my wife told me that Harold Humphrey was very much worried over Lucy's infatuation with Johann. "Harold kept saying he was sure that Johann was a phony, that if he really were the Baron von Altmark he'd prosecute that other man for using his title."

"How did Harold know about the other man?"

"Oh, Priscilla must have told him. You know she told us that story—how Johann said he'd gone to a restaurant in New York and run into his father's caretaker's son? And how he'd been using Johann's title, and Johann had promised not to do anything about it if this other man—Ernst Somebody—would just stop impersonating him?"

"Yes," I said. "The restaurant was the Café Habsburg. I remember that."

"So does Harold," Jane said. She was sitting at her dressing table in her nightgown—we were upstairs in our bedroom—brushing her hair before going to bed. "That's why he's driving down to New York tomorrow—to pay a visit to the Café Habsburg."

"Harold's driving to New York?"

"Yes. To see if he can find this Ernst What's-his-name and have a talk with him."

"Jane!" I said. "Did you by any chance suggest such a talk?"

"Well, it hadn't occurred to Harold."

"Why did you do it?" I asked. I walked up behind her and our eyes met in the mirror. "Don't you know it's dangerous to try to influence fate?"

"Oh, pooh!" Jane said. "Women are always influencing fate. Sometimes they are fate. And anyway, I just want Lucy to be happy."

"But suppose Johann does turn out to be a phony?" I asked, and then thought of the answer even before my wife said, "In that case, the sooner Lucy finds it out the better."

I leaned down and kissed the top of Jane's head. "Come to bed, Fate," I said.

I can't remember whether it was on Wednesday or Thursday of the following week that Jane rushed into my room and said, "Come on! Priscilla Hobbs wants us right away! I'll get the car out of the garage! Hurry now!" And she rushed out again.

As a responsible husband, I hurried now. Mine not to reason why, mine but to tie my tie and dash after my wife. But it was a two-mile drive out to the Hobbs place, and Jane had ample time to tell me what Priscilla had told her on the telephone, which wasn't much. "Harold Humphrey's come back from New York, and he's got the real Baron von Altmark with him. They're both at Priscilla's right now, and Priscilla wants us there as sort of buffers, because Lucy absolutely doesn't believe in Harold's baron and is spitting mad at Harold, and they're all waiting for Johann to come home."

"Where is Johann?"

"Out in the truck, delivering milk."

"A healthful occupation," I said, "and a useful one." It was practically what Lucy had said to me last Saturday night—"we could have a really good life running the farm—a useful life too"—and I thought how a man's ambition often could blind him to what is useful and good. Here was Johann Trautmann wanting passionately to be rich and important, when he might so easily have married pretty Lucy Hobbs and settled down to a life of country virtue, raising children, building up his dairy herd and supplying superior milk to the countryside. Who, then, in Lymington would have cared, as he or she skimmed the rich cream off a Hobbs Farm milk bottle, whether Johann Trautmann had or had not been born an authentic baron?

I said all this to my wife, and asked, "What do you suppose is really eating Johann? What's at the bottom of that ambition of his?"

"I don't know," Jane said. "But I think it's something deeper than just a desire to be what he calls a real American. He's too intelligent to believe that Americanism means simply having money. No, it's some other urge, some compulsion deep inside him. I can't name it, but I can sense it—and I wouldn't be surprised if we're about to find out what it is."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I imagine there's going to be a showdown, and in a showdown people have a way of revealing themselves—their true selves. Can't you drive a little faster, darling?"

When we rolled into Priscilla's driveway, we saw three figures standing on the side lawn with their backs toward us. They were the Widow Hobbs, Lucy Hobbs and Harold Humphrey, and they were all facing the gardener's cottage, which stood halfway down the path between the house and the cow barns. I stopped the car and Jane and I got out, but no one heard us approaching till Jane said, "Priscilla! Here we are!"

And then they all began to talk at once, telling us that Johann had come home from his labors, that he was now closeted in the gardener's cottage with the real baron and—this from Lucy—that the real baron wasn't real at all! He was just Harold's baron, she snapped angrily—a pure fake whom Harold had fetched from New York to annoy Johann, who was the real, real baron, she didn't care what anyone said!

So I said, "Well, let's go down to the cottage and find out what's what—or who's who!" Priscilla said, "I agree!"

But Harold said to her, "No, let's wait till the baron calls us." To me, he said, "This so-called Johann is the son of an old von Altmark family retainer. I promised the baron that he could deal with his double alone."

Lucy said, starting forward, "Well, I haven't promised anybody anything!" Harold caught her arm, but she jerked it free and went almost running down the path toward the cottage.

"Lucy, Lucy!" her mother called, but the girl kept on, and so we all hurried after her.

We reached the cottage just as Lucy snatched open its front door, and we all followed her into its living room. Johann Trautmann was standing with his back to the mantel. Tall, slender, dressed in his faded blue work clothes, and with his fair coloring he made a figure sharply contrasting with that of the stocky, well-dressed, dark-haired man who stood facing him. Both men turned toward us when we entered, and I saw Johann, as he looked at Lucy, draw a deep breath.

But it was the dark man who spoke. He said heavily to Harold, "Mr. Humphrey! You haf promised me I should question this—this impostor alone!"

"Yes, I know," Harold Humphrey said. He had taken off his cap and was turning it in his hands. "But circumstances have arisen over which I have no control."

"He means me," Lucy said; and then, "Johann, do you want to tell us what this is all about?"

"Yes," Johann said. He looked at the stranger. "This creature I have known all my life; he's the man I told you I met in New York, who was pretending to be me. I made him promise to stop his masquerade, but now it seems he went on with it, doing fairly well, he tells me, as a gambler, gigolo and interior decorator. But he never had a chance to reach the top social level— (*Continued on Page 126*)

Speaking of Speakers

The "unaccustomed"
speaker speaks
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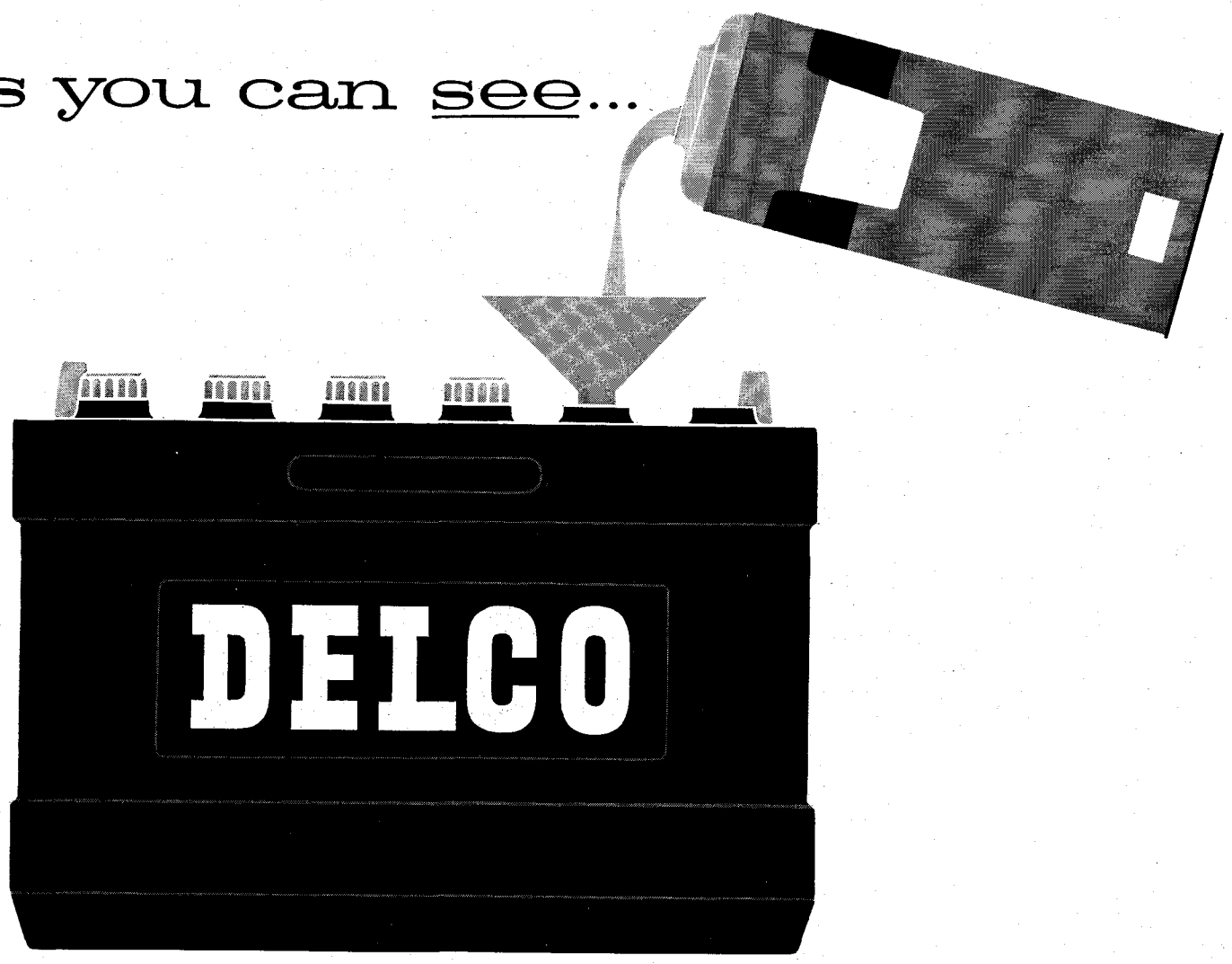

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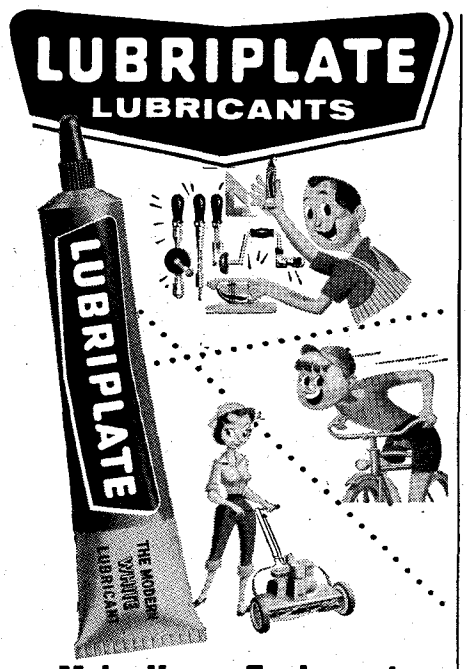

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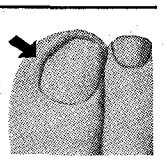

(*Continued from Page 124*)

where the big money is—till he met Mr. Humphrey, who offered to sponsor him in return for a favor."

"The favor was to expose you as a faker!" Harold said loudly.

"And so he came here," Johann went on, ignoring Harold, "to try to bribe me not to expose him."

"A lie!" said the dark man. But Johann, watching him closely, went on, "That's why he wanted to see me alone—so he could offer me a share of the money he expects to make out of Mr. Humphrey's sponsorship. He had to have my consent, you see, because he planned to operate openly as the Baron von Altmark."

The stocky, dark man laughed. He was completely at ease as he faced us. "All a lie," he said. "A childish, clumsy lie! I am confident Mr. Humphrey knows a gentleman ven he has seen one. And"—bowing to Priscilla—"you, too, madame!"

"Then you're sure you're the real baron?" the Widow Hobbs asked a bit shrilly.

"Dear lady, I am sure."

"There you are," Harold said, twirling his cap.

"He's Ernst Otto," Johann said, "the son of Josef, my father's caretaker."

Lucy Hobbs stepped forward. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks pink in the rose light of the room as she looked at the dark man.

"Well, Mr. Otto?" she said.

"You haf got the name just wrong; it is the other way around. Your employee here is Otto." The dark man shrugged his shoulders. "But frankly I am surprised that he tries to deny it. I did not expect anything so bold—so I did not bring with me my papers of identity. I will go back to New York and get them from my safe-deposit box." Here he turned and started out. "Then I will show my proofs to Mr. Humphrey, and he will know ——"

"Lucy! Shut the door!"

The command came from Johann. Before any of the rest of us could move, Lucy had darted across the room, reached the door and slammed it shut. She stood with her back against it, confronting the dark man.

"What is this?" he asked her coolly enough. "Do we play some game here?"

"Ask Johann," the girl said, and across the room, Johann said, "No, not exactly." He had reached up and taken from their pegs on the wall the two swords that had hung over the mantel. We all stared at him in a kind of shock. Then he swiftly crossed the room—this tall, blond-haired man in blue jeans—and held out both weapons to the dark man.

"Choose one," he said, presenting their hilts.

"You are crazy!"

"Choose!"

"Now wait! Now let's everybody keep calm!" This was Harold speaking, and Priscilla Hobbs said, "Johann, have you gone crazy?"

Johann turned to look at her. He was smiling. But there was about him an air of gravity, of hauteur.

He said, "My identity has been questioned, Mrs. Hobbs. It is all I possess, so I must prove it beyond doubt." He spoke quietly, but his voice was hard. "No man of my house ever grew up without learning to fence. I've had lessons since I could first hold a foil. So if this man here is me"—Johann's tone became one of grim amusement—"then he must be at least as skillful as I am!" He turned back to the dark man. "I'm sure you remember these family heirlooms. You once had them in your possession, I believe. Take one of them. If you're the Baron von Altmark, you'll know how to use it."

"But these are not foils; they're real swords!"

"You can't fight a duel in here!" shrieked the Widow Hobbs.

But Lucy said, "Just don't kill him, Johann."

"I'll try not to," Johann said, "for old time's sake. After all, he used to steal food from my father's kitchen."

"For that I'll kill you!" yelled the dark man, and grabbing one of the swords, swung it viciously at Johann's head.

Johann ducked and came up with the other sword poised in his hand. The widow shrieked again, Harold shouted something about keeping calm and my wife clutched my arm, because it seemed impossible that Johann could escape the other's savage charge. That wild, slashing assault compelled Johann to retreat in a circle of which Harold and the widow and Jane and I were the involuntary center.

We revolved with the fighters, though Johann didn't appear to be fighting at all. He seemed hardly to move his blade. Yet there was a constant ringing clatter that I realized was the sound of steel hitting steel.

Then somehow the circling movement was reversed and Priscilla and Harold and Jane and I had to turn the other way,

---

Folks who are out at the elbows should roll up their sleeves.

CY N. PEACE

---

because Johann was forcing his adversary backward; and then all at once the duel, as a duel—if it could be called that—was over. The dark man's weapon flew out of his hand and went skittering across the floor. He gasped out a guttural curse and made a dash toward Lucy, still guarding the door.

"Johann!" she cried.

But Johann was already there. Somehow the figure in blue jeans had got in front of the dark man and was driving him back with a dazzling exhibition of swordplay. Johann wasn't attacking his defenseless enemy; he was simply moving him away from the door, forcing him back step by step with that glittering, darting blade.

I looked at Lucy. She stood spellbound at the door; yet her hands made small gestures in response to the rhythm of Johann's lightning-swift movements—and then suddenly the superlative performance turned human, turned comic. For Harold Humphrey had rushed in to the rescue of his panting protégé and was slapping bravely with his yachting cap at Johann's flickering blade. Whereupon Johann, with a flick of his wrist, ran his sword through the gold-braided cap and so snatched it from its owner's hand.

Then Johann wheeled and pressed his sword point gently against the dark man's chest.

"Now," he said, in the silence that had fallen on us all, "tell them the truth."

And the other, breathing hard, said sullenly, "It is true. I am Ernst Otto. He is the Baron von ——"

"All right. Now go outside and wait for me. I may have an honest job to give you," Johann said; then turning to the widow, "I hope you're satisfied that I am myself, Mrs. Hobbs!" And then turning to Harold, the victor thrust out his sword on which still hung the yachtsman's skewered headgear. "Your cap, Mr. Humphrey," Johann said.

Across the room, Lucy Hobbs laughed. She tried to smother her laughter with her hand, but Harold had heard it. With dignity, he plucked his cap from Johann's blade and walked out behind the already departing Ernst Otto. Lucy held open the door as they both disappeared into the sunset.

"Well!" breathed Priscilla Hobbs. "At least no one got killed!"

"Yes—excuse me—someone did." Johann spoke so forcibly that we all looked at him. But he was looking at the widow as he said, "The one killed was the Baron von Altmark, Mrs. Hobbs. It was his ghost that I fought with, not poor Ernst Otto. Yes, that is so! For years this ghost has haunted me, wanting me to prove his importance. I tried to forget him when I came to this country. But it was he who urged me to go to New York, to become rich and successful—to be in America the equivalent of a foreign aristocrat! Oh, yes, it was this other ego, this titled snob inside me who would not let me rest till I had proved his noble existence! And now that I've done so, in this joke of a duel, he no longer troubles me! The Baron von Altmark is dead, and I don't even mourn him, for he's as useless, as obsolete, as this sword in my hand!"

For a moment there was silence in the room. Then, from her post at the door, Lucy said, "What did you mean, Johann, about giving that Otto man an honest job?"

Johann said to her, "I thought we could use another hand on this place, if we're going to increase our business."

The look on Lucy's face was something to see. She said, "Oh, Johann!" and started to walk toward him. But here I must become the historian rather than the witness, for, as the girl moved slowly toward her love, Jane tugged at my coattail, signaling that it was time for us to go.

So there you have a true account of the so-called duel fought recently on the Hobbs place in Lymington, Connecticut, and I hope it will stop all the tongue wagging caused by that affair. However, knowing that my fellow townsmen usually prefer gossip to history—as what humans do not?—I rather doubt that the tongues will be stopped. For instance, on the church steps after Lucy's wedding, as she was departing on the arm of Johann, her husband, I heard one female guest murmur to another, "He's a baron, and they say the Widow Hobbs wanted to put his crest on the labels of their milk bottles. But Lucy said no, that that would be undemocratic. And they say Priscilla Hobbs was furious, because as long as Lucy didn't take that millionaire—you know, the one with the yacht?—why, she might at least get some use out of her husband's title. And personally I think the widow's right, it would be good business, and anyway, sometimes I think we're getting much too democratic in this country."

But my wife, Jane, said, when I reported this morsel of gossip to her, "Being democratic isn't the point, as far as Johann is concerned. What's happened to him—and what made Lucy marry him, I'm sure—is something much bigger than just going democratic. And personally I'm glad I was there when it happened, because I thought it was thrilling, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But what, precisely, did you think was so thrilling?"

"Why, darling," Jane said, "to watch a man discover that he couldn't be anything more important than a man!"

THE END

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So You're All Tensed Up (Continued from Page 23)

to our questionnaire, 13 per cent said they worked under constant tension; another 76 per cent experienced it occasionally. Question No. 26 posed eight possible causes and asked the men to check those they considered most responsible. Some checked several causes, but the one blamed more often than any other was "personalities of superiors." This was checked by 25 per cent. Twelve per cent blamed "personalities of subordinates."

We followed this with another question which asked: "Is there someone with whom you work whom you would like to 'drop off a bridge'?" A leading question, perhaps, but 18 per cent of the executives said, "Yes."

These responses reminded me of the case of the five jittery vice presidents of a company I shall call Ulcers, Inc. It is a real company and is one of the hundreds whose executive personnel are examined annually by doctors of the Life Extension Examiners. It fell to my lot, as the organization's medical director, to see these men, one by one. As I talked with them it became apparent that each was under extreme emotional strain, but I could get no clue to the reasons for it. Then one day the president of the company came in for his interview, and I was no longer puzzled. No one could have been anything but nervous in his presence. He was a tense, driving, demanding type.

Pure, undiluted personality problems are often difficult for a doctor to cope with. We got help in this instance, however, through our discovery that the company president had signs of coronary heart disease. I wouldn't wish this diagnosis on anyone. But it gave us a good medical excuse to warn him to slow down and let his vice presidents have a freer hand in managing the company. We urged him to take more vacations and holidays and, if possible, to relax.

A few months later, one of the vice presidents came in to see me, and he was as calm as could be. "Doctor," he said, "you certainly changed the whole picture for us. The boss is letting us take much more responsibility, and he's not riding herd on us. Why, he's now the easiest person in the world to get along with."

Apparently the man had really heeded our warning and slowed down. And, as he admitted to me later, he had become a much better executive as a result of it.

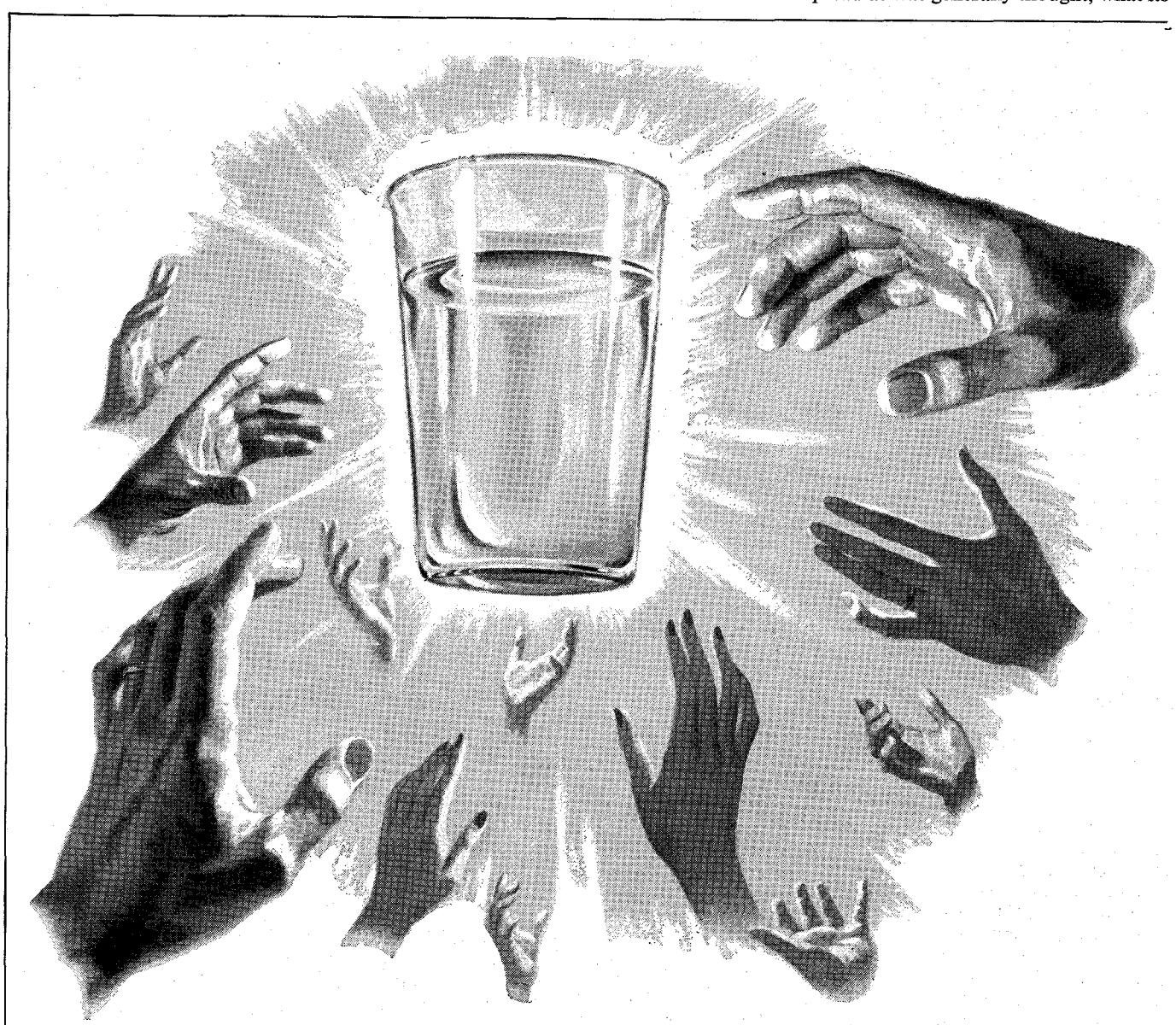
A similar source of tension existed in a large New York company whose bachelor president made a practice of calling meetings late in the afternoon, for no other apparent reason than to make his associates unhappy. Being unmarried himself, he seemed to resent the happy home life of the others. He'd drag his conferences on past 5:30 and would not even let the men phone their wives to say they'd be late for dinner. Unfortunately, this company was not one of our clients. I heard about the case through one of the long-suffering vice presidents, a friend of mine. Often the only way to cure the tensions in a setup of that kind is to resign your job. We have several times recommended job changes to men caught up in an employment atmosphere conducive to tension and strain.

One man told me he couldn't stand the rigid formality of the office where he worked. All the executives had to address each other as "Mister," no matter how long they had been working together. He decided life was too short to put up with that sort of thing. So he left and got a position where the president called everybody by his first name and where the whole atmosphere was more relaxed.

Not all tension, of course, is bad. A homespun fiction character named David Harum, popular a generation ago, once observed that "a reasonable number of fleas is good fer a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog." Tensions in human life are something like fleas in a dog's life. A reasonable number of them, although they may not prevent a man from brooding over his membership in the human race, do provide interest and excitement and keep him scratching for an upper-bracket income. They are a spur to ambition, achievement and happiness.

What we must guard against is too much tension, the uninterrupted series of crises and emotional upsets. This can be harmful to both mind and body. And on the high-speed business merry-go-round of today there is undoubtedly more tension than is needed for normal stimulation of the competitive processes. It is a cliché of the times that successful men work under tremendous pressure. The executive likes to refer to his office as the "ulcer mill," and if he isn't actually on an ulcer diet, he whips himself through the daily grind with the help of two martinis at lunch and tranquilizers ad libitum. Or so, at least, our more vocal exponents of the high-tension life would have us believe.

It was to determine just how much tension does permeate the management of American business and industry that the Life Extension Foundation last year undertook its survey. We wanted to find out whether tension was really as widespread as was generally thought, what its



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principal causes were, and what, if anything, could be done to reduce tension.

This was a logical function for our group, for we have always been interested in just such phases of preventive medicine. The Foundation's parent organization, Life Extension Examiners, was established forty-five years ago as the Life Extension Institute by a group of men which included former President William Howard Taft; political economist Irving Fisher, of Yale; and industrialist Harold A. Ley; and the original purpose was to serve the life-insurance companies by making periodic health examinations of their policyholders. In the last decade, Life Extension Examiners has broadened its work to include health-examination services to industrial and business establishments and to the general public. We now examine about 35,000 individuals each year—most of them executives and office workers. Half of the examinations are performed at our New York headquarters, the remaining by more than 500 selected local physicians in other parts of the country.

You can collect information about tension in many ways. You can set up a "controlled experiment" in which you deliberately impose suspected stress factors on one group of "subjects" and compare their reactions to a group not exposed to these factors. You can arrange a complicated set of multiple-choice levers and food boxes for caged rats or monkeys and try to give them nervous breakdowns. You can ask doctors for their opinions. Or you can query the stress-ridden businessmen themselves.

We chose the last method, sending out questionnaires to 10,000 executives at all levels of management, representing 179 companies scattered over the United States. It is the largest survey, we believe, ever made on what people think about the stresses and strains of their work and their home and office environment.

We asked the executives forty-nine questions about their jobs, their eating, drinking and smoking habits, their sleep and exercise and recreation. We probed into their attitude toward business homework, business travel and business entertainment, and asked about their wives' attitudes as well. Finally, we asked them point-blank whether they thought they were working too hard, whether they felt they were under pressure and how much, and whether they were under emotional tension. (There is an important difference between pressure and tension, as our survey brought out.) And then we asked what they thought the tension was due to.

More than 6000 of the men filled out the questionnaires and returned them. That in itself was a gratifying response, indicating the widespread interest in tension as a health factor. And the answers were most revealing. Some surprised us. Others simply confirmed, statistically, observations we had ourselves made in twenty-five years of medical counseling. In that time I had personally interviewed about 25,000 executives and I could see in the pattern of replies a reflection of many of the problems they had discussed with me.

It should be pointed out that all of the 10,000 who received the questionnaires were men who in the previous twelve months had undergone a health checkup by Life Extension doctors. Actually this is much more than a routine examination. After the usual thumping, probing, X rays, electro-cardiograph, laboratory testing and medical history, each man sits down with a counseling doctor whose job is just to talk and listen. The counseling physician is in no hurry. He encourages the man to unburden himself of any problems he may have bottled up. Health, of course, is his primary concern at the moment. And, as one might expect, health worries do contribute significantly to the over-all tension picture. But it is amazing how quickly this kind of tension disappears when examination provides reassurance of good health. Bearing this out, our experience has shown that about 78 per cent of executives have some concern about their health at the time of their first examination, whereas only 18 per cent of the 6000 men covered by our recent survey, all of whom had completed a checkup with us during the prior year, were still worried about their health.

Although the companies pay for these annual examinations, all the information obtained is kept in strict confidence between the doctor and the man being examined. In the case of the questionnaire, also the executives were asked not to identify themselves. But we know that among them are men who run many of America's best-known companies. The mailing list of 179 firms covered a wide range of products and services, as this sampling will indicate: American Gas & Electric; American Oil Company; American Radiator and Standard Sanitary; Babcock and Wilcox; Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; Bendix Aviation; Continental Baking; Continental Can; Chesebrough-Pond's; C.I.T. Financial Corp; Colgate-Palmolive; General Aniline & Film; W. R. Grace; W. T. Grant; Hilton Hotels; Lone Star Cement; McKesson & Robbins; National Dairy Products; Otis Elevator; Parke, Davis; Prentice-Hall; RCA-International; Rayonier; U. S. Rubber; U. S. Steel; Worthington.

Many of the executives were on foreign assignments at the time they received their questionnaires, and when the returns began to pour into our offices they came from all over the world—South America, Europe, South Africa, Pakistan, Ceylon and the Philippines.

All parts of the United States were represented, but two thirds of the replies came from the New England and Middle Atlantic States, and two thirds of the executives work in cities of over a half million. Incomes from their principal employment ranged from under $10,000 (reported by 33 per cent of the men) to over $30,000 (reported by 6 per cent). The largest group—37 per cent—earned between $10,000 and $15,000.

In planning our survey, Richard Sutphen, secretary of the Life Extension Foundation, and I tried to frame questions that would make the important distinction between pressure and tension, to which I have already alluded. Pressure is usually something objective, like heavy job requirements. Tension is the individual's subjective response to that pressure or to unpleasant working conditions, including the difficult personalities. Some men thrive under pressure. Confronted by a pile of work and a deadline, they roll up their sleeves and pitch into it with enthusiasm and determination. Others are distressed by the very sight of the pile and become tense and nervous.

Just how demanding, then, are the job requirements of the average American executive? More than a half said they worked a nine-to-five day, although 40 per cent arrived at the office at eight and a third worked until six. A shade under three quarters of them spend less than five hours a week on homework, and 20 per cent spend five to ten hours. Four per cent work ten to fifteen hours at home, 1 per cent fifteen to twenty hours, and a very busy 1 per cent said they spend more than twenty hours a week on homework. Of those who did take work home, 22 per cent said they liked it, 57 per cent were resigned to it, and 21 per cent "loathed" it.

"How does your wife feel about your business homework?" we then asked. Sixty-nine per cent said their wives were "understanding," 19 per cent said they were "indifferent," and 12 per cent said they were "resentful."

The length of a man's business day and the way he spends it are basic to the whole problem of tensions. And in talking with executives about this, I've often drawn them out, like a prosecuting attorney cross-examining a witness.

"You're working pretty hard, aren't you?" I'll say. Invariably the answer will be: "You have no idea how much work we do down there. When I come home at night I'm just plain exhausted."

Then I get the man to analyze the day's operation. He admits that although he gets into the office at nine, he has to finish his morning paper before he looks at the mail, which then takes an hour or two. "How many letters do you usually have?" I'll ask. "Oh, it varies. Five or six, or ten or twelve." Next there will be people to see. "How many?" "Maybe two or three."

"And how long do you take for lunch?"

"Well," the busy executive will reply, "I believe in a good lunch hour. I don't rush my lunch. I take my time—an hour and a half or so."

"What do you do in that time, besides eating?"

"I read the paper or the journals. That's when I keep up with my business literature."

Further questioning reveals an afternoon somewhat like the morning. At the end of the discussion I'll say, "Now the amount of work you actually do in a day—couldn't you have put it into about four or five hours of real honest-to-goodness work?" And he'll grin and say, sheepishly, "Well, I guess maybe I am not a good manager."

So I suggest a change in the routine, persuade the man to arrive at his office later, leave earlier, take some exercise, do some walking. When he follows this rather simple advice, you can almost see a physical change. I don't say you can release all tensions by such simple prescriptions—and some jobs do require full attention for eight or twelve hours—but if the pressure is obviously building up, this sort of valving off may prevent an explosion.

Business entertaining is often cited as a cause of pressure. But 80 per cent of our men averaged no more than two business luncheons a week and 90 per cent had one evening date or less per week. About a third were required to entertain business associates on an average of one weekend a month. Actually, three quarters of the men and their wives said they enjoyed business entertaining and did not feel it contributed to the pressure of the job. Nor did travel seem to be a serious stress factor for most men. Thirty per cent did no business traveling at all, and 39 per cent spent less than five days a month away from home on business. Thirty-one per cent were away five or more days a month. Two thirds liked business travel and one third didn't.

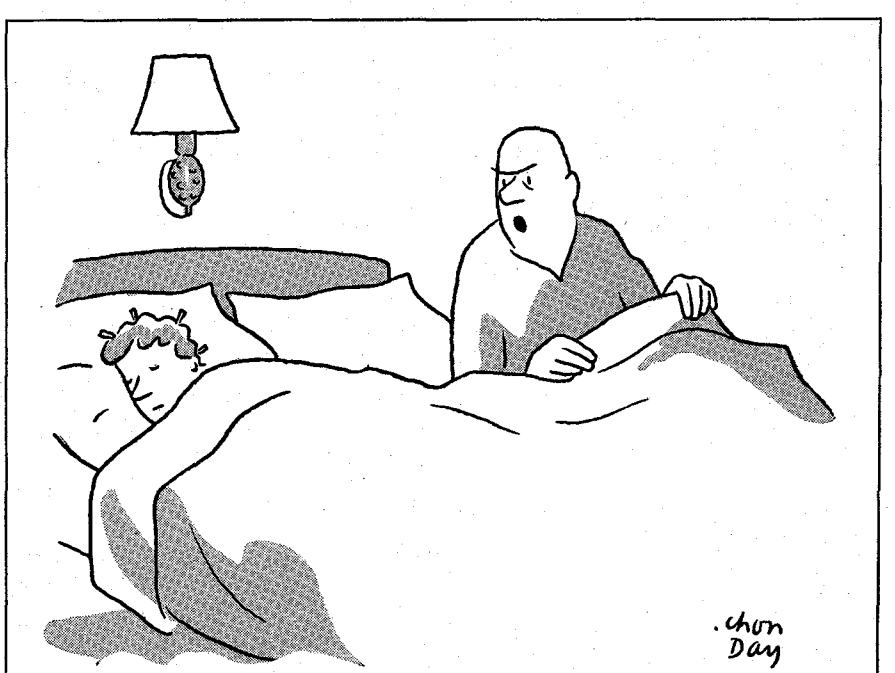
We wondered if businessmen had adequate incentives to avoid tensions. Therefore we asked them whether they and their wives were satisfied with their progress and had a feeling of security. The vast majority—80 to 95 per cent—gave positive answers to these and similar questions.

Hence, from all these replies, we concluded that most executives, in their own judgment, worked at jobs that were not overly demanding, that they enjoyed security, were happy in their work and were reasonably free from excessive tension-producing anxieties. It was apparent that tensions are not so prevalent in the American business community as most people had assumed.

Our tally showed, moreover, that while 23 per cent said they felt they were working under constant pressure, in terms of job demands, only 13 per cent said they were under constant tension—defining tension as emotional strain. This seemed to us a significant difference. It was apparent that not all pressures produced tension, and that job demands themselves were not necessarily to blame. So, by further analysis of the questionnaire results, we tried to pin down the most important specific sources of trouble.

First, we sorted out the returns of the men who said they were under constant tension. In another pile we placed the returns of men who reported only occasional tension or no stress at all. We then looked for differences between the tense and the calm executives in their answers to questions about their work and living habits.

We found, somewhat to our surprise, that the objective job requirements, the things so often blamed as causes of tension—long hours, travel, business lunches, and so on—were much the same for both groups. The amount of business homework was only 10 per cent greater among the tense men, (*Continued on Page 130*)



"Certainly it's George. You were expecting Rock Hudson?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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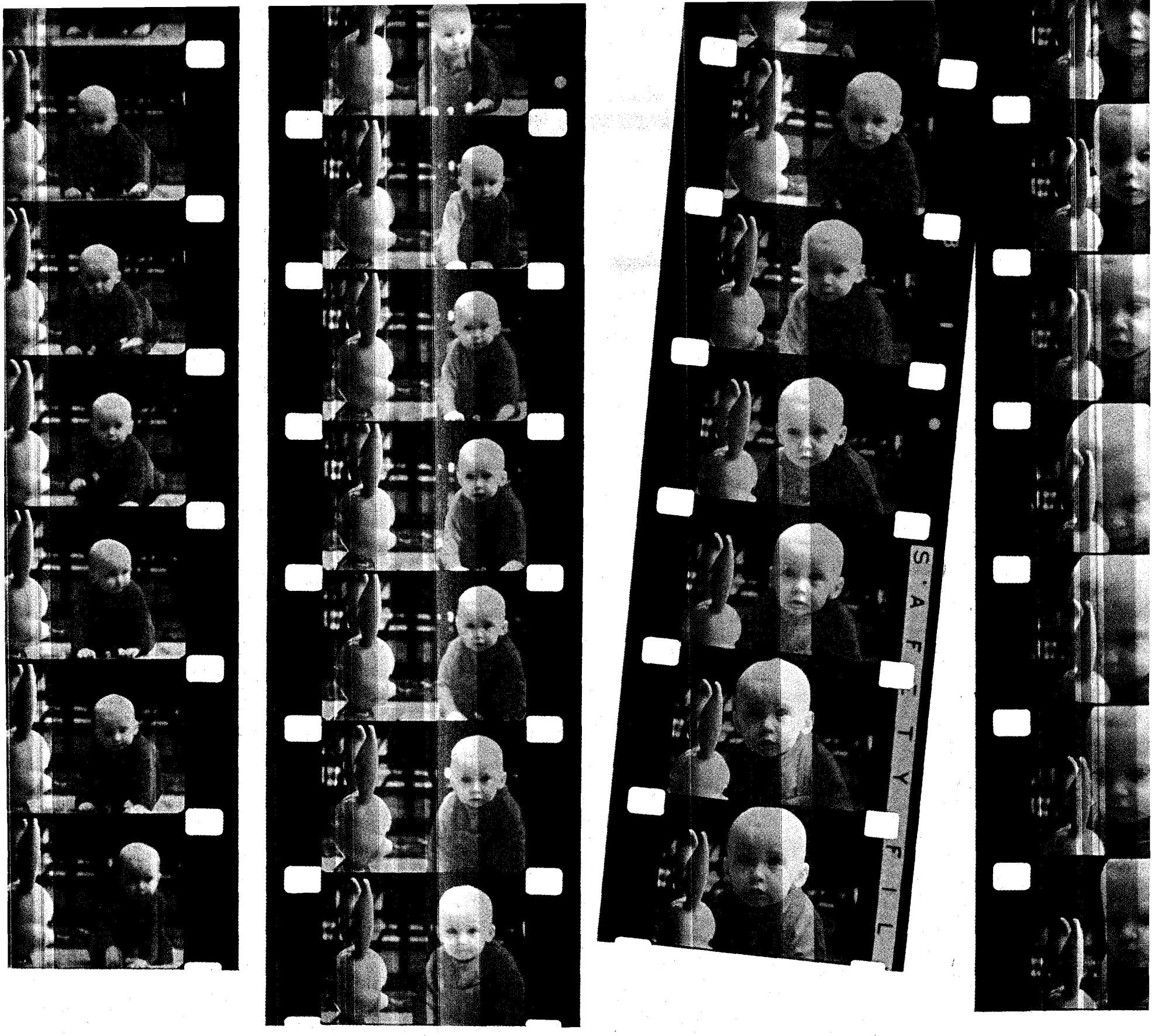

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The Fine Cigar

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(*Continued from Page 128*) and they actually did less traveling than those in the calm category.

What about the type of business? Here advertising seemed to live up to its reputation, for it had the highest proportion of executives—21 per cent—who claimed they worked under constant tension. In the high-tension column were also 17 per cent of those in legal work—as members of business or industrial staffs rather than independent attorneys—16 per cent of the personnel-management executives, 15 per cent of the financial men, and 7 per cent of the sales-promotion people. Of those in general management—the average bosses—13.6 per cent reported excessive tension—about the average for the whole group of 6000.

These differences in tension rates among types of jobs were very slight, however, compared to those we found when we compared more subjective factors, such as attitudes. For example, boredom with the job was 355 per cent higher among the tense executives than the calm ones, the feeling of job insecurity was 174 per cent greater, dissatisfaction with business progress 155 per cent more frequent. And from 30 to 60 per cent more of the high-tension men disliked business homework, travel and entertainment. Sixty per cent more of them wanted to retire by the age of fifty-five.

While only 6 per cent of all of the men said their wives did not feel they were making satisfactory progress in their jobs, I am quite sure the wife is to blame in a much larger number of tension cases. It has been my observation that men are reluctant to admit their wives are dissatisfied. Sometimes a little prodding from the wife is just what a man needs to make him get ahead in business. But too often the woman's main motive for pushing her husband ahead is to get more money to spend. She has probably not been too frugal, so she takes it out on him and continually needles him.

Her approach may be flattery. "A fellow with your ability," she'll say—"why, you should have got that job, and not Bill Smith. You've got much more on the ball than he has. They just don't recognize your ability down there." She gives him the build-up, but instead of helping him to get ahead, she only spends every nickel she can get hold of and puts pressure on him to earn more and more.

Occasionally the tension can be blamed on the opposite situation, the promotion itself. Several years ago the young Western representative of one of our big companies dropped dead in Denver. The president called me and asked me if I could explain it. "Here is a man who was only thirty-seven years old," he said, "presumably in excellent health. And he is dead. Why? How can you account for it?" I asked him something about the man's career and found that he had been catapulted into a vice presidency over the head of a man who had twenty years' more experience than he. I felt that the younger man must have simply been pushed and pressed to the point where he became extremely tense. The medical cause of his death was a coronary attack, but I am sure a contributing cause was a promotion made too rapidly—without sufficient preparation.

This is a danger to be guarded against in companies undergoing rapid expansion. I have been told that many firms have grown so fast in the last ten years that they have trouble finding enough experienced men to fill top jobs. Consequently, young men are thrown into positions of great administrative responsibility before they are ready for them. They are put on the spot, knowing they must succeed, and they pour everything they have into their work. But they are not mature enough to take routine problems in their stride. They get steamed up over little things which five years later they would laugh at. In the meantime they develop spastic colons and ulcers, or worse.

I recall a certain young man who was suddenly promoted to a branch managership. A week after the transfer he resigned. His superior, puzzled by this action, refused to accept the resignation and arranged for the man, whom we'll call John, to come in to see us for a routine physical examination. In my conversation with him I learned that he had been perfectly happy in his old job with the company, that the new one meant a dislocation for himself and his family. John had had no experience in running an office, and he felt grossly incompetent. He had built up a fear of the new position out of all proportion to its requirements.

We tossed the problem back and forth in a friendly way, and finally, at my suggestion, he was sent off on a three-week vacation. "Don't even think about it during these three weeks," I told him. "When you come back we'll talk it over again." Of course, he did think about it—a lot—and on his return he said. "You know, I'm going to take that assignment after all."

I now surprised him by advising him not to take it. "You'd have one strike against you in that particular job," I said. "Why not wait for another opportunity, one for which you'll be better prepared?" I promised to discuss the matter with his chief, a vice president of the company, so that he wouldn't be passed by when the next chance did come along. "I'm convinced the reason things didn't work out this time," I told John, "is that you weren't given enough encouragement to make you feel you could handle the new position."

The vice president, when I talked with him, bore out my analysis. "John's a very conscientious fellow," he said, "and I thought he was a natural for this managership. But it's true that nobody took the trouble to build him up, to tell him why we thought he was fitted for the place, to give him that necessary pat on the back."

A similar problem in personal relationships was brought out by the rather surprising answers to another survey question. One does not ordinarily think of the American businessman as inhibited in speech. Yet 30 per cent of our questionnaire respondents confessed to some degree of fear in expressing themselves to their associates, especially their superiors. Men in the constant-tension group mentioned it seven times more often than the others. If not a cause of tension, this is certainly a manifestation of it. And in a sense it is another aspect of personality conflicts. For example, a man of real ability may carefully prepare a presentation, but when he gets to the meeting he doesn't say a word. What happens is that someone more aggressive grabs the ball in the discussion, and our diffident hero, feeling frustrated, keeps his thoughts to himself. The unfortunate part of it is that the company may be the loser, for the quiet man often has better ideas to communicate than his less-inhibited colleague.

Here again, what is needed is reassurance. It will do a great deal to help a man overcome his fear of speaking. The person in charge of a meeting should make it a point to call on such a man for comments or suggestions. A little friendly pressure—not too much at first—will bring him out. This is another example of the value of informality in management relations. Time and again we have been

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impressed by this approach as an antidote to tension.

We have devoted most of our attention, in this discussion, to the disturbing factors in the businessman's work—his attitude toward his job and his associates. But no study of the subject would be complete without recognizing another very important truth—namely, that tension is often tightly bound up with irregular living habits. Our questionnaire revealed that on every count the men under constant tension made poorer scores in the food and drink, rest, exercise and recreation departments than did the calmer individuals. A greater proportion of the high-tension people gulped breakfast in five minutes and whipped through lunch in fifteen. They smoked more, had lunchtime cocktails oftener, got less sleep, exercise and recreation, and swallowed more tranquilizers and sleeping pills. Of the 6000 executives only 4.6 per cent took tranquilizers regularly, and only 3.3 per cent took sleeping pills.

You can argue that the irregular living habits are an effect of tension rather than a cause. But whichever came first, they combine to form a vicious circle. And it has been our experience that correcting the faults in the daily regimen may break the circle and ease the tension itself.

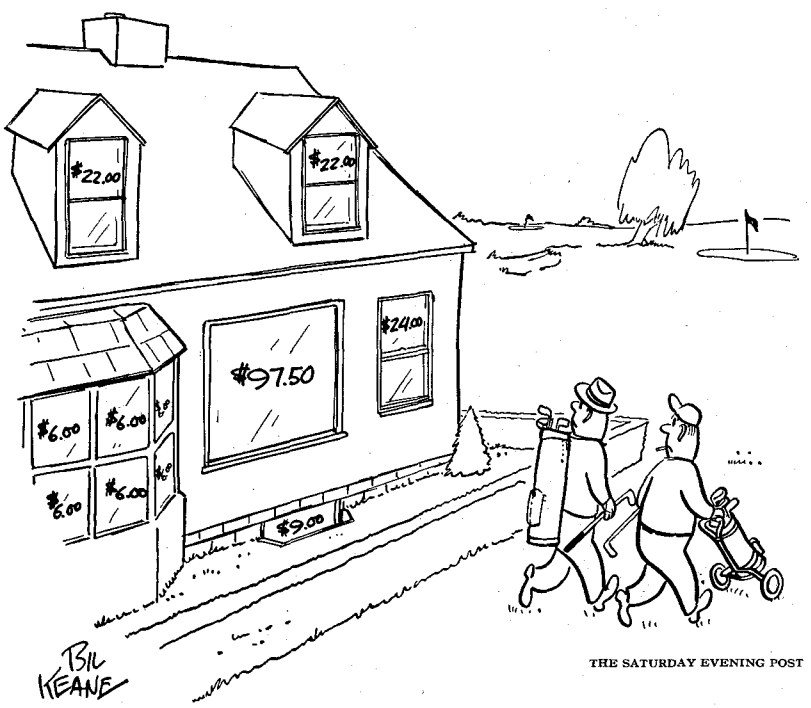
Habits are not easy to change, especially those you rationalize. Take the matter of cocktails at noon. As an occasional indulgence there is nothing wrong with them. But some of my friends insist that they simply couldn't get through the afternoon if they didn't have two martinis at lunch. That I regard as utter, childish nonsense, and I tell them so. But they reply, "Well, you don't know what pressure I am under." It is true, some jobs are both highly creative and competitive. Take advertising, for instance. It has a degree of uncertainty and insecurity that generates stress. When new copy or a new campaign is being presented, everybody holds his breath. If the client approves, they breathe again—until the time rolls around for the next presentation.

However, some executives, while griping about their work, say they wouldn't be in anything else. And as to tension, I suspect there is a bit of self-hypnosis there. I believe they feel it below their dignity not to emphasize the tension in their job. They are proud of it. They wear it like the gray-flannel suit. Nevertheless, I have occasionally persuaded such persons to take a twenty-minute walk at noon instead of two martinis, and to get eight hours of sleep at night. The result has been less tension—and no loss of production.

All of us in the medical profession are coming to appreciate more and more the value of regular exercise as a preventive of tension. If possible, the exercise should also be recreation, something that is fun to do—like golf, or swimming, or bowling. A regular workout in a gym is good medicine for the nerves. In addition, however, we feel that a person should have fifteen minutes of walking three or four times every day. The suburbanite, if he doesn't live too far away, can walk to the train. To city residents I've suggested they board the bus or subway six or eight blocks beyond their regular stop, to give them some extra walking. That provides a regular exercise pattern to follow, and men who have done this tell me they really feel much better.

It is obvious that in this time of ever-increasing threat to security and to the continuation of the human race itself, no prescription can be expected to abolish all excessive tension. But we do feel we have gained a better understanding of it through the help of the 6000 men who answered our questionnaire and the thousands we have interviewed in our offices. To summarize, we would say that you can't cure tension, but you can certainly modify it. You should recognize that jobs aren't tense—people are. Abnormally tense people are not neurotics or psychopaths. They are simply persons who are more susceptible to tension-precipitating factors. Excessive stress does not spell disaster, but it does require attention.

If you are tense, it is you yourself who can do the most to reduce that tension. Change your perspective. When molehills become mountains, ask yourself how important the irritating situation will be tomorrow. Build up your self-confidence and make the most of what you have. Don't fret about what you don't have. Be tolerant. When someone rubs you the wrong way, ask yourself what wrong he has really done you. What reason have you to criticize him? Isn't it usually jealousy? Finally, the old reliable admonition, be moderate. When you become impatient and impetuous, stop and think. Who loses most by the constant rushing and restlessness? Why, you do, of course. So calm down. Take a walk around the block. THE END



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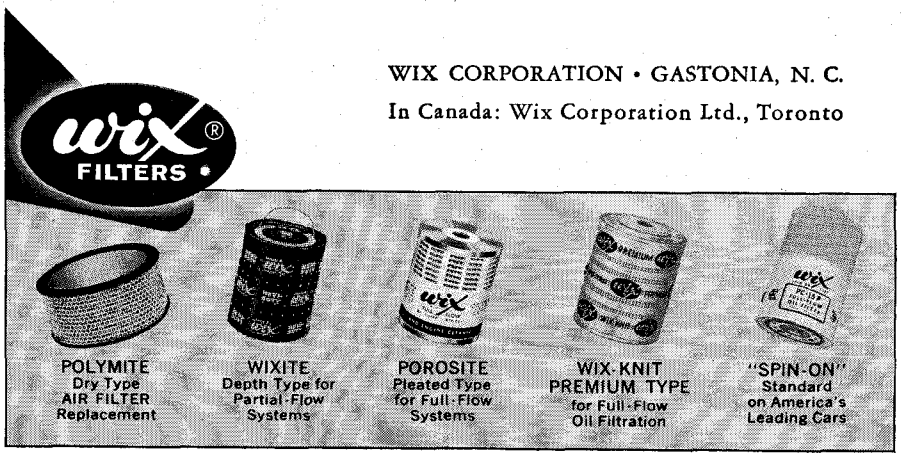

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The Lady Boss of Faraway Ranch

(Continued from Page 29)

of her neighbors can remember. Since she took over management, many helpers have come and gone, but there has never been any doubt about who was boss. Despite her blindness, Lillian supervises everything and misses nothing. She is constantly moving about and asking questions. "I must know everything that is going on," she told me. "If I didn't I would have to quit."

When this writer first went to Faraway the ranch was an all-woman operation. Lillian's two comely employees, Adeline (Del) Lemos and Donna Cramer, seemed capable of doing just about anything around the old place that a pair of male ranch hands could do. Watching Del throw, tie and deworm a calf was a queasy experience for the onlooker, but for Del it was just part of the day's work. Unhappily, Faraway just wasn't big enough for three such individualists as Lillian, Del and Donna. The two girls ultimately moved to another ranch, and a couple from Minnesota took their places.

Lillian's brother, Ben, comes down from the Verde Valley now and then to help out at the old homestead. Ben is a muscular old-timer who has punched cattle all the way from Hachita to Tumacacori and from the Sierra Madres to the Superstitions. He is quite a hand at spinning yarns about life in the old Southwest. Some of his favorite tales are about Billy Bowlegs, the hard-rock miner over in Paradise, who gained lasting fame in these parts by consuming fifty eggs at one sitting. Billy Bowlegs accomplished this feat on a bet. And to top it off he devoured a large order of ham and eggs. This story was retold recently in the salty columns of a newsletter published in Chiricahua occasionally by Carson Morrow, who is something of an authority on the region. As a boy, Morrow attended classes at the Paradise schoolhouse, and his schoolmarm at that time was Lillian Erickson, later to become Lillian Riggs. Morrow's paper boasts that it is published in the Chiricahua mountains, "where there are more good people, more beautiful scenery and more bum roads than in any other area of its size in the United States."

On my arrival at Faraway I looked forward to a couple of days of lazy adjustment to country living before any strenuous activity. It was not to be. "Del and I are riding the pasture tomorrow," said the energetic Mrs. Riggs. "Won't you come along?" So morning found me trailing through the grassland behind Del and Lillian on a horse chosen for its tractability.

Del, in the lead, looked very businesslike in her wide hat, chaps and spurs. Mrs. Riggs, also in chaps, checked shirt and sombrero, rode easily alongside, holding her reins in one hand and a guide rope attached to Del's saddle in the other. We were skirting the edge of Sulphur Spring Valley, one of Arizona's pre-eminent cattle areas. The yellow grass was all around us. It stretched like wall-to-wall carpeting across the valley from the Chiricahuas to the Dragoons. In the clear air the jagged pinnacles of the Dragoons seemed no more than a rifle-shot distant, but we knew they were forty miles away.

Lillian Riggs had spent most of her life in and around this valley. She was born just over the hill at old Fort Bowie, in renowned Apache Pass, and was brought to the family homestead as an infant in arms. Long before she went blind the landmarks of mountain and plain were etched indelibly on her memory. Now, riding with her, I found it hard to believe she could not see, so at home was she in these surroundings.

We drew up at a grove of live oaks, where a group of range cattle had stopped grazing to regard us vacuously. Del turned to the slender lady beside her. "Seven cows here," she reported, "three with calves, three more calving soon. One heifer has a bad eye. Needs attention."

Lillian took this in. "What's that calf bawling about?" she asked, looking with unseeing eyes in the direction of a commotion up the hill. Del explained that a calf had strayed from its mother and was doing what a lost child usually does under like circumstances. Mrs. Riggs turned toward me. "When a cow or a calf bawls like that," she said, "you can be pretty sure something is wrong. It may be a trifling thing; it may be something that needs attention. Anyway, it's always a good idea to find out what the trouble is."

We drove on toward the end of the pasture, while Del tallied the cattle, checked their condition and measured the water level in the tank at the windmill. All this she reported to Mrs. Riggs.

The dry grass swished underfoot, but beneath it there was a showing of green. The light showers of a few weeks before were producing dividends. Primroses and California poppies spotted the landscape with white and orange, but their stalks were stubby and poor. Anybody could see that what this land needed was more rain—not just a few perfunctory downpours, but a whole series of wet years that would soak the pasture many feet through and build up the subsurface water table.

Lillian Riggs seemed to sense my thoughts.

"When the first settlers came to this valley," she said, "the grass grew so high that it brushed against a rider's stirrups. Now look at it. The old springs are going dry—and some of the wells too. Oh, we have a wet year now and then, but as long as I can remember it has been getting drier."

The horses plodded along a while before Lillian spoke again: "But it takes a lot of trouble to beat us down. Not many ranchers have quit. Once you have lived here, you don't want to live anywhere else. We've got a wonderful climate, plenty of elbowroom and beautiful surroundings. That's something. We may sell our cattle; we don't often sell our land."

Like most ranchers of the area, Lillian runs Herefords exclusively. She buys good bulls, but is not interested in show stock. Pampered livestock, she says, is not well suited to a country where some years it takes from twenty-five acres up, to feed just one cow and her progeny. "When I'm buying a cow," Lillian told me, "I want to know first whether it's a good rustler." I asked Mrs. Riggs how many head of cattle she owned. She smiled, but I could see it was the wrong question. "I have never found a polite way to evade that question," she replied. "The number of cattle I own is nobody's business. Do people ask their friends how much money they have in the bank or the amount they own in bonds or stock? I'll say this much. Conditions have been so dry that my range carries only about half the number of mother cows it could support in years of normal rainfall."

In good years, the 7000 acres on which Lillian Riggs runs her herd would support 300 to 350 head of cattle. Now there are probably fewer than 200, counting calves, a few bulls and yearlings.

We started back to the ranch house, skirting clumps of prickly pear, yucca and mescal—unfriendly plants, all. At the mouth of Bonita Canyon we paused by the roadside plot where Lillian Riggs' parents lie buried. Neil Erickson and his wife, Emma, came to this canyon as settlers in 1888. They lived the hard, exciting lives of pioneers. Now they lie in peace on the land they homesteaded.

We headed our mounts toward the main ranch buildings, about a mile up the canyon. Towering cypress trees and spreading sycamores marked the course of the dry creek bed. Beyond the ranch, battalions of sculptured rocks looked down on the canyon—the outer guardians of the Wonderland of Rocks.

At the old corral we dismounted and Lillian doffed her chaps and spurs. She took my arm for guidance up the stony road to the big yellow ranch house. The house had a history. When Lillian's father and his bride first settled in this canyon the danger of Apache raids was uppermost in their minds. Geronimo and his band had just come to terms, but a few renegades still roamed the region. The first building to go up was a windowless structure of stones—more a fortress than a home. Around this stronghold Erickson later built a large house of adobe—the present one. It is square, two-storied and homely, but it makes up in character what it lacks in beauty. Several gnarled old almond trees stand in the yard—testimonials to Erickson's thrift. It seems that one winter the family received some almonds for Christmas. Instead of eating them, they planted them.

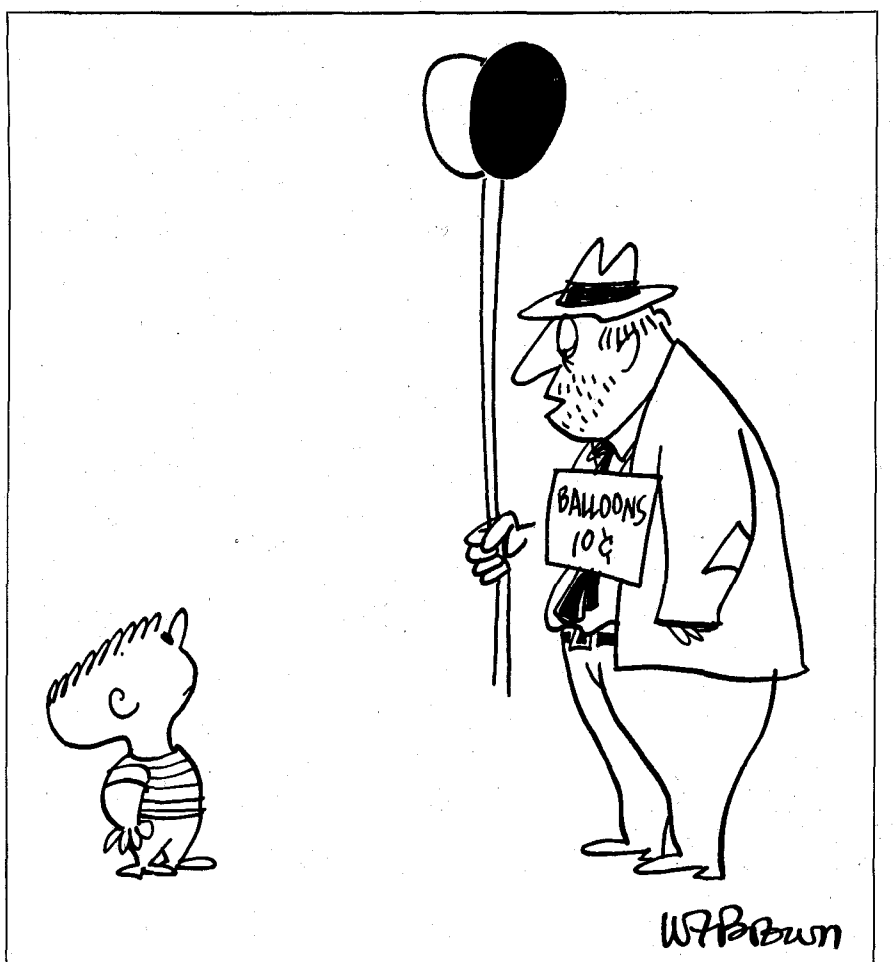
This background of frugality has made an impression on Lillian. She is herself a careful person. "All my life," she said, "I have disciplined myself not to buy things I can do without."

Lillian Riggs knows every nook and cranny of the old house, and she feels her way with sureness through the cool rooms. The furnishings are old-fashioned but snug. Pictures crowd the walls, along with a bobcat pelt and the mounted heads of two fine bucks shot in the vicinity of the ranch. Among the photographs are many of the grotesquely shaped rocks up-canyon. Lillian can indicate any picture and discuss it in detail, just as if she were gazing at it.

Faraway is both working ranch and guest ranch; and the tourist season is any old time. Besides the main ranch house, there is the white frame house, the stone cottage and the old log cabin dating back to the 1880's—enough room, in a pinch, for a couple of dozen guests. But the guest-ranch business, like the rainfall, is spotty and unpredictable. There are days on end when nobody calls at Faraway but the mailman, only to be followed by a rush of tourists demanding meals, or saddle horses, or overnight accommodations. Though the accommodations are old-fashioned, only a congenital stuffed shirt could fail to melt under the relaxing informality of the place.

Lillian's friends and relatives are constantly urging her to sell out and retire, which she could doubtless well afford if she were so minded. "Everybody thinks I'm crazy to carry on," the sightless woman says. "But if I quit, how am I going to keep busy? I'd like to travel. But I don't want to give up this old home where I've met people from all over the world and where I hope to meet many more in years to come. Nor do I want to give up my riding. When I'm in a saddle I feel I'm living again. I'm in no hurry to part company with my cattle either. Cows are so easy to keep happy."

Dinner is always an important occasion at the ranch house, and Sunday dinner especially. When the cook clangs the iron triangle, the guests gather in the living room, where they find Lillian occupying her favorite seat opposite the big brick fireplace. A glowing fire of blackjack oak exudes a welcome warmth. Newly arrived (*Continued on Page 134*)



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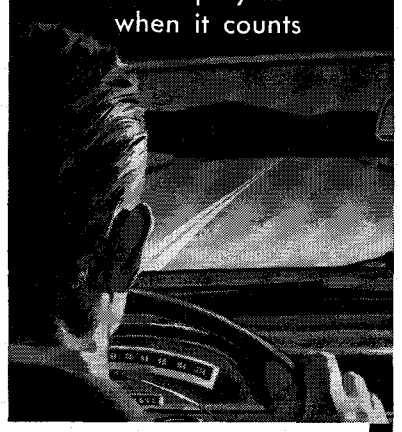

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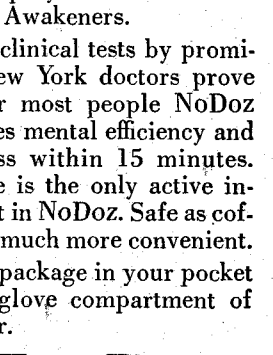

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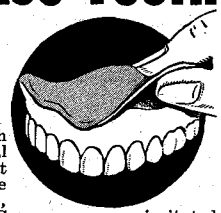

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(*Continued from Page 132*) guests are often taken aback to discover that their graying, straight-backed hostess is blind, but Mrs. Riggs quickly puts them at ease with her lively interest in all subjects and her seemingly bottomless fund of lore on the Chiricahua region. When all are gathered, Lillian leads the way with firm steps to the dining room, where she takes a seat at the head of the table while the others assort themselves along its sides.

It is a variegated procession of tourists that passes through. During my stay at Faraway we had such diverse visitors as a builder of swimming pools from Tucson, a trio of tourists from Holland ("Could you show us some live lizards?"), bird watchers, butterfly collectors and others. The Chiricahua Mountains have a special appeal for nature lovers because of the amazing variety of bird, animal and insect life to be found in the area. Other guests come to explore the Wonderland of Rocks, to visit the many other nearby scenic and historic attractions—or simply to relax and enjoy a climate that is one of the region's main drawing cards.

Mrs. Riggs enjoys the contacts with her guests; it is one of her ways of keeping in touch with the unseen outer world. But she has no patience with the occasional irresponsible types who will deliberately mar or destroy the natural beauty of her particular corner of Arizona. A prize example of such vandalism occurred recently in the Monument. A trio of young servicemen, on mischief bent, placed a hydraulic jack under one of the better-known balanced rocks in the area and attempted to topple it. They were caught in the act before any damage was done. Mrs. Riggs was outraged. "Can you beat that for stupidity?" was all she could say. Her reaction was understandable. These beloved rocks have been her neighbors all her life, and she feels a proprietary interest in them.

The Wonderland of Rocks is the product of a succession of lava flows followed by uncounted centuries of splitting, chiseling and polishing by the forces of nature. Much of the lava rock is of a hard and unusual type known as welded rhyolite tuff. It lacks the vivid coloration found in the cliffs of Northern Arizona and Southern Utah, but nature has touched up the rather drab surface with a gaudy patina of multicolored lichens. The Monument is a bizarre kind of place—a place of stony fantasy, a giant's workshop, a busy city suddenly frozen into rock. There is something here for everybody's imagination—likenesses of birds and beasts, people and freaks, anything and everything from the outlandish to the sublime. Balanced rocks are plentiful, some shaped like human heads, others like mushrooms, and at least one like the cloud thrown up by an atom bomb. There are leaning towers, castle battlements, a giant's throne and a natural bridge. There are some remarkable pinnacles, too, one of them, the Totem Pole, with a shaft almost 150 feet high.

Lillian's father, Neil Erickson, was one of the first white men to penetrate this area. With two neighbors he pushed deep into the rocky stronghold while pursuing an Indian, Big Foot Massai, who had stolen a horse from a nearby ranch. The three men failed to catch up with Big Foot (who later set the horse free), but they saw something of the stony labyrinth into which he had disappeared. It was years later before people began taking enough interest in the area to explore it.

Ed Riggs was among the first. He discovered the major curiosity of the region—a balanced rock weighing 650 tons, poised like a spinning top on a spot only thirty-nine inches in diameter. Lillian shared Ed's interest and helped him cut the first trail into the wonderland. The two gave names to some of the strange formations and through their photographs stirred the interest of the outside world. This led to further exploration by others and, in 1924, to the setting aside of the region as the Chiricahua National Monument. A mountain peak, named for Ed Riggs, perpetuates his memory.

Lillian Riggs was brought up in a pioneering tradition. Her grandfather came from Sweden as an immigrant, only to be killed by Indians in the Dakotas. Her father came later with a determination to avenge the slaying of his parent. He enlisted in the United States Army and sought service in the Southwest, where the Apaches were still fighting the whites. As a cavalryman he took part in campaigns against Chief Loco, Geronimo and others. But it wasn't long before he saw that it was the Indian, not the white man, who needed sympathy. His desire for vengeance faded and before his death was replaced by a real affection for the Apaches.

"Dad always said the Indians were cruelly mistreated by the white man," Mrs. Riggs told me. "He said the Apaches were only fighting for their homeland. He once remarked that in all his life he was never double-crossed or lied to by an Indian."

Neil Erickson was a sergeant when he retired to marry Emma Peterson and homestead the rock-rimmed clearing in Bonita Canyon. Lillian was the first of their three children, and it wasn't until she was sixteen that she left the ranch to go to high school in Illinois. Her parents had to skimp to keep her there, so Lillian telescoped a four-year course into two years and returned to Arizona Territory to teach. Her first job, at eighteen, was at nearby Turkey Creek, reputedly the toughest school in tough Cochise County.

"I was a little nervous, but I got by," Mrs. Riggs recalls. "Some of the students were older than I. Most of them turned out all right, but one later became an outlaw and killed two people. He seemed such a nice boy too."

Lillian spent much of the next nine years alternately teaching and studying before returning to the ranch to stay. In 1923, she married Ed Riggs. At one time the couple laid plans for converting Faraway into an outstanding guest ranch, but these dreams went aglimmering when Lillian's eyesight began to fail. Mrs. Riggs believes that the trouble with her eyes traces back to a fall from a bucking horse thirty-five years ago. In any case, it was not long afterward that she became aware of a blurring of the vision in one eye. Years later, doctors pronounced her trouble a cataract. She underwent an operation, but lost the sight of the eye. Then the other eye began to cloud over. Meanwhile, an X-ray examination disclosed for the first time a dislocation of the neck, suffered, apparently, in the fall from the horse years before. Doctors conceded that a pinched nerve might have contributed to the loss of sight. It was by then too late to do anything about it. Mrs. Riggs became completely blind in the spring of 1942.

"Life seemed hardly worth living," Mrs. Riggs said. "Readjustment was terribly hard. I tried learning Braille, but my fingers were not sensitive enough. I had done too much rough work in my time. I decided I must learn typing; and after a while I managed it. I used to be a fast walker. Now I had to learn to walk slowly, and I hated it. I was thankful to be able to continue my riding."

Horseback riding has been a lifetime passion with Lillian Riggs. Long before she lost her sight she was known as an expert horsewoman. She is still very much at home in the saddle. When riding, Mrs. Riggs is always accompanied. She usually keeps a grip on the guide rope attached to her companion's saddle, though now and then she drops the rope to enjoy the thrill of a gallop. Once a week she rides the range, sometimes for four or five hours at a stretch. On these trips Mrs. Riggs rides a big gray named Britches, which she calls her "seeing-eye" horse. "Britches knows I cannot see," Lillian said. "He knows it, and he takes advantage of it. But he is a good horse. He stops when the going is dangerous. He never gets excited. He carries me as if I were china."

If Lillian is not out riding, where she prefers to be, you are quite likely to find her making beds, sweeping floors, ironing clothes or lugging a bucket of water from the old well outside the kitchen door. In the evening someone sits with Mrs. Riggs on the big divan and reads her the contents of the Douglas Dispatch. If the cattlemen's newsletter is in, she goes through that too. And when time hangs heavy she pecks out letters on her typewriter, or listens to her talking books or the radio.

Keeping up with Mrs. Riggs takes a lot of doing. She never misses a roundup or a branding if her cattle are involved. If there is trouble on the range, she insists on investigating it personally. At shipping time, she stands by while her cattle are weighed and loaded, listening in on all details of the operation. If a cow or a calf turns sick, Lillian is soon there with a helper to check the animal and prescribe treatment.

Despite her blindness, Mrs. Riggs refuses to become a social recluse. She took

"It takes Fred a little while to unwind after a day at the office."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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me as her guest to the monthly meeting of the Gay Day Social Club, at the comfortable ranch home of one of its members. Ladies came from all over the valley bearing home-cooked viands for the groaning luncheon board. Lillian belongs also to the Cowbelles, an organization of cattlewomen and wives of cattlemen. Many of the Cowbelles carry on their car windows the cattlemen's slogan: "Eat Beef—Keep Slim." It's a loyal gesture, but some of the girls will need to take off a few pounds to make the slogan convincing.

Every second Friday, with unfailing regularity, Lillian Riggs boards her canary-yellow hardtop and, with a companion at the wheel, rides down the valley to Douglas, sixty-eight miles distant. There she visits her hairdresser, does her shopping and perhaps crosses the line into Agua Prieta, Mexico. I went with her one Friday and was hardly conscious of driving with a blind person. Taking her cue from cattle barriers and turns—which she could "feel"—Mrs. Riggs seemed to know just about where we were at all times. "Now that ranch on your left," she would say, shortly after we had rattled across a telltale cattle guard, "belongs to Billie Riggs. It's one of the biggest in the valley."

Ranch after ranch in Sulphur Spring Valley belongs to a Riggs or a relative of a Riggs. The Riggses were among the first to run cattle on the valley's grassy ranges. It all started when Brannick Riggs, his wife Mary, and their children arrived in the valley with a few head of Texas steers and dairy cattle in 1879. In the beginning the Riggses homesteaded raw pasture land. Then they bought land. Then they bought more land. Their holdings grew and grew. Their cattle empire on the east side of the valley came to be known as the Riggs Settlement. Today the holdings of the Riggs clan, in and out of the valley, are believed to add up to around 400 square miles. The old couple have long since passed on, but their living descendants number more than 120. Most Riggses, when they die, are buried in the Riggs family cemetery, an iron-fenced plot far out on the rippling grasslands. When a much-loved member of the family, Mrs. Nettie Riggs, passed on recently at the age of 81, a procession of cars two miles long followed the hearse thirty miles from Willcox to the little graveyard on the prairie.

It was nearly time now for the spring roundup at Lillian's upper pasture, on the old Double-Z. Murray Riggs and Bill Baldrige, neighboring ranchers, had volunteered to lend a hand. Ben would be available, also Adeline Lemos and Donna Cramer. But fixing a date was something of a problem. Like many other ranchers of the area, Mrs. Riggs never embarks on an operation as important as this without consulting the almanac. The almanac showed a series of unpropitious days. The signs were right, however, for Tuesday of the following week. So Tuesday it would be.

A few days before the branding, I made a trip to the Double-Z with Mrs. Riggs. The ranch lies in Apache Pass, scene of more ambushes and killings during the Indian wars than any similar length of trail in the Southwest. To reach it we followed the dirt road north along the foothills of the Chiricahuas, passing the rocky mass of Bowie Peak and the knobbed mountain known as Helen's Dome or Helen's Doom, depending on which old-timer you prefer to believe. We clattered across a cattle guard and the sightless lady beside me spoke up immediately, "We are on my range now. You see that fence that runs from the cattle guard up to the base of Helen's Dome? That's the southern boundary of the Double-Z."

We climbed for several miles through the gently sloping grasslands into the low, stony pass that connects Sulphur Springs Valley with the San Simon Valley. Near the crest of Apache Pass we halted, and I told Mrs. Riggs where we were. "I thought so," she said. "Now look up to the left and you'll see a cluster of oak trees, near the end of my pasture. That's where Federal troops hanged six Indians in reprisal for the murder of three white men by the Chiricahua Apaches."

For a defile that had seen so much bloodshed, Apache Pass seemed extraordinarily tranquil. Overhead, a couple of high-flying jets were scratching up the sky with their vapor trails, but except for that all was peace. The scattered boulders from which many an ambush had been staged basked innocently in the sun. One could imagine the terror they once held. The old Butterfield stage depot and trading post had melted back into the earth; and the mesquite, the ocatillo, the prickly pear and the bear grass had taken over. Here and there clumps of Indian paintbrush made blood-colored splashes on the stony terrain. East of the summit the pass was rougher and longer. In the canyon bed we made out the blurred tracks of the old stage route and looking south we could see the ruins of Fort Bowie. There is not much left there now except chunks of adobe wall and fragments of weathered wood spiked with antique nails. But a movement is afoot among history-minded Arizonians to have the ruins preserved as a national monument.

Came roundup day, and Lillian Riggs and her crew took off in pickups before dawn for the Double-Z. There they switched to saddle horses, spread out and began driving the cattle up the long sweep of grassy range toward the corrals. Lillian rode right on the heels of the herd, sometimes unguided, sometimes holding the guide rope on Del's saddle. At last the cattle were corralled and cows needing attention were cut out of the herd and treated. Then it was the calves' turn. Separating them from their mothers was quite a chore, but it was finally accomplished, to the accompaniment of loud bawling from both generations. One by one the little fellows were pushed through a chute onto a kind of rack, or table, where they got the full treatment. While Ben applied the branding iron to a protesting animal's rump, Del got a firm grip on its head and with a razor-edged knife sliced off the tips of its ears. If the calf needed dehorning, Del did it, smearing a tarlike antiseptic over the bleeding wound. She was soon blood-spattered from shirt to chaps. Donna stood in the background flourishing a hypodermic needle which she injected with vigor into the hide of each calf as it came onto the table. The inoculation would immunize the animals against blackleg, hemorrhaghic septicemia and malignant edema. Meanwhile another member of the crew, Murray Riggs, stood ready to castrate the male calves.

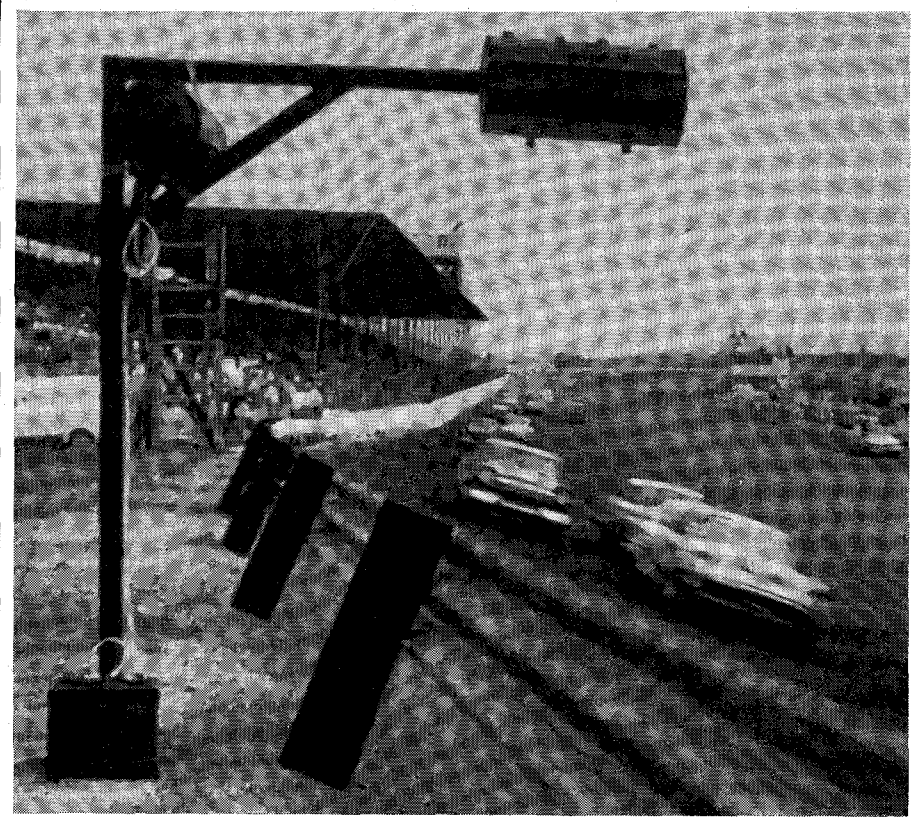
All in all it was a gory, though mercifully quick operation, and it was hardly surprising that the calves left the branding table a little unsteady on their pins. A pat on their bottoms sent them tottering toward their mothers standing in an anxious semicircle about fifty feet from the operating table, each waiting for her particular little darling to emerge from its ordeal. As each calf came out there was a commotion and general edging forward among the waiting cows. One after the other they inspected and sniffed the bewildered calf until Junior and his mother were rejoined.

Throughout this performance Lillian Riggs sat on a cottonwood log within a few feet of the branding table. She could not see the branding, but she could hear the bawling of the calves and she could smell the smoke of their burning hair and their scorched flesh as the branding iron was applied. She looked tired and drawn after the long, hard day.

"I hate brandings," she said. "I hate the hurting and the mutilation of the calves. But it is a good thing to get it all over with at one time. At least they won't have to go through it again."

The shadows were long when we drove back to Faraway Ranch. And after a few more days it was time for me to take my leave. Reluctantly I put Bonita Canyon behind me and started out across the spacious valley. Looking back at the Chiricahuas I could make out clearly the great stone face that is known as Cochise Head.

This is the profile of a sleeping Indian, recumbent and relaxed. I found myself wishing I could go back to those quiet, friendly mountains. I think I was beginning to understand the peace that Mrs. Riggs finds in those precious rocks of hers. THE END



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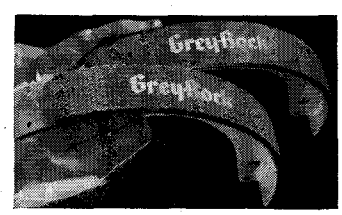

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"My closest shave was in Mexico when I was 18," says Barnaby Conrad, author of the best selling books *Matador* and *Gates of Fear*. "I went to a bullfight, thought it looked easy, and jumped into the ring with a fighting bull. It charged . . . and if it hadn't been for the quick work of the professionals, I'd have been a goner. Later I went to Spain and really studied the dangerous art, but I never had a closer call than when I thought 'la fiesta brava' was easy!"

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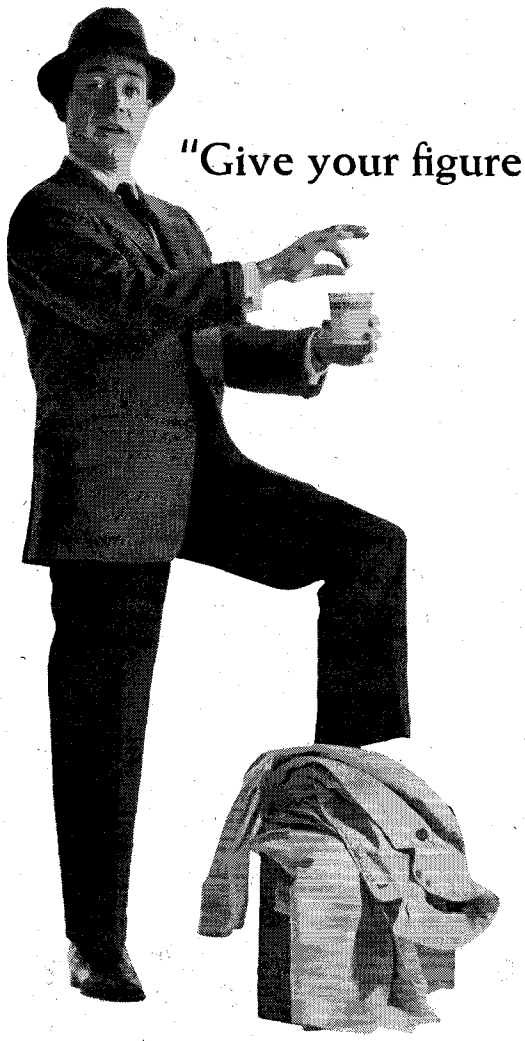

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We Couldn't Pay Our Bills

(Continued from Page 36)

Colorado Springs. I'd been visiting at home in Burns, and was taking the bus back to Denver, where I was stationed at the time. At one of the stops the bus started to pull out without us. Bernice and I both came sprinting from the café and she beat me to the bus.

"Hah, smarty!" were the first words she ever said to me, as she turned in the doorway of the bus, all flushed and laughing. So naturally we got to talking. I made a date, and kept on making dates, and we were married eventually in Boise, Idaho, in December, 1944.

When I was discharged in October, 1945, we were talking about going to California and making our fortune, but we visited my parents in Burns first, and I got a chance to serve an apprenticeship with a jeweler in Cheyenne under the G.I. bill. I had always wanted to be a jeweler, so I took the job, even though it paid only thirty-five dollars a week.

I stayed with it two years, then we opened a little shop of our own in Pine Bluffs, Wyoming. We spent two years there, still not making any money, then moved to Colorado Springs, where I got a temporary Civil Service job in instrument repairing. I discovered that I liked this even better than watch repairing, and eventually I got my airline-instrument-shop job, which took us to San Francisco.

It was in February, 1953, when we all piled into our old 1941 car for the trip out of the snow to California—Bernice and I and our three children. Our oldest, Mary Florence, was only seven then; Aleta Fern was five, and Daniel Floyd was three. The car was bulging and the kids were yipping, but we didn't mind. We were sure things were going our way at last. I was going to be making nearly seventy-five dollars a week, and to us that seemed a fortune.

We were practically broke when we got to Palo Alto and moved into a motel. It was cheap, as motels go—twenty dollars a week for two little rooms. Even so, it didn't take us long to persuade ourselves that it would be only good business to buy a new house.

I would come back in the evenings to our crowded, hot little motel unit, and Bernice would be looking pretty tired and harassed, handling three children in that cluttered little space.

"Look, honey, I don't see why we don't go ahead and buy a house," I said. "You know my mother told us she would give us five hundred dollars any time we were ready to get a home of our own, and that would cover the whole down payment, the way they're selling these places in California. Monthly payments couldn't be more than this dump, we know that."

We hadn't found any bargains in rentals either—not with three small children. So we looked around at new homes for sale and found a three-bedroom, ranch-style house in a new subdivision in Sunnyvale. It cost $11,500, but the down payment was only $500, plus $250 in closing costs. After a month on my new job, I figured I could scrape up the $250. Payments would be only seventy-two dollars a month, including taxes and insurance.

I remember the day we paid our little deposit to hold the place, standing in the middle of that bare living room, with the kids scooting around, laughing and giggling. We were feeling a little frightened and a little proud of ourselves, and tremendously excited. This was a palace!

We passed two more danger signs right there, without even opening our eyes. In the first place, I was a brand-new employee with the airline and if there were any cutback at all I'd be out of work. This problem of job security never entered my mind. Fortunately, I never was laid off, but the big risk was certainly there.

In the second place, neither Bernice nor I had any idea what a new house costs after you've bought it.

One extra cost we hadn't anticipated didn't really hurt; it was more of an annoyance than a problem. Taxes and insurance promptly rose, so that our seventy-two-dollar monthly payment became seventy-eight dollars.

"But what are we going to use for furniture?" Bernice asked. That did hurt us.

We bought the house in March, 1953, and didn't get possession until May first, so we had a little time to save a few dollars. But we didn't save enough to pay cash for furniture—even secondhand furniture. We did buy a used stove for cash, and we made a $100 down payment on a lot of new furniture. We got only what we thought we had to have, but the total bill was nearly $1000, so we owed $900—agreeing to pay it at $40.49 a month. No matter what kind of a rose-colored pencil you use to add that to a seventy-eight-dollar house payment, the total still comes out $118.49 every month.

Another cost we hadn't figured at all was landscaping. The subdivision homes had no lawns. We had thought we'd wait a while for ours, but one day I heard a couple of our neighbors talking. They didn't see me.

"I don't see why some people around here don't get their lawns in," one of them said. "The dust is terrible. How long do we have to put up with this?"

I walked quietly away and went down to price some grass seed. I figured maybe forty dollars, but, including a few garden tools, the bill came to nearly $100, and I had to borrow the $100. So there was fourteen dollars a month to be paid on that loan, raising our monthly total to $132.

Early that summer, too, the heat coming through our uninsulated roof made the house almost unbearable in the afternoons. So a salesman didn't have much trouble persuading me that insulating the ceilings would be a fine investment. Of course, he was right. It would make the house worth more—and think how much cooler it would be! Well, that job cost $200 and the payments were twelve dollars a month. That made our monthly debt payments total $144, but I don't believe I ever bothered to add them up.

That's another danger sign I'd like to point out. When you buy things on credit, always keep track of how much you are committed to pay every month. Hardly anyone seems to know how much money he owes nowadays or even how much he must pay every month and how long it will take to get out of debt. You don't need elaborate bookkeeping. You can add the figures on a scrap from a grocery sack, jotting the answers on a calendar—but do it! It may well keep you from getting in too deep, the way we did.

I'm certain I never realized how much I already owed when the water-softener salesman came to our door one day.

"Could you use some extra money?" he asked.

By the time he explained that we'd have to buy a water softener to save money on water and soap, we were hooked. Bernice was saying, "Well, our clothes did wash easier back in Colorado where we had soft water." So I wound up owing $300

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more and our monthly payments rose by fourteen dollars. I know now that it made our monthly installments total $158.

About that time it began to dawn on me how far our home was from my job. The old '41 car was giving out. I tried riding buses for a while; then arranged to get rides with another fellow. Finally Bernice got a windfall—a $600 settlement as a result of an auto accident she had been in, back in Colorado. We used the check to buy a 1947 car—a pretty good one—for cash. With what little money was left, we bought a few more things for the house, including curtains. Somehow we were managing to make both ends meet, although there was no safety margin left.

Then came what we first thought was a wonderful break—although I think now it pushed us closer to the brink. I came home one hot August evening and Bernice was wearing her I've-got-a-secret look. "Guess what?" she demanded. "I've got a job too!" She was doing a little dance step around the kitchen, she was so proud of herself. I wasn't too happy about the idea, but we did need the money. The job, on the night shift in a cannery, paid fifty-five dollars a week plus frequent overtime.

I think real disaster began right then. First we bought a good used TV set for $200—at fifteen dollars per month. Our children had been everywhere except at home, because all the neighbors had television, so it was easy to talk ourselves into that one, and to ignore the fact it made our monthly installments go up to $173.

Next thing we knew, we had signed up for a bargain food-freezer deal—$500, including all kinds of food, and payments of only forty dollars a month. If I had stopped to add, I'd have known it boosted our monthly payments to a total of $213.

The last straw was something I've never been able to explain. I walked in one day to look at new automobiles in a showroom—nothing but casual curiosity.

"That old car of yours is exactly what we need for a customer of ours!" the salesman exclaimed. "I'll tell you what we'll do ——"

It was, he said, a "fantastic" deal on a demonstrator. So I came out driving a new model, saddled with a new $100-a-month payment. That made our installments total $313 every month, practically my whole salary, so all our regular expenses had to come out of Bernice's earnings.

By pinching pennies, we were just able to keep our heads above water. Looking back on those days, I know neither of us was happy, in spite of all our fancy new possessions. We were trapped. We had to keep plugging away to keep up with all those bills, and we worried continually.

The crash came, finally, just as Christmas, 1953, was drawing near. I got up early one morning to get my own breakfast as usual, and there was Bernice, already putting on the coffee.

"Hey, honey, you shouldn't be up at this hour, with that night job of yours," I said.

Never one to beat around the bush, she blurted it right out, "I don't have a job. I got laid off."

I'm not a very big man, and it felt as though a huge prize fighter had just belted me in the solar plexus. I was getting the half-and-half out of the refrigerator and I must have jumped, because a slurp of cream splattered on the floor.

"Oh, no!" I said. "What are we going to do now?"

Bernice looked as though she were going to cry. I put my arm around her and told her we'd get along, and she'd probably be able to get another job.

Well, she couldn't. There were no other jobs. For the second time we had sailed blindly past that big danger sign I mentioned—job security. Lots of families I know seem to rely on the wife's earnings as we did, without ever stopping to think that they may vanish any minute. Even if the husband's job is secure, the wife may be fired, or get sick, or have a baby, and then what?

We did the only thing we could do. We skipped the December car payment. Then Bernice got sick and doctor's fees were added to our pile of unpaid bills, so we missed our December house payment.

In January, 1954, we missed a second car payment. We knew we simply had to make the January house payment, but Bernice telephoned me at work one day.

"I just got back from the doctor's office," she said. "Mary Florence fell and hurt herself in the neighbor's yard; she hit a sprinkler head in the lawn, and the X ray showed her collarbone is broken."

That knocked out our house payment for the second month.

There was nothing I could do but get out of that car deal somehow. I gave the car back to the dealer, but did that cancel what we owed on it? No, sir! We still owed $600. It's legal, and not uncommon. Models had changed and the car had depreciated faster than I had been paying for it, even at $100 a month.

So we still owed $600, and had no car at all. Other creditors were beginning to hound us, and it got so we hated to see the mailman coming. I had already tried to borrow enough money to clear up all our bills and then pay at a smaller rate on the one loan, but I couldn't. I did get one small loan that month, however, that covered a few of our debts and let us buy an old 1941 car for $100 cash, but we were still broke, still deeply in debt, and the loan payment itself added $21.68 a month to our obligations.

Bernice tried place after place, but couldn't find a job anywhere.

"We might as well admit it," she said, as we sat glumly in the living room one night. "I don't stand a chance of getting another job, since the cannery season is over. I haven't any special training."

We decided, then and there, that we'd have to sell the house. We even looked forward to getting rid of it, hoping we might get a little peace of mind.

But selling our house didn't clear our bills. We were three months behind in the house payments by then, and the sale price left us only $200, after paying the house loan and the water-softener and insulation bills.

We moved to a $46.50 rental unit in the Lindenville public-housing project in South San Francisco, taking nothing but our old car and our furniture—and more bills than we could possibly pay.

The firm we owed for the food freezer had taken it back, but there again I was stuck. They sold it to someone else, cheap, and I still owed for the difference, plus a second lot of food I hadn't paid for. This was the bill that brought the attachment of my pay check, in June, 1954, and by that time it amounted to more than $500—as much as the original price of the freezer.

I knew I was in real trouble when the attachment was filed, but my supervisor finally said, "Well, Marion, you've got to get this cleared up, but I just don't see how it would help anyone to fire you."

His first thought was that I might borrow from the company credit union, but when he found out what terrible shape I was in, he threw up his hands.

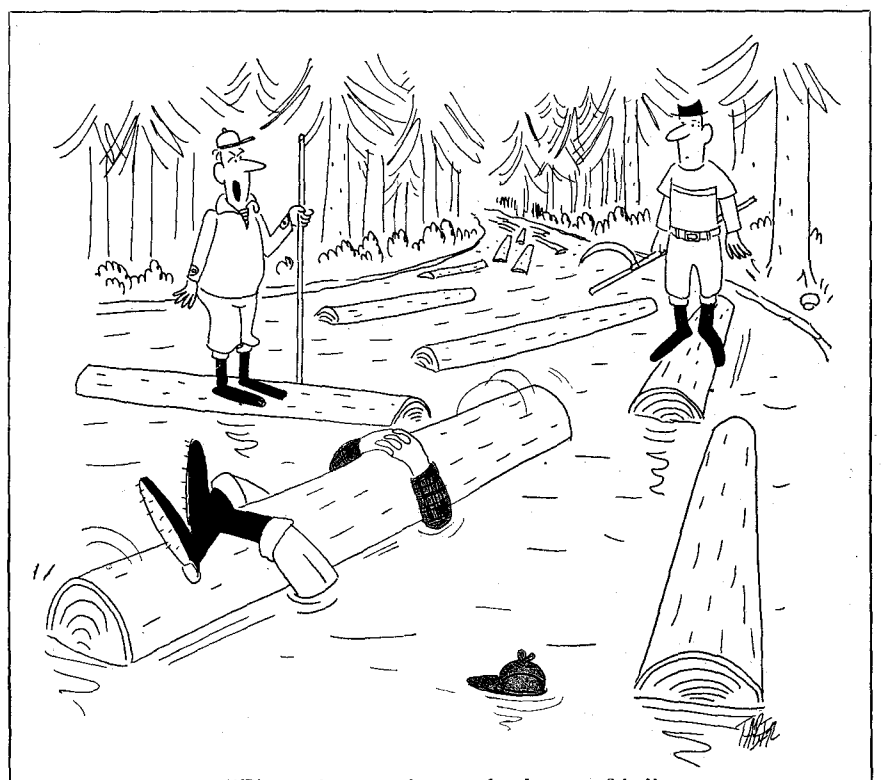
"There's only one other thing I could suggest," he said. "One of our men once got bailed out by one of those pro-rating agencies."

He gave me the name of the agency in San Francisco—and I went up there, thinking *What have I got to lose?*

These so-called pro-rating firms operate by taking a debtor's pay check and, spreading it thin among his creditors, charging him a percentage of the amounts they pay on his bills, and leaving him only a small living allowance.

Some of the companies are reputable and do a fine job, but many are chiseling outfits that ought to be run out of business, and several states have laws to that end. Bankers and Better Business Bureaus usually know which are which. Fortunately, I was sent to a good one.

One of its counselors heard my whole story and told me there would be no charge until my creditors had been called and the firm could decide what it could do for me. I went back next day and she said the creditors would be willing to take smaller payments each month. She had arranged a release of the attachment for



"Pierre just can't get the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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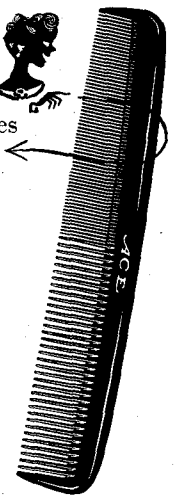

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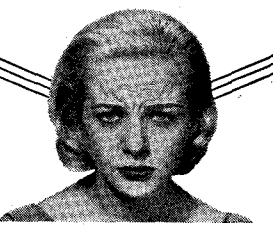

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$27.93, plus twenty-five dollars per month, instead of the original forty dollars. I hadn't been able to do any of these things, but the counseling firm could.

The prescription cured us after two painful years, but it was a terribly rough lesson. I was horrified when all our bills were added up and I discovered that we would have to pay more than $3000. The counselor stretched my pay checks to cover a little of each bill, and left us with the bare minimum we had agreed upon for our household budget. That's how we came to have only fifteen dollars a week to pay all our living expenses except rent and utilities.

We discovered quickly that no one can live without some kind of recreation, but we also learned that it needn't cost much. We used to walk to a park nearby and play tennis, because we still had two tennis rackets. While Bernice and I would play a few games, the kids would enjoy the playground. And did we keep a sharp eye on those old tennis balls!

"Watch that one that went through the fence!" I would yell. "If we lose these balls we're through! We can't possibly buy new ones!"

Oddly enough, our long ordeal proved to be one of the better times in our lives, so far as our marriage was concerned. Bernice and I found we could laugh just as much as the kids on our little outings, and I don't think she and I have ever been closer together than during all those months when we lived on pennies instead of dollars. Maybe husbands and wives fight over how to spend money, not over what to do when they haven't any.

In our case, those afternoons in the park were pleasant as well as free. Sometimes we'd simply stretch out on the grass and read. I took a couple of airline correspondence courses in electricity and instruments, to keep busy. Bernice kept her days at home pretty well filled with Parent-Teacher Association work, and leading a Brownies' group, and even playing baseball with the neighborhood kids.

Once in a while we'd save enough small change to take a municipal bus or buy a little gas for the old car and go to the zoo. Or, on rare occasions, we'd splurge on gas and go for a short drive in the country.

Holes in the kids' shoes were a major crisis in those days. Buying new shoes involved long, solemn conferences with the financial counselor.

There were times, of course, when we didn't think we could stand the strain for another minute. Luckily, I had quit drinking before we got into our trouble. I can't say I wasn't tempted now and then to go out and get plastered and say the heck with it.

The worst time of the whole two years was the night we all sat down at the kitchen table with nothing left to eat but one pan of oatmeal. We hadn't even any milk to put on it.

"It'll do," Bernice said. "We can get by for one night."

I was pretty close to breaking down and crying that night, yet it turned out to be one of the happiest evenings our little family has ever spent. We heard a knock just as we were sitting down. Whoever it was had gone when we opened the door, but there sat a big, bulging sack of groceries. Someone who knew what we were going through—someone moved by genuine Christian love—had left them for us.

Friends were considerate in other ways too. They would invite us to their homes for holiday dinners or an occasional Sunday dinner, and give the kids little treats now and then.

At Christmastime the financial-counseling service performed some sort of miracle and found an extra forty dollars for us. The money bought the kids twenty-eight dollars' worth of clothing and twelve dollars' worth of toys, and made it a real Christmas for all of us, after we had almost given up hope.

Even business and professional people tried to help us whenever they could. Our little girl, Aleta, came home one day with a note asking us to see the school nurse. Bernice hurried over in something of a panic and learned that Aleta's enlarged tonsils and adenoids were making her deaf. We took her to a hospital and the doctor confirmed it, but he said he'd operate for whatever my insurance would pay. The hospital agreed to cut its bill to the insurance payment too. We found that sort of co-operation time after time.

"In this corner weighing . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If you face the situation honestly and tell people your circumstances, they'll usually try to help.

Things like Aleta's operation and that wonderful gift of groceries when we had nothing but oatmeal made me realize that I hadn't been a very good Christian myself, and I resolved to make up for it.

I'd met a fine young man at the shop who was giving his spare time to preaching in the Skid Road section of San Francisco, and I began going with him to help in his work. I'd never dreamed of such a thing, and I'm still surprised that I was able to do it. I'd been raised in a fairly strict Christian family, but until this happened, I'd just said, "Phooey with it."

Our financial strait jacket wasn't quite so tight after the first year. By then, some of the smaller accounts had been paid in full and we were allowed to keep as much as twenty-five dollars a week for ourselves. I think the counselor was impressed by the way we had stuck to our bargain, for early in the second year she told me, "From now on, I'll let you pay your own rent. I'll give you the extra $46.50 every month from your pay checks and you pay the housing authority yourself. That way we won't have to charge you our twelve per cent fee for handling it."

There I was, a mature workingman, being trusted to pay my own rent—and I was as proud as a third-grader getting 100 in spelling! Humility is a lesson you learn early when you get into a fix like mine.

An even more serious rent problem lay ahead. We knew the Lindenville housing project was due to close in 1956, and we couldn't find any other bargains in rentals. Finally, in April, 1956, we found a house we could buy for $7900—our present home at 218 Head Street, San Francisco. It wasn't much of a house, but it was one we could afford. By borrowing from the airline credit union at low interest, I made a $750 down payment instead of the $250 the owner was asking, and that cut the monthly installments to $66.50.

Our kitchen calendar showed we would not be out of debt for six months, but this time we knew what we were doing. We figured out how big a house payment we could afford and we weren't piling up future trouble. We could even save a little every week out of my salary.

It must be true that the Lord helps those who help themselves. I knew Bernice had been looking for work again, and the weekend we were moving she told me, "I tried that electronics outfit down the peninsula, but they wouldn't hire me." We were eating dinner and nobody said anything for a minute. Then, watching me slyly out of the corner of her eye, she added, "But on the way home I stopped at another plant, and they did hire me! I start Monday—over seventy-five dollars a week!"

We had learned our lesson and we went right on saving as much money as we could. Bernice's salary wasn't all clear gain, of course. During summer months we have to hire a baby sitter at twenty dollars a week; in school months the youngsters are due in their classrooms a few minutes after Bernice leaves for work, and they get home just a little while before I do. We did have to get a better car for Bernice to drive to her job, but by this time we had the cash to pay for it—a 1951 model for $375. Meanwhile our penciled notes on the calendar showed that our final freedom from debt was drawing nearer.

Our last payment was made on November 2, 1956. In twenty-eight months, the financial-counseling service had paid out $4159.31 from my modest pay checks—$3398.31 in debts plus $761 in rent. In those twenty-eight months we had lived on $2925.34. That averages only a trifle more than $100 a month, and for the final year it included rent as well as other household expenses.

The day we made that last payment was probably the most dangerous day of our whole ordeal. We were free! We could celebrate! We could buy anything we pleased!

I believe it would be impossible to avoid some sort of splurge, but we planned a modest celebration. Bernice still had one fairly decent dress, so, on the night we gained our freedom, we all went to Fisherman's Wharf for dinner. I think ten dollars covered the check for the whole family, but you've no idea how wonderful it felt to be able to walk into a good restaurant and order what we pleased. We still remember that meal. Bernice had halibut, the kids ate lamb chops and I ordered abalone.

Next, we celebrated with a three-day camping trip. I found a twenty-seven-dollar tent and three sleeping bags on sale, and a $1.85 charcoal grill.

I could feel that old, overwhelming urge to buy when I looked at gasoline camp stoves and at the beautiful array of fishing tackle. Of course, that was the moment the sales clerk chose to approach and ask, "May I help you, sir?"

"I'll take two of those," I said, swallowing hard and pointing to the seventy-five-cent bamboo fishing poles.

We never missed any of the things I had managed to keep from buying. The girls slept in the car, so three sleeping bags were all we needed, and the $1.85 grill worked fine. So did our cheap fishing poles. The fish never seemed to notice the difference.

My own pay check is more than $100 a week now, and with Bernice's earnings our income tops $180 a week. We've been able to save quite a bit in the months since we got out of debt. We've made a $1000 down payment on a new car for Bernice to drive to work, and our cash savings are also near the $1000 mark by now.

Not that we've gone on a cash basis. We're merely being more careful. In addition to our house payment of $66.50 and our car payment of $63 every month, we have one department-store charge account and we're finishing up the $14.50 installments on a $300 accordion we bought for our older girl. The younger one is taking piano lessons, but we didn't buy a piano—not at these prices. We are renting one until we see what progress she makes. Maybe, someday ——

If this sounds exactly like the way we started to slip before, I'd like to point out that there's a vast difference now. My job is secure now, and we know we can get along on my salary alone. We're saving Bernice's pay for such future problems as straightening the children's teeth, getting a more desirable home someday, and paying for college educations. We've learned to be contented with what we can pay for, and after what we went through, it's a happy feeling. We recommend it wholeheartedly to everyone.

THE END

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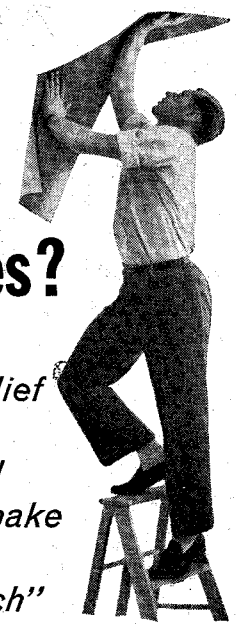

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Keeping Posted

The Boss Didn't Understand

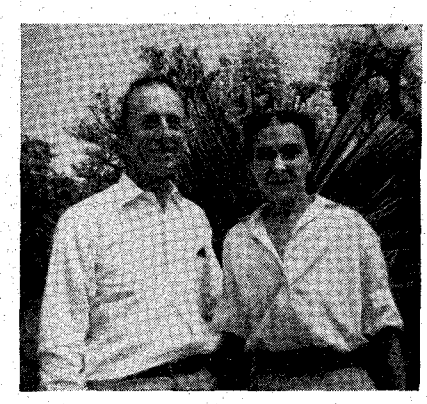
That teamlike photo of **Stan Tretick,** UP Pictures' White House photographer, and **Doug Larsen,** NEA's Washington columnist and feature writer, is realistic; they've been getting tossed together on picture-story jobs for years. (Tretick used to be with NEA, and now UP takes all the pictures for Larsen's NEA stories.) They have shared some zany experiences, including many of those reported on page 24. Another example: several years ago, while they were doing a series on America's progress in modernizing her defenses, Tretick decided that a shot of a jet engine in front of General Electric's Evendale, Ohio, plant, with the plant's boss standing behind the engine, would be a swell newspicture. So G.E., at much expense and effort, hoisted an engine off the assembly line, moved it outdoors, and the boss posed for an hour. Presently Tretick-Larsen got a hot letter from *their* boss, saying how terrible such trite G.E. handout photos were and urging the boys to put more effort into setting up their series pictures. Oh, well.

Mrs. Dorothy Tretick wanted the Post story to say that her husband is married—"Nothing I read about photographers ever says that they have wives. You get the idea they're all bachelors." Our piece handles this in one word, "married." So is Larsen.

Good team: Doug Larsen, Stan Tretick.

Tales of the Authors

A few years ago **Charlotte Paul,** page 38, was assistant foreign news editor of the Chicago Times; Ed Groshell was its news editor; and so they got married. Today, with their teen-age sons, Hiram and John, they live at the foot of a tall mountain west of Snoqualmie Pass in Washington. The big cougar whose pelt covers their living-room table was shot nearby, and at night coyotes either sing them to sleep or wake them up. How the Groshells got out there, where Mr. G. publishes the weekly Snoqualmie Valley Record, is related in one of Mrs. G.'s books, the best seller, *Minding Our Own Business.* Recently, after finishing a novel that took her two years, she sat right down and wrote her Post article—says she was tired out and the article rested her.



Mr. and Mrs. Steele.

Although **A. T. Steele,** foreign correspondent of the N. Y. Herald Tribune, and his wife, Esther, are happily married, they have never lived long enough anywhere to call it home. "We should coauthor a book called Twenty-One Years in a Suitcase." Recently the Steeles were motoring in Arizona, saw a sign reading Faraway Ranch and offering guest accommodations, and stopped in. They expected to meet at dinner the man who ran the giant ranch, but at the head of the table sat a blind woman—the wonderful lady of page 28. The Steeles are now thinking of buying a patch of land in that region and, whatever part of the world they may be in, calling it home.

Associate Editor **Art Baum,** who writes about the little foreign automobiles on page 32, says that every time he got into one to drive it or just try it on for size he found himself wheezing and grunting. "This is strange for one so supple and slender as I am." Am? Make that, used to be.

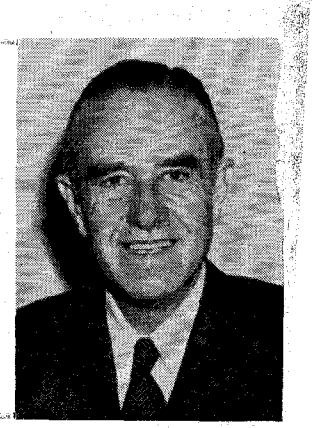
Boy on the Cover

In the picture are a couple of people who have much to do with this week's cover. While Master Edward F. Locke, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Locke, of Stockbridge, Mass., restores his pants after posing somewhat in the nude, **Norman Rockwell** sits right down and writes him out a check. This is the office of Dr. Donald E. Campbell, esteemed Stockbridge physician who appears on the cover—"He's a fine, dedicated doctor," says Rockwell, "who seldom sleeps." Incidentally, Edward didn't really get a shot from the doctor, only from a camera.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Mercy is a Lonely Business"

Governor Averell Harriman, of New York, tells you what it's like to hold the awful power to reprieve a condemned man or let him be executed.



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